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GEORGE CRABBE.

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To be the Poet of the waste places of Creation—to adopt the orphans of the Mighty Mother—to wed her dowerless daughters—to find out the beauty which has been spilt in tiny drops in her more unlovely regions—to echo the low music which arises from even her stillest and most sterile spots—was the mission of Crabbe, as a descriptive poet. He preferred the Leahs to the Rachels of Nature: and this he did not merely that his lot had cast him amid such scenes, and that early associations had taught him a profound interest in them, but apparently from native taste. He actually loved that beauty which stands shivering on the brink of barrenness—loved it for its timidity and its loneliness. Nay, he seemed to love barrenness itself; brooding over its dull page till there arose from it a strange lustre, which his eye distinctly sees, and which in part he makes visible to his readers. It was even as the darkness of cells has been sometimes peopled to the view of the solitary prisoner, and spiders seemed angels, in the depths of his dungeon. We can fancy, too, in Crabbe's mind, a feeling of pity for those unloved spots, and those neglected glories. We can fancy him saying, "let

the gay and the aspiring mate with Nature in her towering altitudes, and flatter her more favored scenes; I will go after her into her secret retirements, bring out her bashful beauties, praise what none are willing to praise, and love what there are very few to love." From his early circumstances besides, there had stolen over his soul a shade of settled though subdued gloom. And for sympathy with this, he betook himself to the sterner and sadder aspects of Nature, where he saw, or seemed to see, his own feelings reflected, as in a sea of melancholy faces, in dull skies, waste moorlands, the low beach, and the moaning of the waves upon it, as if weary of their eternal wanderings. Such, too, at moments, was the feeling of Burns, when he strode on the scaur of the Nith, and saw the waters red and turbid below; or walked in a windy day by the side of a plantation, and heard the "sound of a gong" upon the tops of the trees: or when he exclaimed, with a calm simplicity of bitterness which is most affecting—

"The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine."

Oh! where, indeed, can the unhappy re-

pair, to escape from their own sorrows, or worse, from the unthinking glee or constitutional cheerfulness of others, more fitly than into the wastes and naked places of Nature? She will not then and there seem to insult them with her laughing luxuriance—her foliage fluttering, as if in vain display, with the glossy gilding of her flowers, or the sunny sparkle and song of her streamlets. But she will uplift a mightier and older voice. She will soothe them by a sterner ministry. She will teach them "old truths, abysmal truths, awful truths." She will answer their sighs by the groans of the Creation travailing in pain; suck up their tears in the sweat of her great agonies; reflect their tiny wrinkles in those deep stabs and scars on her forehead, which speak of struggle and contest; give back the gloom of their brows in the frowns of her forests, her mountain solitudes, and her waste midnight darkness; infuse something, too, of her own sublime expectancy into their spirits; and dismiss them from her society, it may be sadder, but certainly wiser men. How admirably is Nature suited to all moods of all men! In spring, she is gay with the light-hearted; in summer, gorgeous as its sun to those fiery spirits who seem made for a warmer day; in autumn, she spreads over all hearts a mellow and unearthly joy; and even in winter—when her temple is deserted of the frivolous and the timid, who quit it along with the smile of the sun—she attracts her own few but faithful votaries, who love her in her naked sculpture, as well as in her glowing pictorial hues, and who enjoy her solemn communion none the less that they enjoy it by themselves. To use the words of a forgotten poet, addressing Spring—

Thou op'st a storehouse for all hues of men.

To hardihood thou, blustering from the North,
Roll'st dark—hast sighs for them that would complain;

Sharp winds to clear the head of wit and worth;
And melody for those that follow mirth;

Clouds for the gloomy; tears for those that weep;
Flowers blighted in the bud for those that birth

Untimely sorrow o'er; and skies where sweep
Fleets of a thousand sail for them that plough the deep."

Crabbe, as a descriptive poet, differs from other modern masters of the art, alike in his selection of subjects, and in his mode of treating the subjects he does select. Byron moves over nature with a fastidious and aristocratic step—touching only upon objects already interesting or ennobled, upon battle fields, castellated ruins, Italian pa-

laces, or Alpine peaks. This, at least, is true of his "Childe Harold," and his earlier pieces. In the later productions of his pen, he goes to the opposite extreme, and alights, with a daring yet dainty foot, upon all shunned and forbidden things—reminds us of the raven in the Deluge, which found rest for the sole of her foot upon carcases, where the dove durst not stand—rushes in where modesty and reserve alike have forbidden entrance—and ventures, though still not like a lost archangel, to tread the burning marl of Hell, the dim gulf of Hades, the shadowy ruins of the Pre-Adamitic world, and the crystal pavement of Heaven. Moore practises a principle of more delicate selection, resembling some nice fly which should alight only upon flowers, whether natural or artificial, if so that flowers they seemed to be; thus, from sunny bowers, and moonlit roses, and gardens, and blushing skies, and ladies' dresses, does the bard of Erin extract his finest poetry. Shelley and Coleridge attach themselves almost exclusively to the great—understanding this term in a wide sense, as including much that is grotesque and much that is homely, which the magic of their genius sublimates to a proper pitch of keeping with the rest. Their usual walk is swelling and buskined; their common talk is of great rivers, great forests, great seas, great continents; or else of comets, suns, constellations, and firmaments—as that of all half-mad, wholly miserable, and opium-fed genius is apt to be. Sir Walter Scott, who seldom grappled with the gloomier and grander features of his country's scenery (did he ever describe Glenco or Foyers, or the wildernesses around Ben mac Dhui?), had—need we say? the most exquisite eye for all picturesque and romantic aspects, in sea, shore, or sky; and in the quick perception of this element of the picturesque lay his principal, if not only descriptive power. Wordsworth, again, seems always to be standing above, though not stooping over, the objects he describes. He seldom looks up in rapt admiration of what is above; the bending furze-bush and the lowly broom—the nest lying in the level clover-field—the tarn sinking away seemingly before his eye into darker depths—the prospect from the mountain summit cast far beneath him; at highest, the star burning low upon the mountain's ridge, like an "untended watchfire;" these are the objects which he loves to describe, and these may stand as emblems of his lowly yet aspiring genius. Crabbe, on

the other hand, "stoops to conquer"—nay, goes down on his knees, that he may more accurately describe such objects as the marsh given over to desolation from immemorial time—the slush left by the sea, and revealing the dead body of the suicide—the bare crag and the stunted tree, diversifying the scenery of the saline wilderness—the house on the heath, creaking in the storm, and telling strange stories of misery and crime—the pine in some wintry wood, which had acted as the gallows of some miserable man—the gorse surrounding with yellow light the encampment of the gypsies—the few timid flowers, or "weeds of glorious feature," which adorn the brink of ocean—the snow putting out the fire of the pauper, or lying unmelted on his pillow of death—the web of the spider blinding the cottager's window—the wheel turned by the meagre hand of contented or cursing penury—the cards trembling in the grasp of the desperate debauchee—the day stocking forming the cap by night, and the *garter at midnight*—the dunghill becoming the accidental grave of the drunkard—the poor-house of forty years ago, with its patched windows, its dirty environs, its moist and miserable walls, its inmates all snuff, and selfishness, and sin—the receptacle of the outlawed members of English society (how different from "Poosie Nancy's!"), with its gin-gendered quarrels, its appalling blasphemies, its deep debauches, its ferocity without fun, its huddled murders, and its shrieks of disease dumb in the uproar around the Bedlam of forty years ago, with its straw on end under the restlessness of the insane; its music of groans, and shrieks and mutterings of still more melancholy meaning; its keepers cold and stern, as the snow-covered cliffs above the wintry cataract; its songs dying away in despairing gurgles down the miserable throat; its cells how devoid of monastic silence; its confusion worse confounded, of gibbering idiocy, monomania absorbed and absent from itself as well as from the world, and howling frenzy; its daylight saddened as it shines into the dim, vacant, or glaring eyes of those wretched men; and its moonbeams shedding a more congenial ray upon the solitude, or the sick-bed, or the death-bed of derangement: such familiar faces of want, guilt, and woe—of nakedness, sterility, and shame, does Crabbe delight in showing us; and is, in very truth,

"Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

In his mode of managing his descriptions, Crabbe is equally peculiar. Objects, in themselves counted commonplace or disgusting, frequently become impressive, and even sublime, when surrounded by interesting circumstances; when shown in the moonlight of memory; when linked to strong passion; or when touched by the ray of imagination. Then, in Emerson's words, even the corpse is found to have added a solemn ornament to the house where it lay. But it is the peculiarity and the daring of this poet, that he often, not always, tries us with truth and nothing but truth; as if to bring the question to an issue, whether, in nature, absolute truth be not essential though severe poetry. On this question, certainly, issue was never so fully joined before. In even Wordsworth's eye there is a misty glimmer of imagination, through which all objects, low as well as high, are seen. Even his "five blue eggs" gleam upon him through a light which comes not from themselves; which comes, it may be, from the Great Bear, or Arcturus and his sons. And, when he does, as in some of his feebler verses, strive to see out of this medium, he drops his mantle, loses his vision, and describes little better than would his own "Old Cumberland Beggar." Shakspeare in his witches' caldron, and Burns in his "haly table," are shockingly circumstantial; but the element of imagination creeps in amid all the disgusting details, and the light that never was on sea or shore disdains not to rest on "eye of newt," "toe of frog," "baboon's blood," the garter that strangled the babe, the grey hairs sticking to the half of the parricidal knife, and all the rest of the fell ingredients. Crabbe, on the other hand, would have described the five blue eggs, and besides the materials of the nest, and the kind of hedge where it was built—like a bird-nesting schoolboy; but would never have given the "gleam." He would, as accurately as Hecate, Canidia, or Cutty-sark, have given an inventory of the ingredients of the hell-broth, or of the curiosities on the haly table, had they been presented to his eye; but could not have conceived them, nor would have slipped in, that one flashing word, that single cross ray of imagination, which it required to elevate and startle them into high ideal life. And yet in reading his pictures of poor-houses, &c., we are compelled to say, "Well, that is poetry after all, for it is truth; but it is poetry of comparatively a low order—it is

the last gasp of the poetic spirit; and, moreover, perfect and matchless as it is in its kind, it is not worthy of the powers of its author, who can, and has at other times risen into much loftier ground."

We may illustrate still further what we mean by comparing the different ways in which Crabbe and Foster (certainly a *prose* poet) deal with a library. Crabbe describes minutely and successfully the outer features of the volumes, their colors, clasps, the stubborn ridges of their bindings, the illustrations which adorn them, &c., so well that you feel yourself among them, and they become sensible to touch almost as to sight. But there he stops, and sadly fails, we think, in bringing out the living and moral interest which gathers around a multitude of books, or even around a single volume. This Foster has amply done. The speaking silence of a number of books, where, though it were the wide Bodleian or Vatican, not one whisper could be heard, and yet, where, as in an antechamber, so many great spirits are waiting to deliver their messages—their churchyard stillness continuing even when their readers are moving to their pages, in joy or agony, as to the sound of martial instruments—their awaking, as from deep slumber, to speak with miraculous organ, like the shell which has only to be lifted, and "pleased it remembers its august abodes, and murmurs as the ocean murmurs there"—their power, so silent and sublime, of drawing tears, kindling blushes, awakening laughter, calming or quickening the motions of the life's blood, lulling to repose, or rousing to restlessness, often giving life to the soul, and sometimes giving death to the body—the meaning which radiates from their quiet countenances—the tale of shame or glory which their title-pages tell—the memories suggested by the character of their authors, and of the readers who have throughout successive centuries perused them—the thrilling thoughts excited by the sight of names and notes inscribed on their margins or blank pages by hands long since mouldered in the dust, or by those dear to us as our life's blood, who had been snatched from our sides—the aspects of gaiety or of gloom connected with the bindings and the age of volumes—the effects of sunshine playing as if on a congregation of happy faces, making the duskiest shine, and the gloomiest be glad—or of shadow suffusing a sombre air over all—the joy of the proprietor of a large library who feels that Ne-

buchadnezzar watching great Babylon, or Napoleon reviewing his legions, will not stand comparison with himself seated amid the broad maps, and rich prints, and numerous volumes which his wealth has enabled him to collect, and his wisdom entitled him to enjoy—all such hieroglyphics of interest and meaning has Foster included and interpreted in one gloomy but noble meditation, and his introduction to Doddridge is the true "Poem on the Library."

In Crabbe's description, the great want is of selection. He writes inventories. He describes all that his eye sees with cold, stern, lingering accuracy—he marks down all the items of wretchedness, poverty, and vulgar sin—counts the rags of the mendicant—and, as Hazlitt has it, describes a cottage like one who has entered it to dis-train for rent. His copies, consequently, would be as displeasing as their originals, were it not that imagination is so much less vivid than eyesight, that we can endure in picture what we cannot in reality, and that our own minds, while reading, can cast that softening and ideal veil over disgusting objects which the poet himself has not sought, or has failed to do. Just as in viewing even the actual scene, we might have seen it through the medium of imaginative illusion, so the same medium will more probably invest and beautify its transcript in the pages of the poet.

As a moral poet and sketcher of men, Crabbe is characterized by a similar choice of subject, and the same stern fidelity. The mingled yarn of man's every-day life—the plain homely virtues, or the robust and burly vices of Englishmen—the quiet tears which fall on humble beds—the passions which flame up in lowly bosoms—the *amari aliquid*—the deep and permanent bitterness which lies at the heart of the down-trodden English poor—the comedies and tragedies of the fire-side—the lovers' quarrels—the unhappy marriages—the vicissitudes of common fortunes—the early deaths—the odd characters—the lingering superstitions—all the elements, in short, which make up the simple annals of lowly or middling society, are the materials of this poet's song. Had he been a Scottish clergyman we should have said that he had versified his Session-book; and certainly many curious chapters of human life might be derived from such a document, and much light cast upon the devious windings and desperate wickedness of the heart, as well as upon that inextinguishable instinct of good which resides in

it. Crabbe, perhaps, has confined himself too exclusively to this circle of common things which he found lying around him. He has seldom burst its confines, and touched the loftier themes, and snatched the higher laurels which were also within his reach. He has contented himself with being a Lillo (with occasional touches of Shakspeare) instead of something far greater. He has, however, in spite of this self-injustice, effected much. He has proved that a poet, who looks resolutely around him—who stays at home—who draws the realities which are near him, instead of the phantoms that are afar—who feels and records the passion and poetry of his daily life—may found a firm and enduring reputation. With the dubious exception of Cowper, no one has made out this point so effectually as Crabbe.

And in his mode of treating such themes, what strikes us first is his perfect coolness. Few poets have reached that calm of his which reminds us of Nature's own great quiet eye, looking down upon her monstrous births, her strange anomalies, and her more ungainly forms. Thus Crabbe sees the loathsome, and does not loathe—handles the horrible, and shudders not—feels with firm finger the palpitating pulse of the infanticide or the murderer—and snuffs a certain sweet odor in the evil savors of putrefying misery and crime. This delight, however, is not an inhuman, but entirely an artistic delight—perhaps, indeed, springing from the very strength and width of his sympathies. We admire as well as wonder at that almost *asbestos* quality of his mind, through which he retains his composure and critical circumspection so cool amid the conflagrations of passionate subjects, which might have burned others to ashes. Few, indeed, can walk through such fiery furnaces unscathed. But Crabbe—what an admirable physician had he made to a Lunatic Asylum! How severely would he have sifted out every grain of poetry from those tumultuous exposures of the human mind! What clean breasts had he forced the patients to make! What tales had he wrung out from them, to which Lewis's tales of terror were feeble and trite! How he would have commanded them, by his mild, steady, and piercing eye! And yet how calm would his brain have remained, when others, even of a more prosaic mould, were reeling in sympathy with the surrounding delirium! It were, indeed, worth while inquiring how

much of this coolness resulted from Crabbe's early practice as a surgeon. That combination of warm inward sympathy and outward phlegm—of impulsive benevolence and mechanical activity—of heart all fire and manner all ice—which distinguishes his poetry, is very characteristic of the medical profession.

In correspondence with this Crabbe generally leans to the darker side of things. This, perhaps, accounts for his favor in the sight of Byron, who saw his own eagle-eyed fury at man corroborated by Crabbe's stern and near-sighted vision. And it was accounted for partly by Crabbe's early profession, partly by his early circumstances, and partly by the clerical office he assumed. Nothing so tends to sour us with mankind as a general refusal on their part to give us bread. How can a man love a race which seems combined to starve him? This misanthropical influence Crabbe did not entirely escape. As a medical man, too, he had come in contact with little else than man's human miseries and diseases; and as a clergyman, he had occasion to see much sin and sorrow: and these, combining with the melancholy incidental to the poetic temperament, materially discolored his view of life. He became a searcher of dark—of the darkest bosoms; and we see him sitting in the gloom of the hearts of thieves, murderers, and maniacs, and watching the remorse, rancor, fury, dull disgust, ungratified appetite, and ferocious or stupefied despair, which are their inmates. And even when he pictures livelier scenes and happier characters, there steals over them a shade of sadness, reflected from his favorite subjects, as a dark, sinister countenance in a room will throw a gloom over many happy and beautiful faces beside it.

In his pictures of life, we find an unfrequent but true pathos. This is not often, however, of the profoundest or most heart-rending kind. The grief he paints is not that which refuses to be comforted—whose expressions, like Agamemnon's face, must be veiled—which dilates almost to despair, and complains almost to blasphemy—and which, when it looks to Heaven, it is

“With that frantic air
Which seems to ask if a God be there.”

Crabbe's, as exhibited in “Phœbe Dawson,” and other of his tales, is gentle, submissive; and its pathetic effects are produced by the simple recital of circum-

stances which might, and often have occurred. It reminds us of the pathos of "Rosamond Gray," that beautiful story of Lamb's, of which we once, we regret to say, presumptuously pronounced an unfavorable opinion, but which has since commended itself to our heart of hearts, and compelled that tribute in tears which we had denied it in words. Hazlitt is totally wrong when he says that Crabbe carves a tear to the life in marble, as if his pathos were hard and cold. Be it the statuary of woe—has it, consequently, no truth or power? Have the chiselled tears of the Niobe never awakened other tears, fresh and burning from their fountain? Horace's *vis me flere*, &c., is not always a true principle. As the wit, who laughs not himself, often excites most laughter in others, so the calm recital of an affecting narrative acts as the meek rod of Moses applied to the rock, and is answered in gushing torrents. You close Crabbe's tale of grief, almost ashamed that you have left so quiet a thing pointed and starred with tears. His pages, while sometimes wet with pathos, are never moist with humor. His satire is often pointed with wit, and sometimes irritates into invective; but of that glad, genial, and bright-eyed thing we call humor (how well *named*, in its oily softness and gentle glitter!) he has little or none. Compare, in order to see this, his "Borough" with the "Annals of the Parish." How dry, though powerful, the one; how sappy the other! How profound the one; how pawky the other! Crabbe goes through his Borough, like a scavenger with a rough, stark, and stiff besom, sweeping up all the filth: Galt, like a knowing watchman of the old school—a *canny Charlie*,—keeping a sharp lookout, but not averse to a sly joke, and having an eye to the humors as well as misdemeanors of the streets. Even his wit is not of the finest grain. It deals too much in verbal quibbles, puns, and antitheses with their points broken off. His puns are neither good nor bad—the most fatal and anti-ideal description of a pun that can be given. His quibbles are good enough to have excited the laugh of his curate, or gardener; but he forgets that the public is not so indulgent. And though often treading in Pope's track, he wants entirely those touches of satire at once the lightest and the most withering, as if dropped from the fingers of a malignant fairy—those faint whispers of

poetic perdition—those drops of concentrated bitterness—those fatal bodkin stabs—and those invectives, glittering all over with the polish of profound malignity—which are Pope's glory as a writer, and his shame as a man.

We have repeatedly expressed our opinion, that in Crabbe there lay a higher power than he ever exerted. We find evidence of this in his "Hall of Justice" and his "Eustace Grey." In these he is fairly in earnest. No longer dozing by his parlor fire over the "Newspaper," or napping in a corner of his "Library," or peeping in through the windows of the "Workhouse," or recording the select scandal of the "Borough"—he is away out into the wide and open fields of highest passion and imagination. What a tale that "Hall of Justice" hears—to be paralleled only in the "Thousand and One Nights of the Halls of Eblis!"—a tale of misery, rape, murder, and furious despair; told, too, in language of such lurid fire as has been seen to shine o'er the graves of the dead; but, in "Eustace Grey," our author's genius reaches its climax. Never was madness—in its misery—its remorse—the dark companions, "the ill-favored ones," who cling to it in its wild way and will not let it go, although it curse them with the eloquence of Hell—the visions it sees—the scenery it creates and carries about with it in dreadful keeping—and the language it uses, high aspiring but broken, as the wing of a struck eagle—so strongly and meltingly revealed. And yet, around the dismal tale there hangs the breath of beauty, and, like poor Lear, Sir Eustace goes about crowned with flowers—the flowers of earthly poetry—and of a hope which is not of the earth. And, at the close, we feel to the author all that strange gratitude which our souls are constituted to entertain to those who have most powerfully wrung and tortured them.

Would that Crabbe had given us a century of such things. We would have preferred it to the "Tales of the Hall," "Tales of Greyling Hall," or more tidings from the "Hall of Justice." It had been a darker Decameron and brought out more effectually—what the "Village Poorhouse" and the sketches of Elliott have since done—the passions, miseries, crushed aspirations, and latent poetry, which dwell in the hearts of the plundered poor; as well as the wretchedness which, more punctually than their veriest menial, waits often

behind the chairs, and hands the golden dishes of the great.

We have not space nor time to dilate on his other works individually. We prefer, in glancing back upon them as a whole, trying to answer the following questions; 1st, What was Crabbe's object as a moral poet? 2dly, How far is he original as an artist? 3dly, What is his relative position to his great contemporaries? And, 4thly, what is likely to be his fate with posterity—1st, his object.—The great distinction between man and man, and author and author, is purpose. It is the edge and point of character; it is the stamp and the superscription of genius; it is the direction on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid. Talent without it is a letter, which, undirected, goes no whither. Genius without it is bullion, sluggish, splendid, uncirculating. Purpose yearns after and secures artistic culture. It gathers as by a strong suction, all things which it needs into itself. It often invests art with a moral and religious aspect. This was strongly impressed upon us when lately seeing Macaulay and Wilson on one platform. How great the difference in point of native powers! How greater, alas! in point of purpose and cultivation! There is in Wilson's great, shaggy soul and body, what might make many Macaulays. But it has never been fully evolved. He has not done with his might what his hand found to do. He has been little else than a vast, lazy earth-god, pelting nuts in the summer woods, or gathering pebbles on the margins of the summer waters; or, rather, he rises up before his worshippers glorious and idle as Nebuchadnezzar's golden image. But, since Shakspeare, no clearer, larger, sunnier soul has existed among men. And yet Macaulay, though manifestly belonging to an inferior race, mounted on this pedestal of purpose, stands higher than he. Crabbe's artistic object is tolerably clear, and has been already indicated. His moral purpose is not quite so apparent. Is it to satirize, or is it to reform vice? Is it pity, or is it contempt, that actuates his song? What are his plans for elevating the lower classes in the scale of society? Has he any, or does he believe in the possibility of their permanent elevation? Such questions are more easily asked than answered. We must say that we have failed to find in him any one overmastering and earnest object, subjugating everything to itself, and producing that unity in all his works which

the trunk of a tree gives to its smallest, its remotest, to even its withered leaves. And yet, without apparent intention, Crabbe has done good moral service. He has shed much light upon the condition of the poor. He has spoken in the name and stead of the poor dumb mouths that could not tell their own sorrows or sufferings to the world. He has opened the "mine," which Ebenezer Elliott and others, going to work with a firmer and more resolute purpose, have dug to its depths.

2dly, His originality.—This has been questioned by some critics. He has been called a version, in coarser paper and print, of Goldsmith, Pope, and Cowper. His pathos comes from Goldsmith—his wit and satire from Pope—and his minute and literal description from Cowper. If this were true, it were as complimentary to him as his warmest admirer could wish. To combine the characteristic excellences of three true poets is no easy matter. But Crabbe has not combined them. His pathos wants altogether the naiveté of sentiment and *curiosa felicitas* of expression which distinguish Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." He has something of Pope's terseness, but little of his subtlety, finish, or brilliant malice. And the motion of Cowper's mind and style in description differs as much from Crabbe's as the playful leaps and gambols of a kitten from the measured, downright, and indomitable pace of a hound—the one is the easiest, the other the severest, of describers. Resemblances, indeed, of a minor kind are to be found; but still, Crabbe is as distinct from Goldsmith, Cowper, and Pope, as Byron from Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge.

Originality consists of two kinds—one, the power of inventing new materials; and the other, of dealing with old materials in a new way. We do not decide whether the first of these implies an act of absolute creation; it implies all we can conceive in an act of creative power, from elements bearing to the result the relation which the Alphabet does to the "Iliad"—genius brings forth its bright progeny, and we feel it to be new. In this case you can no more anticipate the effect from the elements than you can, from the knowledge of the letters, anticipate the words which are to be compounded out of them. In the other kind of originality, the materials bear a larger proportion to the result—they form an appreciable quantity in our calculations of what it is to be. They are found for the poet,

and all he has to do is, with skill and energy, to construct them. Take, for instance, Shakspeare's "Tempest," and Coleridge's "Anciente Marinere"—of what more creative act can we conceive than is exemplified in these? Of course, we have all had beforehand ideas similar to a storm, a desert island, a witch, a magician, a mariner, a hermit, a wedding-guest; but these are only the Alphabet to the spirits of Shakspeare and Coleridge. As the sun, from the invisible air, draws up in an instant all poms of cloudy forms—paradises brighter than Eden mirrored in waters, which blush and tremble as their reflection falls wooingly upon them—mountains which seem to bury their snowy or rosy summits in the very heaven of heavens—throne-shaped splendors, worthy of angels to sit on them, flushing and fading in the west—seas of aerial blood and fire—momentary cloud-crowns and golden avenues, stretching away into the azure infinite beyond them;—so, from such stuff as dreams are made of, from the mere empty air, do these wondrous magicians build up their new worlds, where the laws of nature are repealed—where all things are changed without any being confused—where sound becomes dumb and silence eloquent—where the earth is empty, and the sky is peopled—where material beings are invisible, and where spiritual beings become gross and palpable to sense—where the skies are opening to show riches—where the isle is full of noises—where beings proper to this sphere of dream are met so often that you cease to fear them, however odd or monstrous—where magic has power to shut now the eyes of kings and now the great bright eye of ocean—where, at the bidding of the poet, new, complete, beautiful mythologies, down at one time sweep across the sea, and anon dance from the purple and mystic sky—where all things have a charmed life, the listening ground, the populous air, the still or the vexed sea, the human or the imaginary beings—and where, as in deep dreams, the most marvellous incidents are most easily credited, slide on most softly, and seem most native to the place, the circumstances, and the time. "This is creation," we exclaim; nor did Ferdinand seem to Miranda a fresher and braver creature than does to us each strange settler, whom genius has planted upon its own favorite isle. Critics may, indeed, take these imaginary beings—such as Caliban and Ariel—and analyse them into their consti-

tuent parts; but there will be some one element which escapes them—laughing, as it leaps away, at their baffled sagacity, and proclaiming the original power of its Creator; as in the chemical analysis of an *Aerolite*, amid the mere earthly constituents there will still be something which declares its unearthly origin. Take Creation as meaning, not so much Deity bringing something out of nothing, as *filling the void with his Spirit*, and genius will seem a lower form of the same power.

The other kind of originality is, we think, that of Crabbe. It is magic at second-hand. He takes, not makes, his materials. He finds a good foundation—wood and stone in plenty—and he begins laboriously, successfully, and after a plan of his own, to build. If in any of his works he approaches to the higher property, it is in "Eustace Grey," who moves here and there, on his wild wanderings, as if to the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp.

This prepares us for coming to the third question, what is Crabbe's relative position to his great contemporary poets? We are compelled to put him in the second class. He is not a philosophic poet, like Wordsworth. He is not, like Shelley, a Vates, moving upon the uncertain but perpetual and furious wind of his inspirations. He is not, like Byron, a demoniac exceeding fierce, and dwelling among the tombs. He is not, like Keats, a sweet and melancholy voice, a tune bodiless, bloodless—dying away upon the waste air, but for ever to be remembered as men remember a melody they have heard in youth. He is not, like Coleridge, all these almost by turns, and, besides, a Psalmist, singing at times strains so sublime and holy, that they might seem snatches of the song of Eden's cherubim, or caught in trance from the song of Moses and the Lamb. To this mystic brotherhood Crabbe must not be added. He ranks with a lower but still loftier band—with Scott (as a poet), and Moore, and Hunt, and Campbell, and Rogers, and Bowles, and James Montgomery, and Southey; and surely they nor he need be ashamed of each other, as they shine in one soft and peaceful cluster.

We are often tempted to pity poor posterity on this score. How is it to manage with the immense number of excellent works which this age has bequeathed, and is bequeathing to it? How is it to economise its time so as to read a tithe of them? And should it in mere self-defence proceed

to decimate, with what principle shall the process be carried on, and who shall be appointed to preside over it? Critics of the twenty-second century, be merciful as well as just. Pity the *disjecta membra* of those we thought mighty poets. Respect and fulfil our prophecies of immortality. If ye must carp and cavil, do not, at least, in mercy, abridge. Spare us the prospect of this last insult, an abridged copy of the "Pleasures of Hope," or "Don Juan," a new abridgment. If ye must operate in this way, be it on "Madoc," "Kehama," or the "Couse of Time." Generously leave room for "O'Connor's Child" in the poet's corner of a journal, or for "Eustace Grey" in the space of a crown piece. Surely, living in the Millennium, and resting under your vines and fig-trees, you will have more time to read than we, in this bustling age, who move, live, eat, drink, *sleep and die*, at railway speed. If not, we fear the case of many of our poets is hopeless, and that others, besides Satan Montgomery and the author of "Silent Love," would be wise to enjoy their present laurels, for verily there are none else for them.

Seriously, we hope that much of Crabbe's writing will every year become less and less readable, and less and less easily understood; till, in the milder day, men shall have difficulty in believing that such physical, mental, and moral degradation, as he describes, ever existed in Britain; and till, in future Encyclopædias, his name be found recorded as a powerful but barbarous writer, writing in a barbarous age. The like may be the case with many, who have busied themselves more in recalling the past or picturing the present, than in anticipating the future. But there are, or have been among us, a few who have plunged beyond their own period, nay, beyond "all ages"—who have seen and shown us the coming eras:

"As in a cradled Hercules you trace
The lines of empire in his infant face."

And their voice must go down, in tones becoming more authoritative as they last, and in volume becoming vaster as it rolls, like mighty thunderings and many waters, through the minster of all future time; in lower key, concerting with those now awful voices from within the veil, which have already shaken earth, and which uttered "once more," shall shake not earth only, but also Heaven. High destiny! but not his whose portrait we have now drawn.

We have tried to draw his mental, but not his physical likeness. And yet it has all along been blended with our thoughts, like the figure of one known from childhood, like the figure of our own beloved and long-lost father. We see the venerable old man, newly returned from a botanical excursion, laden with flowers and weeds (for no one knew better than he that every weed is a flower—it is the secret of his poetry), with his high narrow forehead, his grey locks, his glancing shoe-buckles, his clean dress somewhat ruffled in the woods, his mild countenance, his simple abstracted air. We, too, become abstracted as we gaze, following in thought the outline of his history—his early struggle—his love—his adventures in London—his journal, where, on the brink of starvation, he wrote the affecting words "*O Sally for you*—"his rescue by Burke—his taking orders—his return to his native place—his mounting the pulpit stairs, not caring what his old enemies thought of him or his sermon—his marriage—the entry, more melancholy by far than the other, made years after in reference to it, "*yet happiness was denied*"—the publication of his different works—the various charges he occupied—his child-like surprise at getting so much money for the "Tales of the Hall"—his visit to Scotland—his mistaking the Highland chiefs for foreigners, and bespeaking them in bad French—his figure as he went, dogged by the *caddie* through the lanes of the auld town of Edinburgh, which he preferred infinitely to the new—the "aul'fule" he made of himself in pursuit of a second wife, &c., &c.; so absent do we become in thinking over all this, that it disturbs his abstraction, he starts, stares, asks us into his parsonage, and we are about to accept the offer, when we awake, and, lo! it is a dream.

ANECDOTE OF SIMPSON.—Simpson, the actor, would never take medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There was a piece—I do not recollect the name—in which the hero is sentenced in prison to drink a cup of poison. Harry Simpson was playing his character one night, and had given directions to have it filled with port wine, but what was his horror when he came to drink it, to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drunk every drop of it. Simpson drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr; but he never forgave his medical man this trick, as he fully proved at his death—for he died without paying him his bill.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LATE BISHOP OF NORWICH, AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

Lady Dacre—Mathias—Nicholini—Dr. Parr—Wilberforce—Gurney—Mrs. Fry—Mrs. Opie—Charlotte Smith—Hannah More—Lord Byron—Miss Millbank—Queen Caroline.

NEXT to Shakspeare, my father admired, almost adored, the sublime writings of Milton, especially the sonnets and smaller poems, and his prose works; and he observed it was not the vanity of a little mind, but the conscious power of a great one, with the unaffected confession of that power, which induced Milton to express his certainty that "whether in prosing or in versing there was in his writings that which would live for ever." The prejudices of later life, and the unwillingness with which my father ever turned to novelty,—an unwillingness which extended itself even to the minute details of his domestic affairs, and induced him almost to suffer any inconvenience rather than change a servant, and to feel pain even at the altered arrangement of the furniture—led him to undervalue modern poesy. Byron was not likely to suit him, a genius too earthly for my father's refined and spiritual mind: he admired the lament of "Tasso," more because it reminded him of his favorite Torquato. Shelley became known only in his very last years; doubtless he would have appreciated his mighty genius which soared into, and sang from the spiritual world. With Moore's smaller poems, those beautiful effusions of feeling and of tenderness set to the music of the Irish melodies—he was much touched. Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, he neither much studied, nor much admired. Many were the vain attempts exercised by Lady Beaumont to inoculate him with one spark of her enthusiasm for the latter poet, while Sir George at the same time entreated her "not to ride her hobby-horse so very hard." I remember upon one occasion her muslin scarf catching fire when she was declaiming, and my father with some difficulty extinguishing the flames.

My father's taste for the *Belles Lettres*, like his poetical inclinations, leant also, and naturally, towards "the works of his own day;" he would allow of no writers later than Johnson, Addison, Swift, Sterne, Burke, Arbuthnot; no historian after Hume and

Gibbon, perhaps, with the sole exception of Mitford, whose simplicity of style and strict adherence to the text of his Greek authorities satisfied his classical taste.

In speaking of Literature, which must occupy so large a space in any Biography of my father, I ought to have commenced with his earliest studies, I mean those to which the public schools in England are exclusively devoted; the ancient classics, Greek and Latin, being the two main objects at Winchester, where memory leads to every distinction. He of course acquired a full knowledge of both, particularly the latter, in which he was a perfectly accomplished scholar; he wrote both in prose and verse, and conversed in that language fluently; he had learnt Hebrew of a Jew, and read the Bible in its own original tongue; he had acquired a perfect knowledge of Italian, and delighted himself in the store of its poetical riches, such, at least, as he so considered them, for he much admired Petrarch, and particularly Dante. From the latter he often repeated the story of Count Ugolino in the Tower of Famine, and had so often told it, that he believed it himself true, how the Count had heard with despair the heavy fall of the prison key, and the splash of the waters, as the jailor, after locking the portal, flung that key into the Arno, thus barring for ever all hope of rescue. It was a splendid idea, and I question whether Dante would not have adopted it, had it occurred to him, or had he thought it possible to increase the horrors of the scene.

The Canzones of Petrarch, as translated by his friend Lady Dacre, and which afterwards appeared in Ugo Foscolo's life of that poet, were much admired by the Bishop, who considered these translations to surpass any attempts of the kind.

They were first made public by Mathias, who, with his friend Nicholls, better known by the name of Nicholini, on account of his love for Italy, was my father's frequent guest. Mathias printed them at Naples at his own expense, and, of course, with the

consent of the Authoress, and made presents of them to his friends.

Mathias, in common with my father, and I may add also Sir Egerton Brydges, thought that poetry had stopped with Gray and Mason, several of whose poems Mathias translated into Italian, and printed for private circulation, having, it appears, the same bibliomania as the aforementioned Sir Egerton, who printed numberless volumes abroad and at home, where he had a private printing-press—a strange mania! and to him a very expensive one. A friend of mine, who knew Mathias well, says he greatly depreciated Byron, and laughed heartily at the following.

“ * * * * * Morn
Begins to grizzle the dark locks of night.”

Although generally considered the author of the “Pursuits of Literature,” he all his life strenuously and almost with anger denied having any participation in that pedantic and Jesuitical work, now almost forgotten. No one who was acquainted intimately with him, would have suspected Mathias of its authorship. Whatever hand he might have had in the text, the notes he certainly did not write, for he was no Greek scholar.

Dr. Parr, whom we met at Holkham, and who was, at that time, tutor to the then heir apparent of Mr. Coke, *wished* on the contrary to *be* thought the author of “Junius,” and would often say, with his thick manner of speaking, as if his tongue were too large for his mouth, and looking significantly at his wife, “Mitthith Parr and I know who wrote ‘Thunnius.’” One day at dinner, he said to a lady next to him, whilst he was inhaling some favorite dish, “Mith B., we breathe here the pure air of *phatriotism*.” Perhaps he was at that moment eating a dish of green *fat*, to which he had no objection, being a great gourmand, and punning on the word. This pupil of his used to play him many practical jokes, one of which occasioned a great laugh by his heavy fall, the chair having been drawn from under him.

But to return to Lady Dacre, at the time Mrs. Wilmot, I was present at the first and last representation of her tragedy, in which my father took great interest. She herself was seated with a large party of her friends in one of the side boxes. Lord Byron speaks, in Moore’s Life, of also witnessing the performance. He says, “The three first acts, with transient gushes of applause,

oozed patiently but heavily on;” but adds, “it was badly acted, particularly by * * *, who was groaned upon in the third act,—something about horror, ‘Such a horror was the cause:’” (whether these asterisks of Mr. Moore’s stand for Kean or Mrs. Bartley, I know not.) “Well, the fourth act became muddy and turbid as need be; but the fifth act, which Garrick (like a fool) used to call the concoction of a play,—the fifth act stuck fast at the king’s prayer. ‘You know,’ he says, ‘he never went to bed without saying them, and did not like to omit them now.’ But he was no sooner on his knees than the audience got upon their legs, the damnable pit, and roared, and groaned, and whistled, and hissed. Well, that was choked a little; but the ruffian scene—the penitent peasantry—killing the bishop and princes—oh! it was all over.” Lord Byron sums up these observations by saying, “It is a good acting play, good language, but no power.”

He did not perhaps observe a ridiculous occurrence, which accidentally assisted in the condemnation of the piece. In one of the most tragic scenes, a current of air, not altogether unknown behind the scenes, puffed up the white satin dress of the heroine, threatening, like a balloon, to carry her off the stage: a gentle hum, a murmur of suppressed risibility first disturbed the stillness around. In vain a “hush! hush!” echoed from all sides—puff came the wind again. The gallery sent down a confused tumult into the pit, and soon the theatre resounded with merriment, mixed up with faint and gradually louder hisses, which frustrated the vain endeavors of the applauding party. Upon so mere a trifle sometimes does success in the more important stage of life often depend, and by as mere an incident is it often overturned. A tragedy is of all compositions the most difficult, and often, when it may read well, a totally different effect, or none at all, may be produced on the stage. Byron says that few women can write a tragedy, but adds, that he can conceive the possibility of Semiramis and Catharine the Great doing so. Lady Dacre’s amiable qualities are well known to those who have the privilege of her acquaintance: her modelling of horses surpasses anything ever seen in relieve, and her talent for writing, both in prose and verse, her works can testify. Few persons have had an opportunity of forming a right judgment on this tragedy, as her works, though printed, have never been published,

with the exception of the Canzones before mentioned.

Thus having spoken of the Prelate's favorite Italian, I must observe that he was conversant with the literature of the French tongue, the chosen recreation, as I have said, of the old earl, during the time that he was his companion, particularly of the authors of the much vaunted *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*: here, too, he thought, with many of the bigoted admirers of the so called classic age, that writing ought to have stopped. The names of Victor Hugo, George Sand, De Lamartine, Balzac, Eugene Sue, and a host of these contemporaries, were unknown to him. Like also to many of the lovers of Racine, he clung to the hallowed recollections of his earlier days, and thought that in French, cramped and feeble as must ever be, comparatively speaking, their poetry, the force of nature could go no further than in the "*Songe d'Athalie*," or the tiresome, long, and sing-song speeches in Corneille's tragedies, exceedingly beautiful though they may be. The male and female rhymes marching side by side, and the division of every verse into two equal parts, were rendered anything but musical to the ear of taste, even by Talma's finest declamation; and I have heard my father say that great actor experienced but one regret, that he had not been destined to revel in the freedom of English blank verse, and in the unfettered eloquence of a Shakspeare.

There are many of the old school, who even raise their voices against the romanticism of the present style of French literature: the coinage of new words and the revival of old ones imparting a power to their prose, and almost to their poetry, before unknown; and perhaps in part attributable to a growing taste for English, and a familiarity with our modern writers, who have given an additional strength to our own language by similar innovations.

The study of German has also not been without its effect. Of that language and its literature my father of course knew nothing. I believe in his time there were scarcely in England a dozen good German scholars. We had then, too, no translations from the German; which, after all, were poor compensations for the originals, sometimes even impossible ones, as in the instance of Göthe's "*Faust*." He had also formed the idea with many others, on the faith of the Anti-Jacobin and other works of the day, that the literature of Germany was an

exaggerated rhodomontade, and did not believe it possible that schools or universities could flourish in that land (although he had, indeed, heard of Göttingen), that land of printing and of reading, where, so great is the march of intellect, that the commonest servant during her few leisure hours will feast upon the translated works of Bulwer and Marryat, and the mere usher of an inferior school possesses his well-stored libraries of choice books.

At the annual meetings of the Bible Society at Norwich, my father was ever present, and I believe sometimes spoke, if he did not take the chair; and this circumstance cemented his friendship with many distinguished persons who came from far and near to be present on the occasion, all anxious promoters of the cause. Among the foremost, and above all in zeal, was Mr. Wilberforce,* whose eloquence sometimes so softened the hearts of the most obdurate, those who had attended the meeting with the full resolution of not being subdued, and purposely had left behind them the means of contributing to the fund; that such persons had been known to deposit at the door watches, rings, and other articles of value, as pledges. He was an extraordinary man, and his faults, if he had them, were the faults of a great mind, and ought to be buried in the grave; while his enthusiasm, his benevolence, and his virtues, leaving behind them as they did lasting memorials, must live for ever. His oratory was impressive and riveting; and every sentiment, coming as it did from the bottom of his soul, struck with electric force into the bosom of his hearers. He might, such was his eloquence, have pleaded any cause, and made (had he been willing) even the worse appear the better. What wonder, then, that he should succeed in that great cause so near and so dear to his heart—the Bible? He diversified his harangues with interesting anecdotes of the value and success of this society, and of the providence of God blessing it. Among the rest, he told a story of a young sailor who had received from the society a Bible, which he laid next his heart, and during an action a bullet struck him and

* A beautiful statue, in a sitting posture, of this great man was executed by Joseph, an artist who was peculiarly happy in the intellectual and speaking expression of his likenesses, of which this is a striking proof. A small model of this statue, shortly before my father's death, was by Joseph's permission forwarded him for his inspection. He was much pleased with it.

lodged in the book, thus protecting his life. Among others who were distinguished for their oratory and ardor in the cause, were the Rev. Mr. Marsh,* of Colchester; Sir Fowell, at that time Mr. Buxton; and the two Rev. Messrs. Cunningham, brothers, one of whom was the author of a celebrated little work, entitled "The Velvet Cushion." These three latter were connected by marriage with a native of Norwich, one of the warmest promoters of the Society, Joseph John Gurney;† who delivered with that plain and simple character appropriated to his sect,‡ and with that modesty for which he was so eminently distinguished, in true simpleness of heart, his pure and Christian sentiments.

There were few persons whom my father loved and esteemed more than Mr. Gurney. They resembled each other in simplicity of character and in singleness of heart, and in the wish not to live in vain.

It was to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Gurney, near Norwich, that the whole party resorted after the labors of the day to partake of a repast. No person who had ever been present at these happy meetings, or who had joined the society of these individuals, so distinguished for their devout fervor, would agree in a too commonly accepted opinion, that religion brings with it gloom and misanthropy, for no persons are so cheerful as the really religious.

The life of the party was Wilberforce; he spoke well on all subjects, and his cheerfulness imparted itself to all around him.

Two ladies equally distinguished in different ways were present. Mrs. Fry, the sister of the host, and now, alas! no more, and Mrs. Opie, who had then first embraced the opinions of the Society of Friends, and was warmly allied in friendship with the family of the host, whose intellectual qualities and many virtues rendered them the delight of a numerous circle.

Amelia Opie, one of the well-known and then more rare female authors, was a native of Norwich, and was also the esteemed friend of my father, of whom she had some twenty years ago written in the "Gentleman's Magazine" a slight memoir. Not long before the above-mentioned meeting of friends and orators, in a family which con-

sisted of various sects and religions, though allied together, nevertheless, in unceasing harmony, she had been one of the mourners at the funeral of the eldest of the family, who, young himself, and in every way gifted, followed his yet younger bride with rapid strides to the grave.

Mrs. Opie was one of the few lady writers on whom my father bestowed the meed of praise, for he was not fond of display in our sex, and I believe gentlemen are generally of the same opinion; perhaps in the comparatively weak minds of women there is often little or much vanity mixed up with their sometimes feeble efforts, and the fear of ridicule may deter many who could please from making the attempt.

After Mrs. Opie and Lady Dacre, my father held in high esteem the acquaintance of his earlier day, Charlotte Smith, whose simple manners and retiring character left upon his mind a more pleasing impression than even her talents. With Hannah More he was slightly acquainted, but had more than once declined meeting Madame de Staël at one of those coteries which above all things he disliked, where literary subjects are studied in the morning for the purpose of being discussed and making a display in the evening. Among those ladies whose society most pleased him, may be numbered not many, perhaps none, who shone conspicuous in the world of fashion, but many more who were distinguished for their amiability and attainments; among these may be mentioned Miss Millbank, who created at one time some interest in consequence of her having married, and afterwards separated herself from Lord Byron;—a union equally unsuitable on both sides, and the fatal consequences of which made an exile from his country of one of its greatest poets. My father had known Lady Byron from her childhood; the two families having been neighbors in the county of Durham. He considered her a superior person. Her attainments were highly rated, and probably with justice; and being an heiress and without pretensions, such attainments were the more readily admitted. I remember the Bishop being particularly struck with the Greek characters, from some old author, with which she headed a copy circulated about town of the lines in manuscript written upon the Prince (then Regent), standing between the tombs of Charles I. and Henry VIII. The translation of the motto was "blood mixed with dirt." I know not whether the

* This zealous minister bore a striking likeness to the most celebrated pictures of our blessed Lord.

† Author of the Practical View of Christianity, and many other works.

‡ The Society of Friends.

Greek was transcribed by herself or Lord Byron. Lady Byron had the character of being a good Greek scholar, which Lord Byron never was. This was before the marriage.

I was a young girl, but had my imagination raised to the highest pitch by the perusal of the works of my adored poet, when I accompanied my mother to pay a congratulatory visit to the bride elect, whom I found with her mother engaged in that *then* fashionable employment of making shoes. The operators were at the moment of our entrance in great confusion from the upsetting of the bowl of water containing the cobbler's wax—an employment though economical far from poetic, and which, when we returned to the carriage, occasioned my mother to burst into an almost inextinguishable fit of laughter.

Lady Byron was an only child, perhaps a spoilt one; she was just the kind of character the poet was unlikely to admire or to estimate. She had plain good sense, a cold and calculating judgment. She was simple and plain in her manners, plain in dress, though not absolutely plain in her person, plain in sentiment, plain in her wishes and desires, and above all plain in her understanding of others. That she mistook for insanity the fine phrensy of a poet, or that she could expect or wish anything else in the first poet of the *then* day (for Shelley has since far eclipsed him), was a very plain proof of the extent of her judgment. Lord Byron was unfortunate, for he had never met with a woman who suited him; he sought in vain, and none had chanced to cross his path. He was remarkable for his kindness and tenderness to the sex, and had never wounded the feelings of any woman whatsoever. Pity that during the very few months his wife gave him the trial, a time hardly sufficient to try any one, even a domestic, she alone should have found him otherwise!

My father, in the amiability of his heart, always sided with the weaker sex, and his ear was ever open to their grievances. I have heard him often and often bewail the lot of woman, and the cruel laws which weigh in our land, at least, so heavily upon her. No wonder that he was a favorite with the ladies, and consulted by them upon every occasion, and of course they could easily persuade him; thus doubtless he was the strong partisan of the above named young friend, and these remarks are less his than my own. The prelate was

honored with the confidence of many distinguished ladies; among others the *soi-disant* Duchess of Sussex, who applied to him with unwearied zeal to exercise his influence with the Duke, his friend, to restore her to her would be honors, and to acknowledge her to the world as his lawful wife, &c.; although the matter had been before arranged, by her own consent, and she had accepted a title of Countess and the terms offered to her. She still maintained all the dignity of royalty. I remember, when with my mother, meeting her at Dumerg's in Piccadilly; she was standing at the window, and called our attention to some person who she imagined was drowning in the pond, though it was only a child's toy being set afloat. She was a painted, affected creature, and to our great surprise (for we knew not at the time who she was) was continually entreating us, in the most condescending manner, to *sit down*.

Among other oppressed, or self-supposed oppressed ladies, Queen Caroline had been introduced one evening at the British Gallery; I remember her well, and both her manner and conversation left an unfavorable impression.

To return again to my father, it might not perhaps be said that he was a man of extraordinary talents; but his intellects, which were fine and clear, were highly cultivated; he possessed a finely framed imagination, lively, pure, and delicate, which displayed itself in a conversation ever delightful, and it was his greatest charm that he was always amiable. Sir Bulwer Lytton commences a chapter in his "Pilgrims of the Rhine" with this elegant compliment to my father, "Once upon a time, the virtues, weary of living for ever with the Bishop of Norwich," &c.

It is to be regretted that he left behind him, neither in poetry nor in prose, any work that might serve as a lasting memorial. His speeches in the House, and one or more sermons, are nearly the only printed memorials extant. He wrote a beautiful letter upon all subjects; simple, clear, elegant, and touching, from the tone of tenderness, affection, and deep interest with which he addressed all those dear to him. Could his letters be collected, and properly selected, they would, perhaps, form as beautiful a volume as could be presented to the public; at the same time serving far better than weak description to paint the real loveliness of that mind which was written upon the page; that spirit, which, con-

scious of innate rectitude, walked straight-forward in the path of life, plucking the flowers on every side, and enduring with uncomplaining cheerfulness, its thorns and roughs. Self, being ever forgotten, he passed on loving all, and hating not even his enemy.

His great longevity may be attributed in part to his habits of temperance through life, temperance of mind, and temperance of body; he was a man of the most simple tastes, simple and innocent feelings—so innocent, that he could scarcely believe in the guilt of others, or conceive the power of those evil passions that led to it. He was seldom or ever excited to anger, or made use of an unkind word to any individual, and could endure patiently every provocation.

The bright light which had cheered and illuminated so many around it, at last expired, glimmering fainter and fainter, like a dying lamp; till it became suddenly and

almost unexpectedly extinct; often gleaming like a flickering flame again and again, until we believed that it could never absolutely be extinguished; so great was its vitality—so difficult was it to reconcile death with one who was to become his victim.

Long and daily had he held converse with death, as with a kind and familiar friend. He would often say to me, "I am quite prepared, whether it comes one day or another, or whenever the hour may arrive;" and at last he welcomed it with joy. Ninety-three years had nearly wearied him of life. Many of his contemporaries were gone before him, and those whom he left were sunk in age and infirmity.

His remains were, by his own particular request, conveyed to the Abbey Church at Great Malvern, where they repose by those of his beloved partner in life, one monument serving for both, in that spot so dear to each.

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GUIZOT.

THE French elective Chamber differs from the House of Commons, in being split into a much greater number of parties, between whom there exist political differences, which to themselves seem irreconcilable, although they are scarcely perceptible to a dispassionate looker-on, and especially to a foreigner. But genius is not as multifarious as party. This is fortunate, at least, for France. For if each of the numerous sections of the Chamber of Deputies was led by a statesman and orator of high pretensions, it is difficult to see how the country could go on at all, drawn in so many different directions, by equal antagonistic forces. Among the notabilities of the French parliament, two are, by common consent, predominant—MM. Guizot and Thiers. They are the Peel and Russell of France. In the present position of the Chambers, no administration could stand a chance of holding power a single month, to which both these two deputies would be opposed, nor could any administration be formed out of their respective sections of the Chamber, of which they must not have the lead. Sections of the house there are,

which are opposed to both; but none of these have number, coherence, or, above all, parliamentary and administrative genius, to entitle them to take the helm of the state, or to give them the faintest hope of a majority in the country or the Chamber. The names of Thiers and Guizot stand, therefore, before the world, in juxtaposition, as the political chiefs of the French Parliament. Having lately presented the readers of this journal with a rapid sketch of the career and character of M. Thiers, a similar attempt to portray his illustrious rival and opponent, will not, probably, be unacceptable.

M. Guizot is now in his sixtieth year, having been born on the 4th October, 1787. He is therefore just ten years senior to his rival and opponent, M. Thiers. His birth-place was Nismes, where his father practised, with some reputation, at the bar. The detestable laws which prevailed at that time in France, denied to his parents the legality of marriage, and the legitimacy of offspring, in consequence of their religious faith. They were of a Protestant family. In a few years afterwards, the Revolution

came and restored to them their natural rights of citizens, but involved them at the same time in the most bitter domestic desolation. On the 8th of April, 1794, when the present prime minister of France was in his seventh year, his father's head fell under the guillotine. Suspected of resistance to the will of the terrible triumvirate, he was ruthlessly torn from his wife and two children, the eldest of whom, Francis Pierre Guillaume, is the subject of this notice. Thus, in his earliest years, M. Guizot was surrounded by misfortunes, produced by those two extremes of Government, against which he has signalized himself in later life by his struggles. The absolute regime before the revolution stripped him of his rights as a citizen, and the revolutionary regime which followed it, deprived him of his natural protector, and flung him an orphan on the world.

After the loss of her husband, Madame Guizot quitted the city, which was associated with such agonizing recollections, and retired to Geneva, where she enjoyed the consolations of her family, and obtained the means and opportunity of securing a sound education for her children. The eldest, placed at the Institution in that city, called the Gymnase, soon manifested those intellectual endowments, the subsequent development of which elevated him to the highest post in his country. Before he attained his twelfth year, he was able to read in their proper language, the works of Thucydides and Demosthenes, Tacitus and Cicero, Dante and Alfieri, Schiller and Goethe, Gibbon and Shakspeare. The last two years of his course in college were devoted to historical and philosophical studies, which, it soon appeared, possessed for him the highest attractions. The character of his mind was admirably suited to the spirit of the manners and institutions in the midst of which he was placed. His severe logic and pure morals were in harmony with the habits of the Genevese republic, and the rigid discipline of Calvin, the traces of which had never been obliterated there.

In 1805, M. Guizot having completed his academical studies, and been loaded with scholastic honors, came to Paris, to commence his professional studies for the bar. At that period, the school of law in Paris had fallen in the revolutionary changes, and the knowledge obtained by students was chiefly derived from private establishments, and in a very imperfect manner.

Guizot, little inclined to participate in the scenes of licentious pleasure, in which he found his fellow-students for the most part plunged, and setting small value on the superficial means of information offered by the Institutions to which we have just adverted, found himself thrown upon his own intellectual resources, and sought, in the solitude of his chamber, in meditation, and in such works as the great repositories of learning in Paris never failed to supply in the worst times, that knowledge which, under a better system, he might have obtained with less labor, and the benefit of competition and fellowship in well organized and wisely directed schools. His first year in Paris was thus passed in solitude, amidst a busy population of half a million.

In the succeeding year, he was received as private tutor in the family of M. Stapfer, formerly minister for Switzerland in Paris, in whose house he was so fortunate as to meet not only a paternal reception, but the means of extending his information by social intercourse with those who were best able to direct his studies. Here he also became acquainted with M. Suard, in whose salons he met those most distinguished for their intellectual endowments and accomplishments. It was here he first saw her who was destined to exercise over his life and happiness so noble an influence.

Born of a distinguished family, which was ruined by the Revolution, Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan had, like many others who had lost their properties in that catastrophe, resorted to these attainments which had been acquired with a view to adorn rather than support life, and this lady, to sustain her destitute family, adopted the profession of journalism. She was the editor of a paper of that day, called the *Publiciste*. It happened that this lady was attacked by a malady rendered more severe by the imperious necessity of continuing those labors, which were so necessary to the well-being of those to whom she was tenderly attached, when she received one day an anonymous letter, accompanied by the manuscript of a leading article for her journal. On examination, the article proved to be of the highest literary merit, and was of course immediately accepted. The following day brought a like contribution from the same unknown hand, together with an intimation, that these literary supplies would be continued until such time as

the restoration of her health might enable her, without inconvenience, to resume her customary occupation.

Deeply touched by the delicacy of this secret aid, proceeding obviously from some male friend, who with a refinement well calculated to command the admiration, and excite the gratitude of a mind like that of Mademoiselle de Meulan, shrank from a disclosure which might create a sense of personal obligation, the lady recounted the circumstances again and again with the liveliest emotion, in the salons of M. Suard, exhausting her imagination, and taxing the ingenuity of her friends to discover her unknown benefactor, little thinking at the moment, that among those to whom she addressed her conjectures and her guesses, was her literary friend himself in the person of a pale, serious, and severe-looking young man, with whom she was scarcely yet acquainted, and whose retiring habits, united with his natural delicacy, rendered him the more unobtrusive on the attention of her who so anxiously inquired after him. At length, after many unfortunate entreaties addressed in the *Publiciste* to the unknown contributor, to disclose himself, M. Guizot presented himself in person at the Bureau of the fair editor, and accepted the so warmly expressed thanks of her who a few years later became Madame Guizot.

In the five years after his arrival in Paris, M. Guizot devoted himself to the composition of several literary works, which at once laid the foundation of his reputation, and gave him a moderate independence. The first of these, which was not published till 1809, was his "Dictionary of Synonyms;" this was followed by his "Lives of the French Poets," his translation of Gibbon* with historical notes, and a translation of a work of Refhus, entitled *Spain* in 1808. These several works, the merits of which, whatever they may have been, were eclipsed by the more important ones that followed them, were written before their author had completed his twenty-fourth year.

In 1812, his talents became generally known and appreciated, and he was appointed by M. de Fontane as assistant professor of history, in the university. Soon afterwards, he was advanced to the full functions of the professorship of Modern History, and it is well known what lustre

* It is generally understood that the mere translations were not the work of M. Guizot. They were done under his superintendence. The notes, however, were his own.

his lectures conferred on that chair. It was at this time that commenced with Royer Collard, who held the professorship of the history of philosophy, a friendship, which was continued till the death of the latter.

At the epoch of the political events of 1814, M. Guizot was at his native city of Nismes, whither he went to visit his mother, after a long absence. On his return, he was destined to make his debut in political life. His friend, Royer Collard, induced the Abbé Montesquion, then minister of the Interior, to appoint him to the office of chief secretary of that department. In this position, his moderate monarchical politics, placed between the extremes of the ultra Royalist party and the Republicans, rendered it impossible for him to secure for his official conduct, the approbation of either. In the opinion of one party he went too far; in the opinion of the other, not far enough. The law against the press, presented to the Chamber of 1814, by the Abbé Montesquion, rendered both him and his friend, Royer Collard, unpopular with the liberal party, and still more the circumstance of his having afterwards consented to accept a place in the committee of the censorship, beside M. de Freyssi-nous. The Royalist party, on the other hand, were indignant at beholding one whom they regarded as belonging to the *Bourgeoisie*, a professor, and above all, a Protestant, yoked as a colleague, or at least, a confidential subordinate of a court abbé; talking of the equilibrium of the constitution, the preponderance of government, and attempting to reconcile monarchical notions with the new interests which the Revolution had created. In the opinion of some he did too little—of others, too much. He was, however, suddenly and unexpectedly drawn from this collision of parties by the return of Napoleon from Elba.

After the flight of Louis XVIII. and his family, M. Guizot returned to the duties of his professorship, and after the expiration of the hundred days, and the catastrophe of Waterloo, he was selected by the constitutional Royalists to go to Ghent, to urge upon Louis XVIII. the adoption of the charter, and to insist upon the necessity of removing from power M. De Blacas, who at that time was regarded as the type and representative of the old monarchical regime. The result of his negotiations became apparent soon afterwards, for M. De

Blacas retired, and the king acknowledged the errors of his government, in the proclamation of Cambrai, and added new guarantees to the charter.

In the stormy session of the Chambers, which followed the second restoration, in 1815, M. Guizot filled the office of chief Secretary to the Minister of Justice. He has been reproached with yielding, in an undue degree, to the reactionary spirit which prevailed at this epoch. The parties consisted of the ultra-royalists, supporters of the old regime, who desired the king without the charter, the liberals who desired the charter without the King, and the constitutional royalists, which demanded both. To this last section of the political body, M. Guizot naturally belonged. His pamphlet on "*Representative Government, and the present State of France*," which he published in answer to M. De Vitrolles, gave a view of his principles at that time, and placed him in the royalist constitutional majority, beside his friend Royer Collard, MM. Pasquier, Camille Jordan, and De Serres. It was about this period that the name *Doctrinaires* came to be applied to that party, originating in the fact that Royer Collard, who was its leader, had been educated at a college conducted by a sect called *Doctrinaires*, and also from a certain stiff adherence to particular general principles, and a severe system of logic, put forward rather obtrusively in their public speeches.

After the assassination of the Duke of Berri, the ministry of Decazes retired from office. MM. Royer Collard, Camille Jordan, and De Barante, withdrew from the Council of State, and M. Guizot resigned with his party. From that time until the accession to office of the Martignac ministry, in 1828, his course was a continual struggle against the tendencies of the Villele ministry. At this time he was too young, and his reputation was too little advanced, to lead him to aspire to a seat in the Chamber, but the principles of constitutional monarchy found in him a most able defender, through the organs of the press.

In his professional chair of Modern History, in the midst of the enthusiastic applauses of those youths, many of whom were destined at a later period to aid in overthrowing the house of the elder Bourbons, M. Guizot developed the various phases of representative government in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. The ministry took its vengeance for

his attacks in his pamphlets, by interdicting his course in 1825.

Returning to private life, he was poor, for the worst enemies of this statesman never ascribed to him a disposition to convert the opportunities of office to the purposes of personal profit. He had, however, his pen, and that was an independence. Excluded from treating of the politics of the day, by the arbitrary spirit of the government, he engaged in a series of historical works, several of which have since surrounded his name with lustre, among which may be mentioned, his collection of *Memoirs relative to the Revolution in England*; two volumes of the *History of that Revolution*; the collection of *Memoirs relative to the Ancient History of France*, and *Essays on French History*; *Historical Essays on Shakspeare and Calvin*; a translation of *Shakspeare*, and extensive contributions to the *Revue Française*.

It was when immersed in these literary labors, in 1827, that the most bitter calamity of his life befell him. A premature death snatched from him her who was at once the partner of his labors, and the solace of his home;—her whose elevated mind and pure spirit sustained and encouraged him in the agitation and struggles of his public life. It was a touching scene to behold the last farewell of the wife to the husband and the son, the latter of whom was destined to soon follow his beloved parent to the tomb. Madame Guizot, though a Roman Catholic by birth, became a Protestant shortly before her death.

After the fall of the Villele ministry, M. Martignac, on his accession to power, restored M. Guizot to his professorship. Soon after this he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, by the College of Lisieux, which he has ever since represented. He was one of the memorable majority of 221, who voted the address which was the precursor of the Revolution of 1830, concluding his speech on that occasion by the following remarkable sentence:—

"It is difficult enough for truth to find its way to the chambers of kings. Let us not send it there pale and enervated. Let it be no more possible to mistake it than to doubt the loyalty of our sentiments."

In 1830, when the storm which broke on the 27th of July, was approaching, M. Guizot was at his native town of Nismes. He returned to Paris on the 26th. The fol-

lowing day he wrote the celebrated protest of the deputies against the ordonnance which produced the revolution; a document which indicates a Conservative spirit, which feared, rather than desired, a revolution. Its moderation found favor with few. The government deemed it seditious,—the people thought it tame.

On the 29th July, the Deputies met at the house of M. Lafitte, where a lively sense of triumph was expressed, at the result of the struggle, but where, at the same time, the paramount necessity of *regularizing* the revolution was acknowledged. M. Guizot was the first to rise and impress on his colleagues the urgency of the appointment of a municipal commission, to be specially devoted to the re-establishment and maintenance of order. The next day this committee appointed him provisional minister of Public Instruction. On the 31st he read to the chambers the draft of a proclamation nominating the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. In the interval between this and the 9th August, the day on which Louis Philippe accepted the crown tendered to him by the chambers, M. Guizot filled temporarily the office of Minister of the Interior, and displayed extraordinary administrative powers on that difficult emergency. A complete recomposition of the internal administration of the country was effected, and the charter was revived and amended. Seventy-six prefects, one hundred and seventy-six sub-prefects, and thirty-eight chief secretaries were appointed. In the revision of the chamber he endeavored to fix the age of qualification for a deputy at twenty-five. In this, however, he was outvoted.

The cabinet which was formed out of the fermenting elements of the revolution, was, as might be expected, ephemeral. The personal differences which had been lost in the magnitude and importance of the public interests staked in the measures which accompanied the revolution, reappeared as soon as tranquillity was restored. The spirit of the epoch, and the state of exaltation of all minds, demanded more of vigor in political action, and required less of the philosophical spirit of organization than was consistent with the public character of M. Guizot, and he retired. The cabinet of M. Lafitte succeeded, and when the public became more tranquillized, and desired to see the Institutions consolidated, it gave place again to a more conservative administration, under the presidency of Casimir

Perier. The Chamber now began to settle down into recognised sections and parties, under acknowledged leaders, and symbolized by known systems of policy. For the first time since the revolution of July, a compact, resolute, and permanent majority was created. This parliamentary force, which had hitherto been confused and undisciplined, consisted of three chief divisions, whose movements were directed by the spirited president of the Council. The left wing, composed chiefly of that party, which formed the liberal opposition during the Restoration, and which now rallied round the Constitutional Throne of the Barricades, was led by M. Thiers. The right wing, composed of the party which, under the Restoration, were known as the Constitutional Monarchists, were headed by M. Guizot. The centre body, composed of those whose opinions wavered, and whose conduct had been undecided, were under the leadership of M. Dupin the elder.

Supported by this triple phalanx, the ministry of Casimir Perier prevailed equally against the opposition in the chamber, and the émeutes in the streets. It effected the occupation of Ancona, and consolidated the system which sprang out of the three days of July. After the death of Casimir Perier, which took place during the prevalence of the cholera in 1832, these elements of parliamentary and governmental power were dissolved, and the several leaders, with pretensions nearly equal, disputed the command. The usual consequences of even competition, combined with little difference of political principle, ensued. A coalition was effected. The centre left combined with the centre right. M. Guizot extended the hand of fellowship to M. Thiers, and the ministry known as the Cabinet of the 11th October, 1832, was formed.

M. Guizot now filled the office of Minister of Public Instruction, for the duties of which his peculiar talents and attainments so eminently fitted him. In recurring to the records of this period, and reviewing the sentiments of parties, it is gratifying to observe, that among the numerous measures adopted during his ministry, there is one, respecting which among men of every party, even those most opposed to M. Guizot, as a statesman, there is but one unanimous feeling of approbation. The law of the 28th June, 1833, upon Primary Instruction, is a monument to the genius and benevolence of M. Guizot, which will

surround his memory with honor and gratitude in all succeeding ages. This measure, in all its completeness, was conceived, perfected, promoted, and carried into practical operation by M. Guizot alone. Under him, and at his hands, the principle of popular education, adopted and proclaimed by the great revolution of 1789, but suspended in its progress by the social convulsions of the last half century, has been realized. Eleven thousand communes, constituting about half the territory of France, hitherto deprived of the benefit of that education which produces the honest man and the good citizen, have seen the school-house raised beside the village church, where the children of the poor can obtain that enlightenment which, combined with the consolations of religion, will enable them to struggle with the rude trials of this life, and prepare for the rewards of that which is to follow.

On the occasion of the promulgation and the execution of this law, the zeal and activity of M. Guizot were incessant. It was a labor of love. Numberless were the addresses and instructions sent by him to the prefects and subprefects of departments, to the mayors and other municipal authorities in the provinces, and to the committees of inquiry. All these documents are models of clearness and precision; but one among them—his circular to the parish schoolmasters—is pre-eminently conspicuous, and is probably the finest specimen of this kind of composition extant. No work of these times is marked by more genuine eloquence, or more true poetry of style and of sentiment. How noble is the spectacle of the minister of State of a great country, assuming the tone, and expressing the feeling of fellowship, with the humble village teacher; lifting him as it were to his own level, teaching him the true loftiness of his functions, raising him in his own eyes, and those of his fellow-citizens;—discouraging to him as a friend, a colleague, and an equal; making him feel that he, too, in his sphere, is a minister of public instruction, as necessary to the attainment of the beneficent purposes of the legislature, as he who addresses him! And with what lively solicitude does not the minister anticipate the difficulties, and exhort to the zealous discharge of the duties which must arise in the relations between the practical teacher and the children, the parents, the mayor, and the curate. "Let no spirit of sect or party enter the sacred

precincts of your school! The public teacher must rise above the transitory quarrels which agitate society. The sentiments he must inculcate are, trust in Providence, the holiness of duty, submission to parental authority, respect for the laws, for the sovereign, and for the rights of all." If religious principles and duties are not enforced, it is not because M. Guizot is not sincerely impressed with their high importance, but because the inculcation of these falls within another department of the state. It must be remembered that there is in France a ministry of Public Worship, distinct from the ministry of Public Instruction, and that as all forms of Christian faith are equal in the eye of the state, pastors of each persuasion are properly paid and supported by the state, according to the clerical duties they have to discharge.

The following picture of the painful duties of the schoolmaster, and the sources to which he is sent for consolation, will be read with lively interest:

"There is neither fortune nor fame to be acquired in fulfilling the laborious task of the village schoolmaster. Doomed to a life of monotonous labor, sometimes requited with ingratitude and injustice, by ignorance, he will often be oppressed with melancholy, and perhaps sink under the weight of his thankless toil, if he does not seek strength and courage elsewhere, than in the views of immediate and personal interest. He must be sustained and animated by a profound sense of the moral importance of his labors. He must learn to regard the austere pleasure of having served mankind, and secretly contributed to the public weal, as a price worthy of his exertions, which his conscience pays him. It is his glory to aspire to nothing above his obscure and laborious condition, to make unnumbered sacrifices for those who profit by him, to labor, in a word, for man, and wait for his reward from God."

The cabinet of the 11th October, in which M. Guizot held the ministry of Public Instruction, continued to administer the affairs of the country for four years. M. Guizot is essentially a Conservative in politics. He is a constitutional monarchist. If power tends towards absolutism, he will oppose power; but if, in opposing it, he hazards revolution, popular emeutes, or a relaxation of order, he will, perhaps, of the two evils prefer the chances of absolutism to the horrors of anarchy. This spirit has always given a repressive character to his policy. When the administration of which he formed a part came into office, public order was menaced, and therefore a Conservative and reactionary policy command-

ed a majority in the Chamber. But gradually the government became settled. The elements of disturbance which the Revolution left behind it subsided and disappeared. The public began to look for the fruits of the struggle—the price of the blood which flowed on the three days. This prevailing sentiment rendered the Conservative and stationary policy of the cabinet of the 11th October less popular, and diminished its majority in the Chamber. But besides this, dissension broke out in the cabinet itself. A disagreement arose between MM. De Broglie, Guizot, and M. Hamams, in consequence of which the latter resigned, and subsequently between MM. Thiers and Guizot. This quarrel was supposed at the time, and since, to be secretly fomented by Louis Philippe and the party of the chateau. The combined ministry of Thiers, Guizot, and De Broglie, was too strong to allow the king to assume that personal interference in the affairs of the state which he has always desired to exercise. His object was now not merely to break up the existing cabinet, but to sow the seeds of dissension among the leading men in the Chambers, so that it might be impossible afterwards to form a government so strong, with an opposition so weak, as to render his personal interference impracticable. This object he perfectly attained. M. Thiers was irritated against M. Guizot, and later, the friendship between M. Guizot and the Duke of Broglie was undermined. No parliamentary combination was afterwards possible, which should deprive Louis Philippe of the favorite object of his hopes, that of presiding at the cabinet, dictating its policy, and being, in fact, his own minister of foreign affairs.

In fine, M. Guizot retired, and entered into opposition. He immediately assumed a position of open hostility with the cabinet, over which M. Molé presided, the policy of which he described, in one of his memorable addresses from the tribune, as “one without principle or flag, made up of expediences and superficialities, which, ever tottering, sought support on every side, and aimed at no intelligible object; which augmented and aggravated that vacillation of purpose, that effeminacy of soul, that want of faith, consistency, perseverance, and energy, which are at once the sources of uneasiness to the country, and feebleness to the government!”

The ministry known as that of the 12th May, invited M. Guizot to the Embassy at London, to replace M. Sebastiani, which

position he occupied until his accession to the Cabinet, which he now leads. His perfect knowledge of the language, literature, and history of England; his known predilection for the political institutions of that country, which he desired to see adopted in his own, as far as the habits and condition of the people would admit; his Protestantism, for the sincerity of which he received credit; the simplicity of his manners, and the austere dignity of his character, all conspired to recommend him to the favorable notice of the aristocracy of London. Accordingly, no minister of France, since Chateaubriand, obtained a reception so unexceptionally cordial.

After the retirement of the Cabinet, subsequent to the collision at Beyrout, M. Guizot was recalled to take a high position in affairs. A certain stiffness of character, and austerity of manner, combined with a dogmatism which adhered to him from the professional chair, which he filled with so much distinction, rendered him personally unpopular in the Chambers, and although virtually discharging the functions of the head of the ministry, he has never, even yet, ventured to assume the actual office of President of the Council, which, according to the custom of government in France, is that of Prime Minister, and head of the government. That post in the Cabinet, which has now subsisted in France for several years, is filled by Marshal Soult, who, however, takes no active part in the affairs of the State. M. Guizot is minister of Foreign Affairs, and the real head of the government.

As a speaker, M. Guizot wants the more lofty qualities of an orator, and disdains the merely ornamental ones. His art is that of a logician and rhetorician. His discourse is a thesis. There is one prominent text which is wrought out with consummate skill. To this he fixes the attention of his audience. He turns it on every side, presents it under various aspects, raises round it a most ingenious scaffolding of reasoning. Those who are familiar with colleges, will easily perceive in this the habits which have been transferred from the university to the senate.

M. Guizot has been charged with a frigid scepticism, not merely in his religion, but in his philosophy and politics. Standing between hereditary monarchy and revolution, it has been said that he believes neither in the legitimacy of divine right, nor in the sovereignty of the people. In religion

he is, by descent and profession, Protestant, but his sincerity in any particular faith has been questioned, although his private life attests his serious assent to Christianity. The scenes related to have passed at the bedside of the dying partner of his joys and sorrows cannot leave a doubt of the reality of his religious faith. But what faith? Protestant, certainly; but which of the many tints of Protestantism? No one can answer, and some will say that the illustrious statesman and philosopher himself would pause long before he would commit himself to a categorical answer to that question.

Clearness and order are the conspicuous attributes of his style, as a parliamentary speaker. He goes straight to his object; lays down his thesis in the clearest and most unequivocal terms. He admits no redundancy. What he has to say is said without uttering one word too much or too little. His style is pure and chaste, but without brilliancy or coloring. His extemporaneous addresses, stenographed, have all the elaborated finish and accuracy of the desk.

The temperament of his soul, and severity of his manners, are adverse to those vehement bursts of passion which have produced the finest passages of ancient and modern oratory. One example of elevation is cited; when ravished with admiration for the constituents of 1789, he exclaimed—"I doubt not that in their unknown abodes, these noble souls, who have so ardently desired the good of humanity, will be sensible of a profound pleasure to behold us to-day, avoiding those shoals upon which their brightest hopes were wrecked."

Nothing in public life is more gratifying to contemplate than the spotless purity of the private character of M. Guizot. No public man has more numerous or rancorous enemies. Not one among these would dare to cast a doubt on his private integrity. With a modest competence, obtained by his personal labor, he entered the Hotel of the Ministry of Public Instruction. With the same modest competence he retired from that palace to his obscure lodging in the Quartier de la Madeleine. He returned to office, and has had all the means, direct and indirect, which the head of affairs in a great country can always command, to accumulate wealth. No one suspects him of having done so.

As a child, as a parent, as a husband, and as a father, M. Guizot is a pattern of

high morality of conduct and sentiment but rarely found in public life.

In his conduct to his political opponents, he is liberal and generous. He willingly gives them credit for good motives, and allows each his meed of praise for the ability he displays.

The party of Doctrinaires in France resembles, in many of their characteristics, the party of the Utilitarians in England. There is the same dogmatism, the same intolerance for other opinions, the same dry rigidity. M. Guizot, the head and leader of the sect, partakes of these qualities, modified, however, by his individual peculiarities. He is more tenacious, however, of his purposes, than even of his maxims. He is ambitious of office for the power which it confers, and not for the affluence which it brings. He is a partisan of a constitutional aristocracy. If he had been noble he would have advocated an aristocracy of birth. Being a commoner, he advocates an aristocracy of the bourgeoisie.

After all his years of study of the English system, and all his professed admiration of the union of liberty and monarchy which it exhibits, he has not brought into practice in France the great leading consequence of the royal irresponsibility. The personal irresponsibility of the sovereign gives, as the most inevitable conclusion, the royal non-interference. Where responsibility rests, there alone power must be deposited. Active personal interference, without responsibility, is an outrage on political philosophy, against which it might well be supposed the scholastic dogmatism of the leader of the Doctrinaires would revolt. Yet M. Guizot has now, for nearly seven years, been the virtual head of a cabinet over whose deliberations an irresponsible constitutional sovereign has presided. Nor has such presidency been like that of the Speaker of the Commons, or the chairman of a meeting. The monarch of July has not been a mere moderator amidst his ministers. It is too notorious to admit of dispute that he has always exercised a most potential voice in their councils, and even assumed occasionally the tone of a dictator. Yet to all this M. Guizot has quietly submitted. He has held the portfolio, and borne the responsibility of office for several years, and has submitted to have his measures rejected by the royal voice, and his state papers mutilated by the royal pen. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, he has found his instructions to the representatives

of France at foreign courts, subordinate to other instructions, proceeding directly from a higher quarter. Yet with all these flagrant violations of the constitutional regime, which M. Guizot so much admires, he has still retained the cares and honors of office, and with them the responsibility for proceedings not his own, and of which he often is kept in ignorance until they become irrevocable.

M. Guizot's long continuance and apparent security in office, is a consequence rather of the divisions among his opponents, than the cordial support of the majority which has voted with him. Among his colleagues he is unpopular, so much so, that notwithstanding his known ambition, and his unquestionable right, according to parliamentary standing and influence, to the first place in the cabinet, he has never ventured to assume it. The chair is occupied by a lay-figure—the Duke of Dalmatia. But he has been secure, for among his opponents there are irreconcilable differences. The dynastic opposition occupying the left centre, are now divided into two sections, one led by MM. Thiers and O'Dillon Barrot, the other by MM. Dufaure and Belliault. Again, left of these are the anti-dynastic or republican opposition, occupying the extreme left, in which MM. Dupont de l'Eure, and Arago, the celebrated astronomer, are prominent; and, finally, there is the legitimate or Carlist party. Now, all of these fragments of the opposition are as much or more opposed to each other than to the Guizot ministry. Hence, the strength of the head of the Doctrinaires.

We presented, lately, to our readers, a rapid sketch of M. Thiers, the great rival and inevitable successor of M. Guizot. So completely correlative are these two statesmen in their political position, that it is impossible to pronounce the name of either without raising before the mind's eye also the image of the other. Both spring from the people; both raised to the highest position in the state by the sole, unaided, unpatronized energy of their talents; both men of letters, so eminent, that had they never entered the chambers, they would still hold foremost places among the illustrious of the age; both orators and statesmen so distinguished, that had they never wielded the pen, they would still be the most brilliant ornaments of the senate;—both journalists, and both thrown up to the surface by the great commotion of 1830,

and they are transcendently the most eminent men that have issued from that convulsion.

They both, professing admiration for the English system of constitutional government, have evinced their repugnance to that personal interference in the business of the cabinet, which Louis Philippe has never ceased to exercise; but the opposition of M. Thiers to it has been more persevering and active. M. Guizot has tacitly submitted, when he ought to have resigned. M. Thiers has openly denounced the system as unconstitutional. The maxim, *Le roi regne, mais il ne gouverne pas*, has been insisted on by M. Thiers, who has on various occasions asserted, and on some acted on it. M. Guizot, assenting as strongly to the maxim as his distinguished rival, has nevertheless permitted it to be turned into a dead letter.

There is a course by which these two statesmen could have extinguished personal government in France. The state of parties has long rendered no government possible, in which one or the other does not hold a prominent place. Had they combined in resisting the Royal presence at cabinet councils, the object would have been attained. This they had not moral firmness or personal independence sufficient to accomplish.

An able delineator* of public characters, in whose political views, however, we do not in all respects coincide, has happily sketched and contrasted these two parliamentary rivals:—

"Born of the press," says he, "they have, after sucking her milk even to her blood, strangled their mother."

"Both have joined to light the pile round freedom of thought, and, like inquisitors, have said to their victims:—'Believe, or burn!'"

"They are both devoted to the person of the sovereign, whoever he may be, for the time being. They are not more attached to the younger branch of the Bourbons than to the elder, or any other branch. They are impelled by the ambition of fortune, or the obstinacy of system. They would be just as willing, under like circumstances, to dispose of Louis Philippe, as they were to dispose of Charles X."

"Between MM. Guizot and Thiers there is a strong contrast of character, sentiment, and talent. The latter is pliable, conversational, familiar, mischievous, and wheedling; the former is imperious, austere, and rigid."

"With diplomatists, M. Guizot, by his science and his gravity, passes for an aristocrat. Notwithstanding all his efforts, and the marvellous

* Livre des Orateurs, par Timon.

brilliancy of his wit, M. Thiers will never rise in their estimation above a parvenu.

"M. Guizot is circumspect in conduct; M. Thiers bold in speech.

"M. Guizot casts languishing glances, M. Thiers menacing looks, at the powers of Europe. The powers of Europe regard the one and the other with the same ridicule.

"M. Guizot would lay France immovably on a couch of repose, for fear of the rupture of an aneurism; M. Thiers would whirl her through space, with the velocity and eccentricity of a comet.

"M. Guizot practises corruption by system; M. Thiers by expediency; the one after the English fashion; the other like the Directory.

"M. Guizot proceeds by maxims; M. Thiers by impulses.

"M. Guizot rises into the obscurity of philosophical abstractions, where, however, occasional gleams of light are seen to issue. M. Thiers prefers remaining on the earth to the risk of losing himself in the clouds. The one moves on wings; the other on feet.

"M. Guizot brings his projects sparingly before the Chamber, one at a time, making good his ground as he proceeds; M. Thiers empties his budget at once, plays at hazard, and risks his last stake.

"M. Guizot constantly invokes the sovereignty of the Chambers; M. Thiers, when pressed by difficulties, appeals to the sovereignty of the people.

"M. Guizot takes his principles from the English Revolution, M. Thiers from the French. The one fixes his eye on 1688, the other on 1793.

"M. Guizot opens his breast to the world, M. Thiers to France.

"M. Guizot puts his faith in philosophy; M. Thiers in the sword. M. Guizot relies, in emergencies, on the passive resistance of the middle classes; M. Thiers on the insurrectional powers of the masses.

"M. Guizot assumes the position of leader of the Conservatives; M. Thiers of Progressists.

"M. Guizot and Thiers treat their party differently; the one exhibits something like haughtiness, the other, something like impertinence.

"M. Guizot is too proud not to despise offences; M. Thiers too careless to remember them.

"Out of office, M. Guizot works the parliamentary power against the personal power of the crown; in office, he works the personal power of the crown against the parliamentary power.

"Out of office, M. Thiers harasses the ministry on domestic questions; in office, he rests his force on foreign questions, in which he is master of the Chamber.

"M. Guizot overcomes opposition by tenacity of purpose. M. Thiers eludes it by his suppleness. He slips through your fingers like an eel. To retain him, you must take him in your teeth.

"M. Guizot is categorical;—he either affirms or denies. M. Thiers will not say either yes or no.

"M. Guizot, when pressed and interrogated, confines himself to a dry negative, or assumes a proud silence. M. Thiers, when pressed, defends

himself with all the circumstantial prolixity of an advocate.

"The one, more of a spiritualist, appeals to right. The other, more of a materialist, appeals to facts. The one believes in some sort of morality; the other believes in almost nothing.

"M. Guizot, whether in office or out of office, is still a politician. He has the force, the resolution, and the obstinacy of a man whose thoughts are necessarily engrossed by the same object. For him office is an affair of temperament as much as of ambition.

"M. Thiers does not surrender himself altogether to the ambition of office, or even to the affairs of politics. No longer minister, he turns to art, to steam, to a classical tour, to unroll mummies, or to write histories.

"M. Guizot has more generality of thought; M. Thiers more versatility and movement.

"M. Thiers, like phosphorus, flashes brilliantly and goes out. M. Guizot, like a sepulchral lamp, diffuses a more feeble light, but constantly burns.

"M. Guizot sometimes mistakes obscurity for depth, and great words for great things. M. Thiers also sometimes mistakes tinsel for splendor, and noise for glory.

"M. Guizot has something of the philosopher always about him; M. Thiers something of the artist. When M. Guizot converses, he seems to lecture; when M. Thiers lectures, he seems to converse. The one seems to be always in a chair, the other always on a sofa.

"They are both perhaps the most eminent journalists of the age; but M. Guizot cultivates the dogmatism of the press; M. Thiers its current polemics. The one delights to listen to the sound of his own theories; the other collects the occurrences and facts of the day, and groups them around his system.

"As a political writer, M. Guizot is more highly prized abroad than at home; the reason of which is, that with his countrymen the graces of composition are more relished than the solidity of the matter. As an historian, however, he is duly estimated in France as elsewhere.

"M. Thiers, on the other hand, appears in his history more in the character of a statesman than an annalist or philosopher. He is remarkable neither for plan, nor order, nor coloring, nor depth, nor brevity. He is admirable for his lofty view of events, his ability of narrative, and his perfect lucidity of style. He writes as he speaks, with a most picturesque and fascinating copiousness.

"No French writer has equalled him in the description of military campaigns and especially of battles, nor in the exposition of financial crises. He has produced the most popular and widely circulating history of the wars, the constitutions, the diplomacy and the laws of the great Revolution.

"M. Thiers belongs to the school of fatalism, which shelters under the plea of necessity the errors and crimes of government; which admits no right, either national or international; which smothers free-will and drives virtue to despair. Alas! what imports the history of the past, if we may not draw from it a moral for our guidance in the present, and in the future?

"M. Guizot has more method, connexion, and vigor in his extemporaneous addresses; M. Thiers more *abandon* and more nature.

"M. Guizot's eloquence is awakened by wrath; M. Thiers' by enthusiasm.

"Nothing can be more grave than the diction of M. Guizot; nothing more charming than the *spirituel laissez-aller* of M. Thiers.

"After a quarter of an hour, M. Guizot begins to fatigue you; at the end of two hours, M. Thiers only enlivens you.

"You are never uneasy for M. Guizot, for you know that his theme is ready made, and that he will not depart from his fixed conclusion. You are not uneasy for M. Thiers, for you know that he will always find his way back with felicity from the most remote digressions, and the most embarrassing parentheses.

"If an emergency arises, and danger presses, M. Guizot will work on the sensitive fibres of the commercial interests of the chamber. In a like

case, M. Thiers will sound an alarm, and you will fancy him, flag in hand, at the head of his party; it will be Bonaparte on the Bridge of Arcola!

"Both, in fine, have been below their mission, because they have been below their principles.

"Both, under the gilded trappings of office, have been too often lost to the sense of their proper dignity.

"Both, humiliating spectacle! wrangle furiously for the dry bones of office, concealed within the red Morocco portfolio, and then, after this noble struggle, the victor goes, and licks the feet of his master!*

"They who ought to repel the personal interference of the sovereign, and draw it back to the salons of the palace, they will never have the firmness to imitate the reply of Chatham—'I have been called to the ministry by the voice of the people, and to the people alone do I owe an account of my acts.'"

From the People's Journal.

THE PROVINCE OF POETRY AND THE DUTIES OF THE POET.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

POETRY has in all ages had its passionate lovers among the people. Epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry, in all their various forms, have influenced more or less the feelings and opinions of educated and uneducated men. It looks like a truism to assert that it has been the preacher of virtue, the inciter of heroism, the refiner of society; yet it needs repeating, in consequence of the misconception that has lately arisen on the true nature of poetry and the mission of the poet. Civilization is said to be adverse to poetry; or if not adverse to the poets of past ages, to be quite contented with them, and to wish for no more. The very name of poet has in these later times been received with a sneer. His vocation has lost its respect. He has been thought a trifler; the obstinate devotee of a defunct art; fitted at best for the amusement of the idle and the frivolous; and of repute only among boys and girls at the period of adolescence. This misconception in modern times, for it is not an ancient error, has arisen from various causes; partly from the ignorance or indifference of critics and philosophers; partly from the more unpardonable indifference or some, not unworthy of the name of poets, who have unwittingly depreciated their own high

calling: and, in a still greater degree, from the incompetence of the vast multitude of persons who have been styled poets without the slightest right to the title; mere verse-makers, who have thrown discredit upon the name—not knowing that the hold of poetry upon the fancy and the imagination is secondary to its sway over the heart and the intellect—and that the duty of the *true* poet is to preach and to prophesy as well as to sing.

The great Lord Bacon did some harm in this respect. Being more conversant with the pretensions of the rhymers of his day than with the performances of the poets, he misunderstood or misstated the whole object of poetry. In his famous *Essay on Truth*, he asserts that the proper element of poetry is fiction, as distinguished from and the opposite of truth—an assertion which he would not perhaps have made, had he known the works of his divine con-

* Each minister of state, in France, when he appears in the Chambers carries in his hand a splendid red Morocco portfolio, supposed to contain his papers, and which has become the symbol of his office, as the purse or seal is that of the Lord Chancellor in England. The acquiescence of these statesmen, when in office, in the projects of Louis Philippe, even when these projects were against their own convictions, is here alluded to.

temporary, Shakspeare, which unfortunately he did not. "One of the later schools of the Grecians," says he, "is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, *as with poets*, nor for advantage, *as with the merchant*; BUT FOR THE LIE'S SAKE. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelight. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond, or a carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A MIXTURE OF A LIE DOTHTH EVER ADD A PLEASURE. One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy 'the wine of demons,' because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie."

So said the great philosopher; and so too many have believed, because they were told to believe by one who spoke with so much authority. Lord Bacon did not reflect on the abuse of this word, LIE. It is very obvious that he used it without having clearly defined the sense in which he did so. HE, of all men, ought not to have forgotten what he so well knew, that a *fiction* is not necessarily a LIE, and that fables are truths to the wise and to all who can understand them. His very illustration refutes him: for candlelight is as true in its own way as the sunshine, and never makes the diamond or carbuncle he speaks of more or less than a diamond or a carbuncle. If, by a difference of light, it produces a kind of brilliancy in the diamond which sunshine does not produce, it is a form of the truth deserving to be studied for that very reason. Plato, though he would have banished poets from his ideal republic, meaning thereby the writers of licentious and mischievous plays, and not the real poets—else he would have banished such men as himself—had more correct notions of the sublimity and divinity of poetry than Lord Bacon, for he said that "*Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.*"

And this, indeed, is the secret source of the power and grandeur of poetry. The highest poetry approaches nearest to vital truth; and poetry is only good and beautiful, and worthy to be loved and admired of men, in proportion as it so draws near to and identifies itself with the truth. To it no truth can be alien or inappropriate. It embraces all things, and has no other

bounds than the aspirations of the soul of man, its knowledge and enjoyment of the actual, and its hopes of the possible. While the world has thus been led astray by such opinions as that expressed by Lord Bacon; and while rhymers have written and published piles of most distressing and wearisome books, founded upon this misconception, it is no wonder that poetry has fallen into some disfavor with earnest men, who have something else to think of and to do than to read for amusement mere fictions and fables without the soul of truth in them; fictions which are ALL fiction, and inane repetition set to a sing-song; teaching nothing, containing nothing, and as worthless as Lord Bacon imagined all poetry to be.

While such ideas have been considered criticism, the province of poetry has been restricted as a necessary consequence. The poet, too commonly by his own consent, has been tethered with a critical string. Criticism has said to it—"You shall not touch upon religion; that is not within your province. You shall not meddle with politics, they are alien to you. You shall not take an excursion into the regions of science; for science and poetry are antagonistic. You may weave cobwebs; you may listen to the birds singing, the streams flowing, or the sea roaring; you may make love verses or write pastorals; you may be passionate or musical, or merry or melancholy, if you will; but you must at all events amuse us, and leave serious subjects alone." So in effect, though not exactly in words, have said the most authoritative critics. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Akenside*, informs us that—"With the philosophical or religious tenets of the author he had nothing to do; his *business was with his poetry*," and this he said, although his poetry could not be properly considered without the politics and religion which gave it a color.

Again, in his *Life of Dr. Watts*, he hints, what is known to have been his belief, that good poetry could not be written upon a religious topic. "It is sufficient for Watts," said he, "to have done better than others, what no man has done well." To introduce politics into poetry is thought to be wrong by many critics, who would think you injured them if you questioned their acuteness. "The union of politics with poetry," say they, "is always hurtful to the politics and fatal to the poetry." In fact, they consider it un-

pardonable to wed them together; or even to let the smallest love passage take place betwixt them; "as if," say the objectors, "we have not politics enough in the newspapers, in public places, at the very corners of the streets." And they say right, if their idea of poetry be right; but not right for those who have notions more exalted and sympathies more extended. These persons confound politics with party, which is one mistake: and they think poetry destined for mere amusement, which is another. They do not think that there are politics far better than any parties that ever were formed; and that the amusement found in poetry is a mere accident—an extrinsic adornment only—and that its object is to teach, exalt, and refine; to inspire, like religion, the humble with dignity, the sad with comfort, the oppressed with hope: to show the abundant and overflowing blessing of familiar things—the riches, the beauty, and the beneficence of nature; to fill all men with the love of God and of one another; and to encourage society in its onward career from bad into good, and from good into better, through all Time into Eternity. The lovers of mere amusement have not reached this pinnacle; and see not so far away, nor so goodly a prospect beneath and around them. But they ought to educate their faculties, until their minds *can* soar to these pure, high regions, before they pronounce what poetry ought not to be, and define the limits which it should not overstep: saying to it, "This shall you touch upon, but not upon that. This shall you sing of for my idle hours, but that shall you not breathe for the delight and instruction of men, more earnest, and of finer sympathies than we."

Yet, after all, it is not so surprising that critics should go wrong, when those who should be superior to the critics—the poets themselves—have set the bad example. When Charles II. objected to Edmund Waller, that his verses upon Cromwell were better than those he had written about his lawful sovereign, Waller replied—"Your Majesty knows that we poets succeed better in fiction than in truth." In this pretty speech, he behaved like a courtier and a man of the world, but not like a poet; and committed treason to the majesty of his art, that he might escape the semblance of treason to a very inferior thing, the majesty of Charles Stuart. We find a modern poet, too, seriously accom-

modating himself to the same error. Mr. Monckton Milnes, in his volume entitled *Palm Leaves*, devotes one to the praise of Mahomet, as a prophet and a legislator. He speaks of him as—

No poet he, weaving capricious dreams
To please inconstant youth,
But one who uttered without shows and seems
The serious facts of Truth.

This, it must be admitted, is strange language to come from one who has himself the vision and true faculty divine. As if a poet could not utter "serious facts" without "shows" and "seems," and as if a poet were of necessity a vain dreamer, and an idler of no use or advantage to society. Truly the clear-sighted men of this day, whose time and energies are occupied with steam-engines and iron roads, with atmosphere as a moving power, with wondrous mechanism of every kind, and with the onward progress of the nations, must be somewhat puzzled when they hear one worthy to rank as a poet depreciating it thus.

Another poet, whose writings testify loudly to the utter untenableness of such a theory—namely, William Wordsworth—has also uttered a sentence which some have interpreted to the depreciation of his divine art. He says, in an essay supplementary to one of his early prefaces, "that the appropriate business of poetry, her appropriate employment, her privilege, her duty, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the senses and the passions." This, however, is no depreciation of poetry, though at first glance it may look so, to assert that its province is not to treat of things as they are. His meaning is, not *merely* as they are; but to add to them a grace and a beauty over and above their positive existence. He will not diminish the existence of a thing, but he will *increase* its existence by the aid of the beauty perceived by the senses and given by the passions. He never considers that the province of poetry is the unreal against the real, the fictitious uninclusive of the true; and against such a theory his poems are immortal evidence, as Milton's are, and Shakespeare's, and those of all great poets.

Very many of those who restrict the domain of poetry, are fain to admit upon discussion, that Religion and Politics, in their highest sense, are the legitimate

sources of the noblest inspiration: but they stipulate for pure religion, not sectarianism, and for catholic and national politics, not for party warfare. This being conceded—and that Poetry should enter within these precincts solely in search of truth, and for the promulgation of truth—they would, nevertheless, shut another door against it—the door of science. Within this they will on no account suffer it to enter. “The scholar,” says Madame de Staël, as quoted by D’Israeli the elder in the Fourteenth Chapter of his *Essay on the Literary Character*, “has nothing to say to the poet, the poet to the naturalist.” The author of *Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England*, published in *Knight’s Weekly Volume*, falls in a degree into this error. He says, in his notice of Darwin, truly a master of rhythm, but no poet, that his scientific descriptions, in the *Botanic Garden* and the *Loves of the Plants*, “display more ingenuity than poetry”—a judgment in which all men will agree. He goes on to say—“Poetry and Science are two rival and hostile powers. Whenever anything has been reduced to matter of science, its poetical character is extinguished; it ceases to appeal to any passion or affection. What was veneration or terror, religion or superstition, becomes satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence. Imagination is dethroned there; its creative power abolished and destroyed, its transforming illumination made impossible. Even mere wonder, the lowest of all the imaginative states of mind, ceases, when the scientific comprehension is complete; for of course, when understood, no one thing is really more wonderful than another. * *

The tendency of science is to reduce and level; the tendency of poetry is to magnify and exalt. Each, therefore, has its proper and peculiar ground. They cannot act in concert. In other words, it is impossible to treat any subject at once scientifically and poetically.” The illustrious author of the *Pleasures of Hope* has expressed a similar sentiment in his celebrated *Ode to the Rainbow*:

When Science from Creation’s face
Enchantment’s veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.

Both of these writers are wrong in this particular, the first more especially so. No doubt the prose writer is quite correct in his condemnation of the technicalities and

scientific minutiae of Darwin, and their incapability of poetical treatment; but he carries his principle too far, and falls into a great mistake. Any one must have studied “the great truths of science” to little purpose, who can talk of the “satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence” with which he comprehends them. Those truths, even the very least of them, are of sublimest import; and it is not after such a manner that those who have most studied, and who know most of the ever-wondrous, ever-new revelations of science, would think it fitting for the humble spirit; humble in the little-ness of the highest knowledge; to speak either of the known or the unknown agencies of the Infinitude. Poetry may and must treat of the Great Truths of Science, wherever it suits its purposes to do so, or it abdicates a portion of its high prerogative. This it can do without allusion to technicalities and trivialities such as those which so offend us in the writings of Darwin. As for the solitary stanza of Campbell, no true poet will take it for his guide. No man knew better than Campbell that Science was the nursing mother of Poetry, who showed it whither to fly, and to what glorious regions to turn an “undazzled gaze” in search of new inspiration. In spite of his authority in this stanza, great as many will consider it, we in our day must acknowledge that the withdrawal by Science of the veil from Creation’s face, though it may deprive Fancy of some filagree adornments, robs Imagination of nothing. The rainbow has venerable associations, when we think upon it as the “bow of God”—the sign of the Covenant that the earth should no more be deluged with the waters;

Methinks thy jubilee to keep
The first-made anthems rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

But Science, which shows us the secret wonders of its mechanism, adds a new delight to its contemplation without depriving it of this. We see it spanning heaven like an arch; we see it, if we stand upon the mountain-tops, developed into the complete circle; we see its counterpart in the spray of the torrent on a sunny day; and can produce Irises as often as we will in the glancing drops cast upwards in the sun-shine from the paddle-wheels of victorious steam—the same in their magnificent hues, so exquisitely overlaid, and gliding the one into the other with such perfect loveliness;

and we acknowledge the simplicity, the grandeur, the majesty of "the material law" which is obeyed in their formation. We find that law to be, not cold, as the poet sings, but warm and fruitful, producing invariable and inevitable results from the same causes; and that both the cause and the effect are proofs of infinite wisdom and divine goodness, filling all nature with things of beauty of which the contemplation increases our enjoyments and exalts our souls; and makes us fitter to be true men in this world and to mount in the scale of creation in the next to a state of higher intelligence, purer love, and more certain happiness. The comet careering through the heavens does not cease to impress the mind with its grandeur and its mystery because it is no longer thought to scatter war and pestilence from its horrid hair; but inspires emotions still more sublime of the might and majesty of God, when we consider that his hand who made it made also that awful intellect of man, which traces its course through the infinitude of space, and calculates its coming from afar. The sun is not less poetical as the centre of a vast system than as a mere adjunct to the earth, set in the heavens to give her light and to form the succession of her seasons. The planets are not less the poetry of heaven because astrology is defunct, and do not the less loudly chant to the devout soul in the silence and splendor of the midnight, that "the hand that made them is divine" because we believe them to be, like the kindred planet on which we live and move, the abode of myriads of important spirits, playing their allotted part in the mighty progression of the universe. The stars scattered in such seeming confusion over space, are not the less poetical because we, by the aid of science, have discovered order amidst apparent disorder, because we have grasped the majestic secret of gravitation, and beheld the simplicity, the unity, and the universality of the law which upholds and regulates them, in all the complication of their stupendous harmony. The Milky Way, as resolved into suns, systems, and firmaments, by the telescopes of Herschel and Lord Rosse, does not the less impress us with ineffable awe and adoration, because it is no longer a faint light in the heavens, but a congregation of innumerable worlds. The Nebula in Orion, that white fleecy cloud on the far verge of space, does not become unpoetical, when we know that it is a universe; nor do we look upon that

great constellation of Orion itself with less prostration of our feeble powers—with less hopefulness that we too shall be made perfect, because Science teaches us that our sun and all its train of planets are moving steadily and surely towards one of its stars; and that in this mystic development, 6000 years multiplied by 6000, and that product multiplied by itself, are but a fragment of a cycle—the morning of a day which has begun and will be ended. No. Poetry is not inimical to Science, nor science hostile to Poetry. Poetry is universal. It includes every subject; and can no more be restricted in its range, than the Intellect, the Hope, and the Faith of man, of which it is the grandest exponent and the most sublime expression—making Intellect more intellectual, Hope more hopeful, and Religion more religious. Even those critics and poets who have striven to it, in mere dogmatism and wilfulness of assertion, have, in spite of themselves, done homage to its nobler uses, and blessed where it was their intention to revile.

Dr. Johnson did not always exclude poetry from any one field of human inquiry. "In a poet," says he, in his *Rasselas*, "no kind of knowledge is to be overlooked. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination. He must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his readers with remote allusions and unexpected instruction." This is well said, and although it applies mainly to the adornments, and scarcely to the essentials of poetry, it is easy to see that the critic had forgotten the previously recorded opinions already alluded to, when he wrote it; and that in his heart he would set no limits to the illimitable. It may seem superfluous to some minds to dilate upon a matter that ought to be so obvious; but "error is a snake that requires much killing." Those to whom the case is clear, will pardon the truisms of the refutation for the sake of those who have not hitherto taken the trouble to think, or who, having taken the trouble, have arrived at wrong conclusions.

In returning more especially to the subject of the duties of the poet in the present age, we must first of all consider what the age is; what are its desires and aspirations—what its characteristics, and at what point of human development it actually stands. That the age is utilitarian, most men assent. The fact seems to lie upon the surface. Let us inquire what the word means, that we may see our way clearly as we go on. Bentham either invented it for his philosophy, or it was fastened upon him by others. In either case it is a good word, if its meaning be not unduly restricted. Some men are such strict utilitarians, that in the furnishing of a house (for other people) they would exclude the ornamental. They would have the kitchen poker and the roasting jack, the chair, the table, and the bed, the carpet, and perhaps the curtains; but not the picture, nor the bust, nor the poem, the play, and the novel. These are a small class only, and utilitarianism is a much better thing than they would make of it. This class of people are rarely met with in private life, and if they preach such a doctrine, they rarely practise it: but we sometimes hear of them in public, in the House of Commons for example, where the money of the nation is begrudged for every purpose tending to the advancement of art, or literature, or the encouragement of those who excel in them. But individual men are generally ashamed of such a restriction as the physical to their idea of utility. True utility by no means excludes the ornamental. It does not consider man as an animal only, but as a being with an immortal soul. Utilitarianism, in its widest and only true sense, includes the wants of both soul and body—of the complete man.

It is not only necessary that we should gain victories over time, and space, and the obstruction of matter. The mind has its cravings as well as the body, which must be satisfied. Utilitarianism of this kind is essentially popular, democratic, and philanthropic. It requires that the bulk of mankind should be made physically comfortable, as a preliminary to their being mentally and spiritually happier than they are or ever have been. Without losing any of their hopes of a higher state of existence in another world, or departing from the faith which teaches that hope, the men of the present day are very strongly impressed with the belief that the world can be made very much better than it is.

Looking back to History, they find that

man's career is but a record of misery; and that the fearful Book, which tells of his misdeeds and of his sufferings, is black with crime and red with blood. They find also that the many have been the victims of the evil passions of the few; that bloody wars, debasing superstitions, revenge, cruelty, lust, and ignorance, have filled the world with misery since time began; that "the weak have died to satisfy the strong;" that in the more peaceful periods of human history, when art, science, and learning flourished—when intellect gained its most splendid victories—the great masses of mankind were sunk in physical or mental slavery—by far the greater portion in both; and that in the bosom of civilization herself, the multitudes have not participated in her benefits, but have been the prey of poverty, vice, disease, crime, and all unspeakable miseries. Reason and faith, and all experience, as far as it has gone, combine to show that this state of things is not a necessary consequence of man's nature. By looking about us, we see that many evils have been remedied; that a great many more are falling beneath the advances of intelligence, and the spread of the sublime doctrine of Christianity that we ought to love one another; and we are encouraged by that which has been already done to hope for much more. Science, by increasing the physical comforts of mankind, is preparing the way for mental blessings and mental progress, to an extent which to some minds seems Utopian to imagine, but which will be realized nevertheless.

All our physical conquests over matter are proofs and results of mental energies, working to various ends, and all of them, we cannot doubt, though we may not yet understand, to ultimate mental and spiritual, as well as physical, good. The utilitarian, who confines utility to merely physical advantage, may deny in a great degree the usefulness of literature, and wholly deny the usefulness of poetry. Believing it to be founded on fiction; to be, as the ancient father has it, "the vain shadow of a lie," he may say that he will have none of it; and turn his mind to the contemplation of his money bags. But there are better and truer utilitarians than the men of this class; who can see a beauty, and consequently a good, in every manifestation of the human intellect; who know that Beauty and Truth and Goodness are but three sides of one eternal prism, of which the one cannot exist without the others; and in

which the presence of the one presupposes the other two. To utilitarians who believe this, poetry has as great a claim to respect and veneration as science and religion—provided always it be TRUE poetry. It follows from the utilitarianism of the age—if this be a correct definition of it—that it is an earnest age; for if facts be stubborn things, utility is an earnest thing, and the man who would exert any influence over an earnest age, must himself be thoroughly, hopefully, undauntedly, unconquerably in earnest. Hitherto, in this realm of Britain, the great fault of men of letters, as a class, has been a deficiency of earnestness. They have not loved their vocation. They have been, with all their vanity and pride, ashamed of it. Their lot has been cast in a country where there was a tendency to wealth-worship, and to lord and squire-worship; and a rush into all professions or pursuits promising to success the rewards of wealth or rank. The man of letters had no chance of either from *his* profession; he was not recognised at all; and but too often thrown into it from a failure in other pursuits of life—like a friendless woman, who losing her husband sets up a day-school as a last resource in her extremity. Too often, therefore, have they cringed to the powerful, that they might thereby acquire wealth, and quite as often have they pandered to the passions and prejudices of the crowd, and written themselves down to a popular level for the reason that they thought it more profitable to accommodate themselves to the people than by their arduous efforts in a good cause—slowly and faithfully through difficulties and discouragements—to raise the people up to their standard, and acquire true glory for evermore. Writers of this class have done nothing for literature but degrade it as a profession. Itself they have not been able to degrade; but they have woefully impaired the respect of serious men for all literature that is not stamped with the seal of antiquity, or the approval of one generation of thinkers at least, and rendered more difficult the task of him who loves it and cultivates it for its own sake, independent of worldly recompense. Happily this earnestness of feeling, without which no good can be done, is increasing, and the day seems to be approaching when intellect will be honored, whether its possessor be rich or poor, and when an author will no more be ashamed of his profession than a lawyer or a

divine, a painter or a physician, a merchant or a manufacturer.

The new generation is a reading generation. A bold and craving spirit is abroad. Religion, which formerly supplied sufficient mental aliment for the multitude, can supply it no longer. Its province is not the Intellect, but the Faith. As has been remarked by an eloquent writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, society requires its priests of letters, as well as its priests of religion. The Christian mind has arrived at a point when the teachings of faith are insufficient without the teachings of the intellect. These priests of letters have appeared in former times, and bequeathed their minds to us. Immortal books—with truths in them—are better than living men that would feed us with lies or empty fribbles. The great minds of the past preach to us ever more. By a divine privilege—the most divine given to us in this world by the infinite wisdom of its Creator—we are enabled to converse with the mighty men who went before us: their words and thoughts are perpetuated for our consolation, our instruction and our guidance: we weep for the sorrows, rejoice for the gladness, tremble with the fears, and glow with the hopes, of departed centuries. And if our living poets will not fulfil their high functions, not only in as good but a better spirit than those, they are unworthy of the high place that would otherwise have been set apart for them—they are unworthy of the age. They distract its attention with their vain babble, and bring contempt upon a vocation which should be considered a holy one. We have books enough and more than enough: and hence the arduous task reserved for the truly great poet in the present day—the man who would reflect the age, and yet be in advance of it—who would be of sympathies with it, and yet beyond it—who would give it the blossoms of his intellect with a full certainty that those blossoms, fair and flowery to this age, would be fruit to the ages which are to follow it.

To think, because we are a practical people, living in a practical age, that we shall no more find pleasure in the singing of the birds, the flowing of the stream, and the waving of the woods; that the varied beauty of nature, animate and inanimate, shall charm us no more; that the beams of the glorious orb of heaven, or the mental sunshine of bright faces, shall fill us no more

with delight; and that love, or hopes, or joys, or sorrows, shall no more affect us; or that poetry, which refines and spiritualizes all these, shall be extinguished by the progress of steam, is mere lunacy. No: Poetry shall never die, while man is an inhabitant of the globe; nor if man is to be succeeded in the fulness of time by a still nobler race, shall it die even then. As civilization increases, the world will, doubtless, become more difficult to please in poetry. The wiser men grow, the less aptitude will they exhibit for being put off with "shows" and "seeming" instead of reality. But poetry itself, purified and exalted, will all the more purify and exalt mankind. Those who speak great truths from their fulness of

heart, and enshrine them in noble words set to the music which stirs the blood, will never want listeners. The poet who would do that has an arduous but a noble mission. Such an one need not fear that he has fallen upon evil times for his vocation; if he be but in earnest with it, and will make it not his pastime, but the business and the recompense of his life. Let him put on his singing robes cheerily in the face of heaven and nature; and wear them in a trustful and patient spirit, and speak that which is in him, for the advancement of his kind and the glory of his Creator, and there will be no risk that his mission will be unaccomplished, or that he will be allowed to sing in the wilderness, no man listening to him.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CAVE OF THE REGICIDES;

AND HOW THREE OF THEM FARED IN NEW ENGLAND.

"OLIVER NEWMAN" is a poem which I opened with trembling; for the last new poem that ever shall be read from such an one as Southey, is not a thing that can be looked upon lightly. Then it came to us from his grave, "like the gleaming grapes when the vintage is done;" and the last fruit of such a teeming mind must be relished, though far from being the best; as we are glad to eat apples out of season, which, in the time of them, we should hardly have gathered. But this is not to the purpose. I was surprised to find the new poem built on a history which novelists and story-tellers have been nibbling at these twenty years, and which seems to be a peculiarly relishable bit of *news* on an old subject, if we may judge by the way in which literary epicures have snatched it up piece-meal. In the first place, Sir Walter Scott, who read everything, got hold of a "North American publication,"* from which he learned, with surprise, that Whalley the regicide, "who was never heard of after the Restoration," fled to Massachusetts, and there lived concealed, and died, and was laid in an obscure grave, which had lately been ascertained. Giving

* Notes to "Peveril of the Peak."

Mr. Cooper due credit for a prior use of the story, he made it over, in his own inimitable way, and puts it into the mouth of Major Bridgenorth, relating his adventures in America. Southey seems next to have got wind of it, reviewing "Holmes' American Annals,"* in the *Quarterly*, when he confesses he first thought of King Philip's war as the subject for an epic—a thought which afterwards became a flame, and determined him to make Goffe (another regicide) the hero of his poem. A few details of the story got out of romance and gossip into genuine history, in a volume of "Murray's Family Library;"† and the great "Elucidator" of Oliver Cromwell's mystifications condenses them again into a single sentence, observing, with his usual buffoonery, that "two of Oliver's *cousinry* fled to New England, lived in caves there, and had a sore time of it." And now comes the poem from Southey, full of allusions to the same story, and, after all, giving only part of it; for I do not see that any one has yet mentioned the fact, that *three* regi-

* Notes to "Oliver Newman."

† Trial of Charles I. and the Regicides, which I see referred to in "Oliver Newman;" but I have not the book myself.

cides lived and died in America after the Restoration, and that their sepulchres are there to this day.

In truth, the new poem led me to think there might be some value in a certain MS. of my own,—mere notes of a traveller, indeed, but results of a tour which I made in New England in the summer of 18—, during which, besides visiting one of the haunts of the fugitives, I took the pains to investigate all that is extant of their story. I found there a queer little account of them, badly written, and worse arranged; the work of one Dr. Stiles, who seems to have been something of a pious Jacobin, and whose reverence for the murderers of King Charles amounts almost to idolatry. He was president of Yale College, at New-haven, and thoroughly possessed of all the hate and cant about Malignants, which the first settlers of New England brought over with them as an heir-loom for their sons. A member of his college told me, that Stiles used to tell the undergraduates that silly story about the king's being hanged by mistake for Oliver, after the Restoration; and that he only left it off when a dry fellow laughed out at the narration, and on being asked what there was to laugh at, replied, "hanging a man that had lost his neck." After reading the doctor's book on the Regicides, I cannot doubt the anecdote, for he carries his love of Oliver into rapture; talks of "entertaining angels" in the persons of Goffe and Whalley, and applies to them the beautiful language in which St. Paul commemorates the saints,—*"they wandered about, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth—of whom the world was not worthy."* The Book itself is the most confused mass of repetition and contradiction I ever saw, and yet proved to me vastly entertaining. In connexion with it, I got hold of several others that helped to "elucidate" it; and thus, with much verbal information, I believe I came to a pretty clear view of the case. I can only give what I gathered, in the off-hand way of a tourist, but perhaps I may serve some one with facts, which they will arrange much better, in performing the more serious task of a historian.

After spending several weeks in the vicinity of New York, I left that city in a steamer for a visit to the "Eastern States;" our passage lying through the East River and Long Island Sound, and

requiring about five hours' sail to complete the trip to New Haven. I found the excursion by no means an agreeable one. The Sound itself is wide, and our way lay at equal distances between its shores, which, being quite low, are not easily discerned by a passenger. Then there came up a squall, which occasioned a great swell in the sea, and sickness was the consequence among not a few of the company on board. Altogether, the steamer being greatly inferior to those on the Hudson, and crowded with a very uninteresting set of passengers, I was glad to retreat from the cabin, going forward, and looking out impatiently for the end of the voyage.

Here it was that I first caught sight of two bold headlands, looming up, a little retired from the shore, and giving a dignity to the coast at this particular spot, by which it is not generally distinguished. We soon entered the bay of New Haven, and the town itself began to appear, embosomed very snugly between the two mountains, and deriving no little beauty from their prominent share in its surrounding scenery. I judged them not more than four or five hundred feet high, but they are marked with elegant peaks, and present a bold perpendicular front of trap-rock, which, with the bay and harbor in the foreground, and a fine outline of hills sloping away towards the horizon, conveys a most agreeable impression to the approaching stranger of the region he is about to visit. A person who stood looking out very near me, gave me the information that the twin mountains were called from their geographical relations to the meridian of New Haven, East and West Rocks, and added the remark, for which I was hardly prepared, that West Rock was celebrated as having afforded a refuge to the regicides Goffe and Whalley.

My fellow-passenger, observing my interest in this statement, went on to tell me, in substance, as follows. A cleft in its rugged rocks was once inhabited by those scapegoats, and still goes by the name of "The Regicides' Cave." New Haven, moreover, contains the graves of these men, and regards them with such remarkable veneration, that even the railroad speed of progress and improvement has been checked to keep them inviolate;—a tribute which, in America, must be regarded as very marked, since no ordinary obstacle ever is allowed to interfere with their perpetual "go-ahead." It seems the ancient graveyard, where the regicides repose, was found

very desirable for a public square; and as a mimic Père-la-Chaise had just been created in the outskirts of the town, away went coffins and bones, grave-stones and sepulchral effigies, and monumental urns, to plant the new city of the dead, and make way for living dogs, as better than defunct lions. Such a resurrection the towns-folk gave to their respectable grandfathers and grandmothers; but not to the relics of the regicides. At these shrines of murder and rebellion, the spade and the mattock stood still; and their once restless tenants, after shifting between so many disturbances while living, were suffered to sleep on, in a kind of sepulchral limbo, between the marble in Westminster Abbey, to which they once aspired, and the ditch at Tyburn, which they so narrowly escaped.

I was cautioned by my communicative friend not to speak too freely of "the Regicides." I must call them "the Judges," he said; for, in New Haven, where Puritanism perpetuates some of its principles, and all of its prejudices, it appears that such is the prevailing euphuism which is employed, as more in harmony with their notions of Charles as a sinful Malignant, and of the Rebellion as a glorious foretaste of the kingdom of the saints. "The Judges' Cave" is therefore the expression by which they speak of that den of thieves on West Rock; and they always use an equally guarded phrase when they mention those graves in the square,—graves, be it remembered, that enclose the ashes of men, who should have been left to the tender mercies of the public executioner, had they only received in retribution what they meted out to their betters.

New Haven, in addition to these treasures, boasts another Puritan relic, of a different kind. The early settlers founded here a Calvinistic college, which has become a very popular sectarian university, and my visit at this time was partly occasioned by the recurrence of the annual commemoration of its foundation. I suspect the person who leaned over the bulwarks of the steamer, and gave me the facts—which I have related in a very different vein from that in which I received them—was a dissenting minister going up to be at his college at this important anniversary. There was a tone in his voice, as was said of Prince Albert's when he visited the savans at Southampton, which sufficiently indicated his sympathies.* The regicides were evi-

* London Times, of that date.

dently calendared saints of his religion, and their adventures his *Acta Sanctorum*. He was nevertheless very civil and entertaining, and I was glad, on arriving at the quay, to find no worse companion forced upon me in the carriage which I had engaged (as I supposed for myself alone) to take me into the city. There was so great a rush for cabs and coaches, however, that there was no going single; and I accordingly found myself again in close communication with my narrative fellow-traveller, who soon made room for two others; grave personages with rigid features and polemical address, which convinced me that I was in the presence of the dons and doctors of a Puritan university.

"Go ahead!" sung out somebody, as soon as our luggage was strapped behind; and away we drove, in full chase, with drays and cabs, towards the central parts of the city. The newer streets are built, I observed, with snug little cottages, and intersect at right angles. The suburban Gothic, so justly reprobated by the critics of Maga, is not quite as unusual as it ought to be; but a succession of neat little shrubbery-plots around the doors, and a trim air about things in general, suits very well the environs of such a miniature city as New Haven. I never saw such a place for shade-trees. They are planted everywhere; little slender twigs, boxed carefully from wheels and schoolboys, and struggling apparently against the curse, "bastard slips shall not thrive;" and venerable over-arching trees, in long avenues, so remarkable and so numerous that the town is familiarly called, by its poets, the "City of Elms."

The funereal Square, of which I had already learned the history, was soon reached, and we were set down at a hotel in its neighborhood. Its "rugged elms" are not the only trace of the fact, that the rude forefathers of the city once reposed in their shadow; for in the middle of the square, a church of tolerable Gothic still remains; in amiable proximity to which appear two meeting-houses, of a style of architecture truly original, and exhibiting as natural a development of Puritanism, as the cathedrals display of Catholic religion. Behind one of these meeting-houses protrudes, in profile, the classic pediment of a brick and plaster temple, of which the divinity is the Connecticut Themis, and in which the Solons of the commonwealth biennially enact legislative games in her honor. Still further in the back-ground are seen

spire and cupola, peering over a thickset grove, in the friendly shade of whose academic foliage a long line of barrack-looking buildings were pointed out to me as the colleges.

These shabby homes of the Muses were my only token that I had entered a university town. The streets, it is true, were alive with bearded and moustached youth, who gave some evidences of being yet *in statu pupillari*; but they wore hats, and flaunted not a rag of surplice or gown. In the old and respectable college at New York, such things are not altogether discarded; but, at New Haven, where they are devoutly eschewed as savoring too much of Popery, not a member of its faculties, nor master, doctor, or scholar, appears with the time-honored decency which, to my antiquated notion, is quite inseparable from the true regimen of a university. The only distinction which I remarked between Town and Gown, is one in lack of which Town makes the more respectable appearance of the twain; for the college badges seem to be nothing more than odd-looking medals of gold, which are set in unmeaning display on the man's shirt ruffles, or dangle with tawdry effect from their watch ribbons. I have no doubt that the smart shopmen who flourish canes and smoke cigars in the same walks with the collegians, very much envy them these poor decorations; but in my opinion, they have far less of the Titmouse in their appearance without them, and would sooner be taken for their betters by lacking them. My first impressions were, on the whole, far from favorable, therefore; as from such things in the young men, I was forced to judge of their *alma mater*. And I must own, moreover, that my subsequent acquaintance with the university did little to diminish the disappointment which I unwillingly felt in this visit to one of the most popular seats of learning in America. I certainly came prepared to be pleased; for I had met in New York several persons of refined education, who had taken their degrees at this place; but, to dismiss this digression from my main purpose, I must say that the Commencement was anything but a creditable affair. After carefully observing all that I could unobtrusively hear and see, I cannot speak flatteringly of the performances, whether the matter or the manner be considered. I can scarcely account for it that so many educated men as took part in the exercises should make no better exhibition of them-

selves. One oration delivered by a bachelor of arts, was vociferated with insolence so consummate, that I marvelled how the solemn-looking divines, whom it occasionally seemed to hit, were able to endure it. In all that I heard, with very few exceptions, there was a deficiency of good English style, of elevated sentiment, and even of sound morality. Many of the professors and fellows of the University are confessedly men of cultivated minds, and even of distinguished learning: yet this great celebration was no better than I say. I can account for it only by the sectarian influences which imbue everything in New Haven, and by the want of a thoroughly academic atmosphere, which sectarianism never can create. It was really farcical to see the good old president confer degrees with an attempt at ceremony, which seemed to have no rubric but extemporary convenience, and no purpose but the despatch of business. All this may seem to have nothing to do with my subject; yet I felt myself that the regicides had a good deal to do with it. In this college, one sees the best that Puritanism could produce; and I thought what Oxford and Cambridge might have become under the invading reforms of the usurpation, had the Protectorate been less impotent to reproduce itself, and carry out its natural results on those venerable foundations.

On the day following the Commencement, I took a drive to West Rock. I was so happy as to have the company of a very intelligent person from the Southern States, and of a young lady, his relative, who was very ambitious to make the excursion. It was a pleasant drive of about three miles to the foot of the mountain, where we alighted, the driver leaving the horses in charge of themselves, and undertaking the office of guide. It was somewhat tedious climbing for our fair friend; but up we went, over rough stones, creeping vines and brushwood, that showed no signs of being very frequently disturbed; our guide keeping the bright buttons of his coat-skirts before us, and in some other respects reminding me of Mephistopheles on the Hartz. It certainly was very accommodating in Nature, to provide the lofty chambers of the regicides with such a staircase; for in their day it must have defied any ordinary search, and when found must have presented as many barriers of brier and thicket, as grew up around the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy tale.

As we reached what seemed to be the

top of the rock, we came suddenly into an open place, but so surrounded by trees and shrubs, as effectually to shut in the view. Here was the cave; and very different it was from what we had expected to find it! We had prepared ourselves to explore a small Antiparos, and were quite chagrined to find our grotto diminished to a mere den or covert, between two immense stones of a truly Stonehengian appearance and juxtaposition. I doubted for a moment whether their singular situation on the top of this mountain, were matter for the geologist or the antiquary; and would like to refer the question to the learned Dean of Westminster, who hammers stones as eloquently as some of his predecessors have hammered pulpits. The stones are well-nigh equal in height, of about twenty feet perpendicular, one of them nearly conical, and the other almost a true parallelopiped. Betwixt them another large stone appears to have fallen, till it became wedged; and the very small aperture between this stone and the ground beneath, is all that justifies the name of a cave, though there are several fissures about the stones, in which possibly beasts might be sheltered, but hardly human beings. To render itself large enough for the pair that once inhabited it, the earth must have been dug from under the stone, so as to make a covered pit; and even then, it was hardly so good a place as is said to have been made for "a refuge to the conies," being much fitter for wild-cats or tigers. I could scarcely persuade myself, that English law could ever have driven a man three thousand miles over the sea, and then into such a burrow as this! But so it was; and it was retribution and justice too.

Bad as it was, it looked more agreeable to Goffe and Whalley, than a cross-beam and two halters, or even than apartments in the Tower of London. They had it fitted up with a bed, and other "creature-comforts" of a truly Crusoe-like description. The mouth of the cave was screened by a thick growth of bushes, and the place was in several other respects well suited to their purposes. The parallelopiped, of which I have spoken, was easily climbed, being furnished with something like stairs, and its top commands a fine view of the town, the bay, and the country for miles around. It served them, therefore, as a watch-tower, and must have been very useful as a means of protection, as an observatory for amusement. I mounted the stone myself, and tried to fancy how different was

the scene two hundred years ago. There the exile would sit hour after hour, not as one may sit there now, to see sails and steamers entering and leaving the harbor, and post-coaches and railroad cars passing and re-passing continually; but to gaze in astonishment and fear, if one lone ship might be descried coming up the bay, or if a solitary horseman was to be seen or heard pursuing his journey in the valley below.

While the fugitives lived in this den, they were regularly supplied with daily bread and other necessities of life, by a woodman, who lived at the foot of the rock. A child came up the mountain daily with a supply of provisions, which he left on a certain stone, and returned without seeing anybody, or asking any questions of Echo. In this way he always brought a full basket and took back an empty one, without the least suspicion that he was becoming an accessory in high treason, and, as it is said, without ever knowing to whom, or for what, he was ministering. As a Brahmin sets rice before an idol, so the little one fed the stone, or left the basket to "the unseen spirit of the wood;" and well it was that the little Red-riding-hood escaped the usual fate of all lonely little foresters, for it seems there were mouths and maws in the mountain which cheesecakes would not have satisfied. The dwellers in the rock had a terrible fright one night from the visit of some indescribable beast—a panther, or something worse—that blazed its horrid eyes into their dark hole, and growled so frightfully, that if all the bailiffs of London had surrounded their den, they would have been less alarmed. It seemed some motherly tigress in search of her cubs, and when she discovered the intruders, she set up such an ululation of maternal grief as made every aisle of the forest ring again, and so scared the inmates of her den, that, as soon as they dared, they took to their heels down the mountain, ready to hear any hue and cry on their track, rather than hers. This story was told us by our guide, who gave it as a reason for their final desertion of the place.

On the stone which I climbed, I found engraven a great number of names and initials, with dates of different years. Apparently they had been left there by visitors from the university. In more than one place, some ardent youth, in his first love with democracy, had taken pains to renew the inscription, which tradition says Goffe

and Whalley placed over their retreat. "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God." I suppose there will always be fresh men to do Old Mortality's office for this inscription, for the maxim is one which has long been popular in America among patriotic declaimers. How long it will continue generally popular, may indeed be doubted, since the abolitionists have lately adopted it, and in their mouths it becomes an incendiary watchword, which the supporters of slavery have no little reason to dread. I myself saw this motto on an anti-slavery placard set up in the streets of New York.

I inferred from this inscription, and the names on the rock, that the spot is visited by some with very different feelings from those which it excited in me and my companions. Our valuable conductor, it is true, spoke of "the Judges" with as much reverence as so sturdy a republican would be likely to show to any dignity whatever; and really the honest fellow seemed to give us credit for more tenderness than we felt, and tried to express himself in such a manner, when telling of the misery of the exiles, as not to wound our sensibilities. But I fear his consideration was all lost; for, sad as it is to think of any fellow-man reduced to such extremity as to take up a lodging like this, we could only think how many of the noble and the lovely, and how many of the true and loyal poor, had been brought by Goffe and Whalley to greater miseries than theirs. I could not force myself, therefore, to the melting mood; it was enough that I thought of January 30, 1648, and said to myself, "Doubtless there is a God that judgeth in the earth." The lady recalled some facts from Lord Clarendon's History, and said that her interest in the spot was far from having anything to do with sympathy for the regicides. Her patronizing protector expressed his surprise, and jokingly assured me that she regarded it as a Mecca, or he would not have given himself the trouble of waiting on her to a place he so little respected. She owned that she was hardly consistent with herself in feeling any interest at all in the memorial of regicides; but I reminded her that Lord Capel kissed the axe which completed the work of rebellion, and deprived his royal master of life;* and we agreed that even the intelligent instruments of that martyrdom acquired a sort of reliquary value from the blood with which they were crimsoned.

* State Trials, ii., 389.

The troglodytes, then, were but two; but there was a third fugitive regicide who came to New Haven, and now lies there in his grave. This was none other than John Dixwell, whose name, with those of Goffe and Whalley, may be found on that infamous death-warrant, which some have not scrupled to call the Major Charta. Dixwell's is set among the *οἱ πολλοί*, who, in the day of reckoning, were judged hardly worth a hanging; but Whalley's occupies the bad eminence of being fourth on the list, and next to the hard-fisted autograph of Oliver himself; while William Goffe's is signed just before the signature of Pride, whose miserable penmanship that day, it will be remembered, cost his poor body an airing, on the gibbet, in the year 1660. Scott, by the way, gives Whalley the *prænomēn* Richard; but there it is on the parchment, too legible for his soul's good—Edward Whalley. Shall I recur to the rest of their history in England before I come to my American narrative? Perhaps in these days of "elucidation," when it is said that everything about two hundred years since is, for the first time, undergoing a calm but earnest review, I may be indulged in recapitulating what, if everybody knows, they know only in a great confusion with other events, which impair the individual interest.

Of Dixwell, comparatively little is known, save that his first act of patriotism seems to have consisted in leaving his country. Enough that he served in the parliamentary army; sat as a judge, and stood up as regicide in that High Court of Treason in Westminster Hall; was one of Oliver's colonels during the Protectorate; became sheriff of Kent, and no doubt hanged many a rogue that had a better right to live than himself; and finally sat in Parliament for the same county in 1656.* His experiences after the Restoration are not known, till he emerged in America almost ten years after the last mentioned date.

Whalley was among the more notorious of the rebels. He was cousin to Oliver, and one of the few for whom Oliver sometimes exhibited a savage sort of affection. He proved himself a good soldier in a bad cause, at Naseby; and a furious one at Banbury. When the rogues fell out among themselves, he was the officer that met Cornet Joyce as he was convoying the king's majesty from Holmby,† and offered to relieve

* Somers's Tracts, vi., 339.

† Carlyle and Clarendon.

the royal prisoner of his protector; an offer which Charles with great dignity refused, preferring to let them have all the responsibility in the matter, and not caring a straw which of the two villains should be his jailor. At Hampton Court, however, fortune decided in favor of Whalley, and put the king, for a time, into his power; till like fortune put it into the king's power to get rid of his brutality by flight, an accident for which our hero got a hint of displeasure from parliament. Just at this point Cromwell addressed a letter to his "dear cousin Whalley,"* begging him *not to let* anything happen to his majesty; in which his sincerity was doubtless as genuine as that of certain patriots in the Pickwick history, who, out of regard to certain voters coming down to the election, with money in their hands and tears in their eyes, besought the senior Weller *not to upset* the whole cargo of them into the canal at Islington. After getting out of this scrape, and doing the damning deed that got him into a worse one, he fleshed his sword against the king's Scottish kinsmen, at Dunbar, where he lost a horse under him, and received a cut in his wrist,† though not severe enough to prevent his writing a saucy letter to the governor of Edinburgh castle. He was the man that took away the mace, when Cromwell broke up his Barebones' parliament. Then he rode through Lincoln, and five other counties, dealing with recusant Anabaptists,‡ as one of the "Major Generals;" demurred a little, at first, at the king-manufacturing conference, but finally came into the project; and, from a sense of duty, so far overcame his republican scruples as to allow himself to take a seat in the House of Lords, as one of the Oliverian peerage.§ If titles were to be had with estates, like the Lordship of Linne, he was surely entitled to his peerage, for he was growing fat on the Duke of Newcastle's patrimony, with part of the jointure of poor Henrietta Maria, when, God be praised, the day of reckoning arrived; and my lord Whalley, surmising that, should any one come to the rope, he was likely to swing if he remained in England, made off beyond seas.

Goffe, too, was one of the Cromwellian cousinry, having married a daughter of Whalley.|| He was a soldier, but could

do a little exposition besides, when there was any call for such an exercise; as, for instance, at that celebrated groaning and wrestling which was performed at Windsor, and ended in resolving on the murder of the king,* after extraordinary supplication and holding forth. When father Whalley removed the mace, son-in-law Goffe led in the musqueteers, and bolted out the Anabaptists, against whom he rode circuit through Sussex and Berks, growing rich, and indulging dreams of disjuncting the nose of Richard, and thrusting himself into the old shoes of the Protector, as soon as they should be empty.† He, too, sacrificed his feelings so far as to become a lord; and, perhaps, thinking that royal shoes would fit him as well as republican ones, he at last consented to making Oliver a king.‡ Nor were his honors wholly of a civil character, for he was made an M. A. at Oxford, and so secured himself a notice in Anthony Wood's biographies, where his story concludes with a set of mistakes, so relishably served up, that I must give it in the very words of the *Fasti*, as follows:—"In 1660, a little before the restoration of King Charles II., he betook himself to his heels to save his neck, without any regard had to his majesty's proclamation; wandered about fearing every one that he met should slay him; and was living at Lausanna in 1664 with Edward Ludlow, Edward Whalley, and other regicides, when John l'Isle, another of that number, was there, by certain generous royalists, despatched. He afterwards lived several years in vagabondship; but when he died, or where his carcase was lodged, is as yet unknown to me."§

On Christmas day, 1657, good John Evelyn went to London, in spite of many severe penalties incurred thereby, to receive the holy sacrament from a priest of the Church of England.|| Mr. Gunning, afterwards Bishop of Ely, was the officiating clergyman, and preached a sermon appropriate to the festival. As he was proceeding with the Eucharist, the place where they were worshipping was beset by Oliver's ruffians, who, pointing their muskets at the communicants, through the doors and windows, threatened to shoot them as they knelt before the altar. Evelyn surmises that they were not authorized to go so far

* Carlyle.

† Carlyle.

‡ Clarendon, iii., 590.

§ Percy's Reliques, 121.

|| Fasti Oxon., ii., 79.

* Letters and Speeches, &c., by Carlyle.

† Fasti Oxon., ii., 79.

‡ Carlyle.

§ Fasti Oxon., ii., p. 79. Anno 1649.

|| Evelyn's Memoirs, i., 308.

as that, and consequently they did not put their threat into execution; but both priest and people were taken prisoners, and brought under guard before the magistrates to answer for the serious misdemeanor of which they had been guilty. Before whom should the gentle friend of Jeremy Taylor find himself standing as a culprit, but these worshipful Justices, Whalley and Goffe! It was, doubtless, by their orders that the solemnities of the day had been profaned.

Evelyn seems to have got off with only a severe catechizing; but many of his fellow-worshippers were imprisoned and otherwise severely punished. The examination was probably conducted by the theologically exercised Goffe, for the specimen preserved by Evelyn is worthy of his genius in every way. The amiable confessor was asked how he dared to keep "the superstitious time of the Nativity;" and was admonished that in praying for kings he had been praying for Charles Stuart, and even for the king of Spain, who was a Papist! Moreover, he was told that the Prayer-book was nothing but the Mass in English, and more to the like effect; "and so," says Evelyn, "they dismissed me, pitying much my ignorance."

This anecdote, accidentally preserved by Evelyn, shows what kind of characters they were. They seem to have been as sincere as any of their fanatical comrades, though it is always hard to say of the Puritan leaders which were the cunning hypocrites, and which the deluded zealots. Whatever they may have been, their time was short, so far as England is concerned with them; and in three years after this event, they suddenly disappeared. So perfectly did they bury themselves from the world, that from the year 1660, till the romance of Scott* again brought the name of Whalley before the world, it may be doubted whether anything was known in England of lives, which in another hemisphere were protracted almost into another generation. Nobody dreamed there was yet an American chapter in the history of the regicides.

Yet, considering the known disposition of the colonies, and their inaccessible fastnesses, it is remarkable that only three of the fugitives found their way across the Atlantic. Another, indeed, there was, a mysterious person, of whom it is only known, that though concerned in the regicide, he was not probably one of "the judges."

He lived in Rhode Island till he was more than a hundred years old, begetting sons and daughters, to whom he bequeathed the surname of Whale. Whoever he was, he seems to have been a sincere penitent, whose conscience would not let him rest. He slept on a deal board instead of a bed, and practised many austerities, accusing himself as a man of blood, and deprecating the justice of God. The particulars of his guilt he never disclosed; and as his name was probably an assumed one, it is difficult to surmise what share he had in the murder of his king. There was in Hacker's regiment one Whalley, a lieutenant; and Stiles, the American writer, thinks this Whale may have been the same man. But then, what did this Whalley perpetrate to account for such horrible remorse? Considering Hacker's active part in the bloodiest scene of the great tragedy, and the conflicting testimony in Hulet's trial,* as to the man that struck the blow; and coupling this with the fact, that an effort was made to procure one of several lieutenants to do the work,† I confess I once thought there was some reason to suspect that this fellow's accusing conscience was terribly earned, and that he at least had been one of the masks that figured on the scaffold. This surmise, though shaken by nothing that came out on the state trials, I have since discharged, in deference to the opinion of Miss Strickland,‡ who is satisfied that the greybeard was Hulet, and the actual regicide, Gregory Brandon.

The American history of the regicides begins with the 27th of July following the Restoration, when Whalley and Goffe landed at Boston, bringing the first news that the king had been proclaimed, of which it seems they had tidings before they were clear of the Channel. Proscribed as they were, they were heroes among the colonists, and even Endicott, the governor, ventured to give them a welcome. The inhabitants of Boston and its environs paid them many attentions, and they appeared at large with no attempt at concealing their names and character. The Bostonians were not all Republicans, however; and several zealously affected Royalists having been noticed among their visitors, they suddenly conceived the air of Cambridge more salubrious than that of Boston, and took up their abode in that village, now a mere suburb

* Sir Thomas Herbert's *Two Last Years*, p. 189.

† *State Trials*, ii., 386.

‡ *Lives of the Queens*, vol. viii.

* Notes to Peveril of the Peak.

of the city. There they freely mingled with other men, and were admitted as communicants in the Calvinistic meetings of the place; and sometimes, it appears, they even ventured, like the celebrated party at the Peak, "to exhibit their gifts in extemporaneous prayer and exposition." On visiting the city, they once received some insult, for which the assailant was bound over to keep the peace; though, if he had but known it, he was so far from having done any wrong in the eye of law, that he was entitled to a hundred pounds reward, for bringing before a magistrate either of the worthies who appeared against him. The authorities, however, had received no official notice of the Restoration, and chose to go on as if still living under the golden sway of the second Protector.

A story is told of one of the regicides, while living at Cambridge, which deserves preservation, as it not only illustrates the open manner in which they went to and fro, but also shows how well exercised were the soldiers of Cromwell in military accomplishments. A fencing-master had appeared at Boston, challenging any man in the colonies to play at swords with him; and this bravado he repeated for several days, from a stage of Thespian simplicity, erected in a public part of the town. One day, as the mountebank was proclaiming his defiance, to the terror and admiration of a crowd of bystanders, a country-bred fellow, as it seemed, made his appearance in the assembly, accepting the challenge, and pressing to the encounter with no other weaponry than a cheese done up in a napkin for a shield, and a broomstick, well charged with puddle water, which he flourished with Quixotic effect as a sword. The shouts of the rabble, and the confusion of the challenger, may well be imagined; but the countryman, throwing himself into position, lustily defied the man of foils to come on. A sharp command to be gone with his nonsense, was all the notice which the other would vouchsafe; but the rustic insisted on having satisfaction, and so stubbornly did he persist in brandishing his broomstick, and opposing his cheese, that the gladiator, in a towering fury, at last drove at him desperately enough. The thrust was very coolly received in the soft and savory shield of the countryman, who instantly repaid it by a dexterous daub with his broom, soaking the beard and whiskers of the swordsman with its odorous contents. A second and more furious pass at the rustic was par-

ried with masterly skill and activity, and rewarded by another salute from the broomstick, which ludicrously besmeared the sword-player's eyes; the crowd setting up a roar of merriment at his crest-fallen appearance. A third lunge was again spent upon the cheese, amid shouts of laughter; while the broomsman calmly mopped nose, eyes, and beard, of his antagonist's puffing and blowing physiognomy. Entirely transported with rage and chagrin, the champion now dropped his rapier, and came at his ridiculous adversary with the broadsword. "Hold, hold, my good fellow," cried Broomstick, "so far all's fair play! but if that's the game, have a care, for I shall certainly take your life." At this the confounded gladiator stood aghast, and staring at the absurd apparition before him, cried out, amid the jeers of the mob, "Who is it? there were but two in England that could match me! It must be Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil!" And so it proved, for it was Goffe.

In November, came out the Act of Indemnity, by which it appeared that Goffe and Whalley were not included in the amnesty which covered a multitude of sins. It was nevertheless far in February before the governor had entered upon even a formal inquiry of his council, as to what he should do with the fugitives; a formality which, empty as it was, must have occasioned their abrupt departure from Massachusetts. At New Haven, a concentrated Puritanism seems to have offered them a much safer asylum;* and as a brother-in-law of Whalley's had lately held a kind of pastoral dignity in that place, it is not improbable that they received pledges of protection, should they choose it for their city of refuge. One now goes from Boston to New Haven, by railroad and steamer, in less than a day; but in those times it was very good travelling which brought them to their Alsatia in less than a fortnight. There they were received as saints and confessors; and Davenport, the strait-laced pastor of the colony, seems to have taken them under his especial patronage. He seems to have been a kind of provincial Hugh Peters, though he was not without his virtues: and there was far more fear of him before the eyes of the local authorities, than there was of King Charles and his Council. His Majesty was in fact completely browbeaten and discomfited, when his warrant was after-

* Holmes's American Annals.

wards brought into collision with the will of this doughty little Pope: and to him the regicides owed it, that they finally died in America.

The government at home seems really to have been in earnest in the matter, and a royal command was not long in reaching Endicott, requiring him to do all in his power for the arrest of the runaways. He seems to have been scared into something like obedience, and two zealous young royalists offering their services as pursuers, he was obliged to despatch them to New Haven. So vigorously did these young men prosecute their errand, that but for the bustling fanaticism of Davenport, they would certainly have redeemed the honor of the colonies, and given their lordships at Westminster Hall the trouble of two more state trials. For its own sake, no one, indeed, can be sorry that such was not the result. But when one thinks how many curious details of history would have transpired on the trials of such prominent rebels, it seems a pity that they could not have been made serviceable in this way, and then set with Prynne, to do penance among the old parchments in the Tower.

The governor of the New Haven colony, one Leete, lived a few miles out of the town, but not far enough off to be out of the control of Davenport, whose spiritual drill had got him in good order for the expected encounter. That painstaking pastor had, moreover, felt it his duty to give no uncertain blast of preparation on his Sabbath-day trumpet, and had sounded forth his deep concern for the souls committed to his care, should they, by any temptation of the devil, be led to think it scriptural to obey the king and magistrate, instead of him, their conscience-keeper and dogmatist. With a skill in the application of holy writ, peculiar to the Hugh Peters' school of divinity, he had laboriously pounded his cushion, in some thirty or forty illustrations of the following text from the prophet Isaiah: "Hide the outcasts, bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab! be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler."* After this exposition, there was of course no dispute as to duty. The Pope is a deceiver, and Catholic Councils are lies; but when was a Puritan preacher ever doubted, by his followers, to be an oracle from heaven?

* Isaiah xvi., 3.

It was in vain that the loyal pursuers came to New Haven, after the little general had thus got his forces prepared for the contest. Wellington, with the forest of Soignies behind him, at Waterloo, was not half so confident of wearing out Napoleon, as Davenport was of beating back King Charles the Second, in his presumptuous attempt to govern his Puritan colonies. Accordingly, when the pursuers waited on Governor Leete, they found his conscience peculiarly tender to the fact, that they were not provided with the original of his Majesty's command, which he felt it his duty to see, before he could move in the business. He finally yielded so far, however, as to direct a warrant to certain catchpoles, requiring them to take the runaways, accompanying it, as it would seem, with assurances of affectionate condolence, should they happen to let the criminals, when captured, effect a violent escape. A preconcerted farce was enacted, to satisfy the forms of law, the bailiffs seizing the regicides a mile or two from town, as they were making for East Rock; and they very sturdily defending themselves, till the officers had received bruises enough, to excuse their return without them. But after this pleasant little exercise, the regicides had an escape of a more really fortunate character, and quite in the style of King Charles Second's Boscobel adventures. For while cooling themselves under a bridge, they discovered the young Bostonians galloping that way, and had only time to lie close, when a smart quadrupedal hexameter was thundered over their heads, as they lay peering up through the chinks of the bridge at their furious pursuers. No doubt the classic ear of Goffe, the Oxford Master of Arts, was singularly refreshed with the delightful prosody, which the retiring horse-hoofs still drummed on the dusty plain; but they seem to have been so seriously alarmed by their escape, that if they ever smiled again, they certainly had little cause for their good humor; for that very day they took to the woods, and entered upon a long and wretched life of perpetual apprehension, from which death, in any shape, would have been, to better men, a comfortable relief. They immediately directed their course towards West Rock, where, with an old hatchet which they found in the forest, they built themselves a booth in a spot which is still called, from the circumstance, "Hatchet-Harbor." Here they became acquainted with one Sperry, the

woodman who finally fitted up the cave, and introduced them to their life in the rock.

It seems that on stormy days, and sometimes for mere change of air, the poor Troglydites would come down the mountain, and stay a while with the woodman at his house. They had lived about a month in their cave, when such an excursion to the woodman's had nearly cost them their liberty. The pursuers, meantime, had accomplished a wild-goose chase to New York, and had returned, after more perils and troubles than the regicides were worth. Somehow or other, they got scent of their game this time, and actually came upon them at Sperry's before they had any notice of their approach. Fortune favoring them, however, they escaped by a back-door, and got up to their nest, without giving a glimpse of themselves to the pursuers, or even leaving any trace of their visit to favor a suspicion that they had recently been in Sperry's protection. But Leete, who had received at last the original warrant, and thus was relieved of his scruples, seems to have been so alarmed about this time, that he sent word to the fugitives that they must hold themselves ready to surrender, if it should prove requisite for his own safety and that of the town. To the credit of the poor men, on receiving this notice, they came out of their cave like brave fellows, and went over to their cowardly protector, offering to give themselves up immediately.

Here the redoubtable Davenport again interfered, and though all the colony began to be of another opinion, he fairly drubbed the prudent Leete into a postponement of the time of surrender; and Goffe and Whalley were accordingly respited for a week, during which they lived in painful suspense, in the cellar of a neighboring warehouse, supplied with food from the governor's table, but never admitted to his presence. Meantime, the bustling pastor preached and exhorted, and stirred up all the important settlers to take his part against the timorous counsels of the governor, and finally succeeded in preventing the surrender altogether; and the fugitives went back to their cave, never again to show themselves openly before men, though their days were prolonged through half another lifetime.

It seems incredible that there was any real call for such singular caution, under the loose reign of Charles the Second: yet

it is remarkable how timid they had become, and how long they supported their patient mousing in the dark. Nothing seems to have inspired them with confidence after this. The pursuers returned to Boston, and made an indignant report of the contempt with which his Majesty's authority had been treated at New Haven; all which had no other effect than to give color to a formal declaration of the united colonies of New England, that an ineffectual though thorough search had been made. On this the hue and cry was suffered to stop; but the regicides still kept close, and shunned the light of day. Who would have believed that the lusty Goffe and Whalley, whose fierce files of musqueteers seemed once their very shadow, could have subsided into such decorous subjects, as to live for three lustres in the heart of a village, so quietly, that, save their feeder, not a soul ever saw or heard of them. Yet so it proved; for so much do circumstances make the difference between the anchorite and the revolutionist, and so possible is it for the same character to be very noisy and very still.

After two months more in the cave, they probably found it time to go into winter quarters, and accordingly shifted to a village a little westward of New Haven, where one Tompkins received them into his cellar. There they managed to survive two years, during which their only recreation seems to have been, the sorry one of hearing a maid abuse them, as she sang an old royalist ballad over their heads. Even this was some relief to the monotony of their life in the cellar, and they would often get their attendant to set it agoing. The girl, delighted to find her voice in request, and little dreaming what an audience she had in the pit, would accordingly strike up with great effect, and fugue away on the names of Goffe and Whalley, and their fellow Roundheads, like another Wildrake. Perhaps the worthies in the cellar consoled themselves with recalling the palmy days, when the same song, trolled out on the night air from some royalist pothouse, had been their excuse for displaying their vigilant police, and putting under arrest any number of drunken malignants.

If they had any additional consolation, it seems to have been derived from an enthusiastic interpretation of Holy Writ, in which, after the manner of their religion, they saw their own peculiar history very minutely foreshadowed. They had heard of the sad end of Hugh Peters, and his con-

federates, which they were persuaded was the slaying of the two witnesses, predicted in the Apocalypse ; * and they now looked in sure and certain hope for the year 1666, which they presumed would be marked by some great revolution, probably on account of its containing "the number of the Beasts."† But after two years in this cellar, there arrived in Boston certain royal commissioners, in fear of whom they again retreated to their cave, and stayed there two months, till the wild beasts drove them away. About the same time, an Indian getting sight of their tracks, and finding their cave with a bed in it, made such an ado about this discovery, that they were obliged to abandon New Haven for ever. It is probable that Davenport now counselled their removal, and provided their retreat ; for one Russell, the pastor of Hadley, a backwood settlement in Massachusetts, engaged to receive and lodge them ; and thither they went by star-light marches, a distance of one hundred miles, through forests, where, if "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods," they probably found it the only one in their journey. Rogues as they were, who can help pitying them, thus skulking along by night through an American wilderness, in terror of a king, three thousand miles away, who all the while was revelling with his harlots, and showing as little regard for the memory of his father, as any regicide could desire !

At Hadley, pastor Russell received them into his kitchen, and then into a closet, from which, by a trap-door, they were let down into the cellar—there to live long years, and there to die, and there—one of them—to be buried, for a time. While dwelling in this cellar, poor Goffe kept a record of his daily life ; and it is much to be regretted that this curious journal perished at Boston, in the succeeding century, during the riots about the Stamp Act, in which several houses were burned. Scraps of it still exist, however, in copies ; and enough is known of it, to prove that the exiles were kept in constant information of the progress of events in England ; that Goffe corresponded with his wife, addressing her as his mother, and signing himself Walter Goldsmith ; and that pastor Russell was supplied with remittances for their support. One leaf of the diary which, fortunately, was copied, is a mournful catalogue of the regicides, and their accomplices, all

classed according to their fate, with some touching evidences of the melancholy humor in which the records had been set down. It is a table of sixty-nine as great rogues, or as deluded fanatics, as have left their names on the page of English history ; but there they stand on Goffe's list, a doleful registry indeed,

"Some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they had deposed ;"

but all noted by the wanderer as his friends, "faithful and just to him." Twenty-six are marked as certainly dead ; others, as condemned and in the Tower ; some as fugitives, and some, as quietly surviving their ruin and disgrace. How dark must have been the past and the future alike to men whose histories were told in such chronicles ; but thus timorously from their "loop-hole retreat," did they look out on the Great Babel ; and saw their cherished year of the Beasts go by, and still no change ; and then consoled themselves with hoping there was some slight error in the vulgar computation ; and so hoped on against hope, and kept in secret their awful memories, and perchance with occasional misgivings of judgment to come, pondered them in their hearts.

At Hadley they had one remarkable visitor, from whom they probably learned much gloomy gossip about things at home. In 1665, John Dixwell joined them, having made his escape to the colonies with astonishing secrecy. He seems to have been a venturesome fellow, who was far from willing to spend his days in a cellar, and accordingly he soon left them to their own company, and went, nobody knows where ; but it is certain that in 1672, he appeared in New Haven as Mr. James Davids, took a wife, and settled down with every sign of a determination to die in his bed. The first Mrs. Davids dying without issue, we find him, a few years after, married again, begetting children, and supporting the reputation of a grave citizen, who kept rather shy of his neighbors, and was fond of long prosy talks with his minister—the successor of Davenport, who seems to have rested from his labors. I wonder if those talks were so prosy ? The good wife of the house supposed Mr. Davids and her husband engaged in edifying conclave upon the five points of Calvinism : but who does not envy that drowsy New England pastor the stories he heard of the great events of the Rebellion, from the lips of one who had

* Rev. xi., 8.

† Rev. xiii., 18.

himself been an actor therein! How often he filled his pipe, and puffed his pleasure, or laid it down at a more earnest moment, to hear the stirring anecdotes of Oliver; how he looked; how he spoke and commanded! What unwritten histories the pastor must have learned of Strafford,—of Laud,—of Pym pouncing on his quarry,—of how the narrator felt, when he sat as a regicide judge,—and of that right royal face which he had confronted without relenting, with all its combined expressions, of resignation and resolution, of kingly dignity and Christian submission.

Time went on, and the Hadley regicides wasted away in their cellar, while Dixwell thus flourished like a bay-tree in green old age. A letter from Goffe, to his "mother Goldsmith," written in August, 1674, of which a copy is preserved, shows that years had been doing their work on the once bold and stalwart Whalley. "Your old friend Mr. R.," he says, using the feigned initial, "is yet living, but continues in that weak condition. He is scarce capable of any rational discourse (his understanding, memory, and speech, doth so much fail him), and seems not to take much notice of any thing . . . and it's a great mercy to him, that he hath a friend that takes pleasure in being helpful to him . . . for though my help be but poor and weak, yet that ancient servant of Christ could not well subsist without it. The Lord help us to profit by all, and to wait with patience upon him, till we shall see what end he will make with us."

Boys grew to men, and little girls marriageable women, while they thus dwelt in the cellar; and the people of Hadley passed in and out of their pastor's door, doubled and trebled in number around his house, and not a soul dreamed that such inhabitants lived amongst them. This remarkable privacy accounts for the historical fact, given as a story in "Peveril of the Peak."* It occurred during the war of King Philip, in 1675, the year following the date of Goffe's letter, and when Whalley must have been far gone in his decline, so that he could not have been the hero, as is so dramatically asserted, by Bridgenorth to Julian Peveril. It was a fast day among the settlers, who were imploring God for deliverance from an expected attack of the savages; and they were all assembled in their rude little meet-

* Holmes's *American Annals*, in *Ann.* Also Notes to "Oliver Newman."

ing-house, around which sentinels were kept on patrol. The house of the pastor was only a few rods distant; and probably, through the miserable panes that let in all the sun-light of their cellar, Goffe watched the invasion of the Indians, and all the horrors of the fight, till the fires of Dunbar began to burn again in his old veins, and overcoming his usual caution, sent him forth to his last achievement in this world, and perhaps his best. Of a sudden, as the settlers were giving up all for lost, and about to submit to a general massacre, a strange apparition was seen amongst them, exhorting them to rally in the name of God. An old man, with long white locks, and of unusual attire, led the last assault with the most daring bravery. Not doubting that it was an angel of God, they followed up his blows, and in a short time repulsed the savages; but their deliverer was gone. No clue or trace could be found of his coming or going. He was to them as Melchisedeck, "without beginning of life, or end of days;" and their confirmed superstition that the Lord had sent his angel in answer to their prayers, though quite in accordance with their enthusiasm, was doubtless not a little encouraged by the wily pastor himself, as an innocent means of preventing troublesome inquiries. In many parts of New England, it was long regarded as a miracle, and the final disclosure of the secret has spoiled the mystery of a genuine old wives' tale.

About three years after this, Whalley gave his soul to God, and was temporarily buried in the cellar, where he had lived a death-in-life of fourteen years. Russell was now in a great fright, and with good reason, for a new crown officer was at work in New England, with a zealous determination to bring all offenders to justice, and if not the offenders themselves, then somebody instead of them. Edward Randolph, who has left a Judge Jeffreys' reputation in America to this day, was a Jehu for the government, and his feelings towards the regicides are well touched off by Southey, in the words put into his mouth in "Oliver Newman:"—

"Fifteen years,
They have hid among them the two regicides,
Shifting from den to cover, as we found
Where the scent lay. But, earth them as they will,
I shall unkennel them, and from their holes
Drag them to light and justice."

Alarmed by the energetic measures of such a man, Goffe, who was now released from

his personal attentions to his friend, appears to have departed from Hadley for a time; while Russell gave currency to a report, that when last seen, he was on his way towards Virginia. It was soon added, that he had been actually recognised in New York, in a farmer's attire, selling cabbages; but he probably went no further than New Haven, where he would naturally visit Dixwell, and so returned to Hadley, whence his last letter bears date, 1679, and where he undoubtedly died the following year.

How the two bodies ever got to New Haven has long been the puzzle. It seems that Russell buried Goffe at first in a grave dug partly on his own premises, and partly on those adjoining, intending by this stratagem to justify himself, should he ever be forced to deny that the bones were in his garden. But, in the years 1680 and 1684, Randolph's fury being at its height, he probably dug up the remains of both the regicides, and sent them to New Haven, where they were interred secretly by Dixwell and the common gravedigger of the place. Some suppose, indeed, that they were not removed till the sad results of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion had put the colonists in terror of the inexorable Jeffreys. The fate of Lady Alicia Lisle,—herself the widow of a regicide,—who had suffered for concealing two of the Duke's followers, may very naturally have alarmed the prudent Russell, and led him to remove all traces of his share in harboring Goffe and Whalley. His friendship for two "unjust judges" seems to have led him to dread the acquaintance of a third. As for Dixwell, he lived on in New Haven, maintaining the character of Mr. James Davids with great respectability, and so quietly, that Randolph seems never to have suspected that a third regicide was hiding in America. He had one narrow escape, nevertheless, from another zealous partisan of the crown, quite as lynx-eyed, and even more notorious in American history. In 1685, Sir Edmund Andross paid a visit to New Haven, and was present at the public worship of the inhabitants, when James Davids did not fail to be in his usual place, nor by his dignity of person and demeanor to attract the special notice of Sir Edmund, who probably began to think he had got scent of Goffe himself. After the solemnities were over, he made very particular inquiries as to the remarkable-looking worshipper, but suffered himself to be diverted from more searching measures, by the natural and unstudied descrip-

tion which he received of Mr. Davids and his interesting family. It was well that they could answer so unaffectedly, for Andross was ready to pick a quarrel with them, conceiving himself to have received a great affront at the religious exercise which he had honored with his presence. It seems the clerk had felt it his duty to select a psalm not incapable of a double application, and which accordingly had hit Sir Edmund in a tender part, by singing "to the praise and glory of God" the somewhat insinuating stave—

"Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise."

After this, though for forty years the righteous blood of a murdered king had been crying against him, Dixwell's hoar hairs were suffered to come to the grave in a peace he had denied to others, in 1688. Meantime, that king had lain in his cerements at Windsor, "taken away from the evil to come," and undisturbed alike by the malice that pursued his name, and the far more grievous contempt that fell on his martyr-memory from the conduct of his two sons, false as they were to his honor, recreant to his pure example, and apostate to the holy faith for which he died. Such sons had at last accomplished for the house of Stuart that ruin which other enemies had, in vain, endeavored; and two weeks after James Davids was laid in his grave, came news which was almost enough to wake him from the dead. "The glorious Revolution," as it is called, was a "crowning mercy" to the colonies; and the friends of the late regicide now boldly produced his will, and submitted it to probate. It devised to his heirs a considerable estate in England, and described his own style and title as "John Dixwell, *alias* James Davids, of the Priory of Folkestone, in the county of Kent, Esquire."

After my visit to the West Rock, I went in the early twilight to the graves of the three regicides. I found them in the rear of one of the meeting-houses, in the square, very near together, and scarcely noticeable in the grass. They are each marked by rough blocks of stone, having one face a little smoothed, and rudely lettered. Dixwell's tomb-stone is far better than the others, and bears the fullest and most legible inscription. It is possibly a little more than two feet high, of a red sand-stone, quite thick and heavy, and reads thus:—"I. D., Esq., deceased March y^e 18th, in y^e 82^d year of his age, 1688-9." To make

anything of Whalley's memorial, I was obliged to stoop down to it, and examine it very closely. I copied it, head and foot, into my tablets, nor did I notice, at the time, any peculiarity, but took down the inscription, as I supposed correctly, "1658, E. W." While I was busy about this, there came along one of the students, escorting a young lady, who, bending down to the headstone of Goffe's grave, examined it a few minutes attentively, and then started up, and went away with her happy protector, exclaiming, "I must leave it to Old Mortality, for I can see nothing at all." I found it as she had said, and left it without any better satisfaction; but, during the evening, happening to mention these facts, I was shown a drawing of both Goffe's and Whalley's memorials; by help of which, on repeating my visit early next morning, I observed the very curious marks which give them additional interest. Looking more carefully at Whalley's headstone, one observes a 7 strongly blended with the 5, in the date which I had copied; so that it may be read as I had taken it, or it may be read 1678, the true date of Whalley's demise. This same cipher is repeated on the footstone, and is evidently intentional. Nor is the grave of Goffe less curious. The stone is at first read, "M. G., 80;" but, looking closer, you discover a superfluous line cut under the M, to hint that it must not be taken for what it seems. It is in fact a W reversed, and the whole means, "W. G., 1685;" the true initials and date of death of William Goffe. If Dixwell was not himself the engraver of these rude devices, he doubtless contrived them; and they have well accomplished their purpose, of avoiding detection in their own day, and attracting notice in ours.

There was something that touched me, in spite of myself, in thus standing by these rude graves, and surveying the last relics of men born far away in happy English homes, who once made a figure among the great men and were numbered with the lawful senators of a free and prosperous state! I own that, for a moment, I checked my impulses of pity, and thought whether it would not be virtuous to imitate the Jews in Palestine, who to this day throw a pebble at Absalom's pillar as they pass it in the King's Dale, to show their horror of the

rebel's unnatural crime. But I finally concluded that it was better to be a Christian in my hate as well as in my love, and to take no worse revenge than to recite over the ashes of the regicides that sweet prayer for the 30th of January, which magnifies God for the grace given to the royal martyr, "by which he was enabled, in a constant meek suffering of all barbarous indignities, to resist unto blood, and then, according to the Saviour's pattern, to pray for his murderers."

Two hundred years have gone, well nigh, and those mean graves continue in their dishonor, while the monarchy which their occupants once supposed they had destroyed is as unshaken as ever. Nor must it be unnoticed, that the church which they thought to pluck up, root and branch, has borne a healthful daughter that chants her venerable service in another hemisphere, and so near these very graves that the bones of Goffe and Whalley must fairly shake at Christmas, when the organ swells, hard-by, with the voices of thronging worshippers, who still keep "the superstitious time of the Nativity," even in the Puritans' own land and city. What a conclusion to so much crime and bloodshed! Such a sepulture, thought I, instead of a green little barrow in some quiet churchyard of England, "fast by their fathers' graves!" Had these poor men been contented with peace and loyalty, such graves they might have found under the eaves of the same parish church that registered their christening; the very bells tolling for their funeral that pealed when they took their brides. How much better the "village Hampden" than the wide-world's Whalley; and how enviable the uncouth rhyme and the yeoman's honest name on the stone that loving hands have set, compared with these coward initials and memorials that skulk in the grass!

Sta, viator, judicem calcas!

A judge, before whose unblenching face the sacred majesty of England once stood upon deliverance, and awaited the stern issues of life and death; an *unjust judge*, who, for daring to sit in judgment, must yet come forth from this obscure grave, and give answer unto Him who is judge of quick and dead.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone!"

THESE opening lines of the simple dirge in *Cymbeline* found ready passage from our lips as we hung up in our GALLERY its last accession, the portrait we this month engrave. Shakspeare, in his mastery of the human heart, here paints feelings which bring their meed of consolation, if not of rejoicing, to the mourners for the Early Dead. He would have us think of them as not alone at rest but in security. No further anxieties; no more unquiet thoughts! Gaze on that gentle face and call to mind that trouble can come there no more; that the weariness of hope deferred cannot longer torment; that those temples may not pulsate with pain, nor those eyes send down their showers; and then, while with us you weep for so much promise too soon taken away, you can even say, "It is well!" and think that the haven found is a bright exchange for the storms that rage without, threatening with destruction the barks yet exposed to their fury.

Soon after our gifted contributor's decease, we gave our readers a brief memoir of her literary career. The sketch was slightly done—the work of a single sitting; but was received with some degree of interest, as the first attempt at the poetess's biography. Since then many valuable contributions have reached us; and we find a kind of duty imposed on us now to give a fuller if not more faithful account, gathered from the rich materials which have found their way to our hands.

MARY ANNE BROWNE, the eldest of three children, was born at her father's house, Maidenhead Thicket, Berks, on the 24th of September, 1812. Paternally she derived descent from Sir Anthony Browne, a Kentish baronet, the lineal ancestor of the Lords Montagu. Her mother, after whom she was named, was the only surviving child of Captain John Simmons, of Liverpool; and her maternal grandmother was the daughter of Thomas Briarly, Esq., the representative of a well-known Lancashire family. The house in which Miss Browne was born has been long since removed; but,

in a brief autobiography, written in 1840, we find an interesting recollection of its appearance: "I have a distinct remembrance of my birth-place," she wrote, "though the cottage has been for many years pulled down and replaced by a very ugly red brick mansion. It was a low, thatched building; the walls and porch were partially covered with roses, honeysuckles, and other creeping plants; before the door was a large green plat, in the centre of which stood an old apple tree, celebrated through the neighborhood for the excellence and abundance of its produce; and a large garden, full, if I remember rightly, of very beautiful flowers, was attached. There were many trees round the dwelling; and in my childish mind I well remember I used to compare it to a bird's nest." Here, with the exception of a short time passed in Liverpool, when she was two years old, the opening four years of her life were spent—four years, which, in their brief compass, sufficed to show all the leading tendencies of her mind; and to her watchful parents, to indicate the gifts of their child—her heritage of weal or woe.

The dawning of the human mind is, to its individual possessor, lost in clouds and thick darkness; but to the calm spectator, light is seen to glimmer and struggle through the unformed chaos, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." The young child's reason awoke almost immediately; an unwonted precocity of thought, united with great quickness of apprehension, and a most retentive memory, speedily developed themselves; and intellect and life might be said almost to have commenced simultaneously. When two years of age, she could read fluently, having acquired the faculty not by the slow, heartbreaking process of mastering first the individual syllables, but by forming an immediate acquaintance with the words themselves. Every word, once declared to her, was remembered as an old friend, and its pronunciation and meaning always kept in mind. Her education was almost wholly imparted at

home ; and her father, who was well qualified for the duty, was her first preceptor. Mr. Browne is yet living, and we feel some delicacy in alluding, therefore, to his personal fitness for such an office ; yet we are assured that his own intellectual tastes exercised their natural influence on his daughter's expanding mind, and while they made her acquainted with the stores of wealth laid up in her country's literature, prompted also the desire to possess similar acquirements. Mr. Browne had a fine voice ; and the winter evenings, when the fireside showed its attractions, were devoted to the perusal of favorite volumes, of which he was generally the reader. The miscellaneous knowledge placed in the reach of a whole family, by this happy mode, cannot be over-estimated ; while the power of selection, confided to a judicious head, contributes also its own value—a point on which it is unnecessary to enlarge.

When Mary Anne was four years old, the family were constrained to leave their house at the Thicket, owing to its too limited accommodation. They reluctantly quitted their lovely little cottage, and moved to the other side of the high road, where Mr. Browne had erected a more spacious residence, called The Elms, from some fine trees near it. Already—as we read of Pope—our poetess had, in some measure, taught herself writing, by imitating the printed characters in an old prayer-book ; and here she began to “to warble her native wood-notes,” and give expression to the thoughts that started into being within. Paper, pens, and ink, were esteemed treasures, on which alone pocket-money was worthily bestowed ; and an itinerant vender, who supplied the neighborhood with these acquisitions, and with millinery and sweetmeats, found all his stores set aside, untouched, until his “stationery” was uncovered. At the same time books, the “comforters of her childish sorrows, and companions of her happiness,” as she calls them, began to increase in number with her ; and a love for their possession was excited, which never passed away but with life itself.

The beauteous scenery around her Berkshire home made no vain appeal to the young dreamer's senses ; but afforded out-of-door delights equalling, if not surpassing, her pleasant studies within. Near at hand was the broad, bright channel of old Father Thames, dividing in twain by a pathway of silver, a district not unworthily named The

Garden of England, and inviting to a thousand pleasant wanderings along his sheltered banks. And the neighboring common was redolent with fragrant gorse and wild-flowers, and led away to woods, vocal with birds in the summer season, and protected against the biting colds of winter. Who could else than be a belated wanderer at times with such attractions ? “I shall let my reader at once,” she writes in a characteristic passage, “into the whole round of my simple pleasures and pursuits. I need not say how I loved flowers and birds and butterflies, and all the population of the fields and woods ; how I looked every spring for the first violet or primrose, as for a courier announcing the return of a crowd of dearly-loved friends ; nor how I loved to wander away from home, forgetting the time and the distance ; nor how the sunset was looked forward to, on a fine summer day, as if it were some splendid pageant. Neither need I detail the affectionate lectures on colds and chilblains, and torn frocks and wet shoes and idleness, which I was sure to receive on my return home.” On one remarkable occasion, during these wanderings, an incident befell her which created such deep mental impressions as to constitute an epoch in her spirit's history, which we feel called upon more particularly to allude to.

Although none can remember the first enkindling of reason within him, yet there are many, we believe, who, among the records of their early experience, preserve the memory of a time and season when, by a sudden impulse, they “put away childish things ;” when a burst of glory seemed to have been poured around them, and they arose, like Saul on his way to Damascus, at first blinded and confused, but straightway enlightened and directed of heaven. Ordinary things may be near ; the scene of the occurrence may be familiar as one's own home ; and, save by their own bounding hearts, the day may be unchronicled from any other of the seven ; but a memorable hour has come for them, and when it has passed away they are no more what they were. A gift and a power have fallen upon them ; new feelings, new aspirations become their own. In a word, the uncertain thoughts of childhood are exchanged for the decision of character which marks maturer years. Shelley describes, in verse of exquisite beauty, the “sweet May-dawn” that “burst his spirit's sleep” when the Muse found him, in his school-boy attire,

alone and sorrowful, and gave him his vocation as her worshipper for ever. We find the subject of this sketch in one of her latest poems, "The Moorland Child," attempting a similar delineation of her feelings at the time when the change came and translated her into a new world of enlarged existence. In this remarkable poem—remarkable, if for no other reason than for its having been one of the few with a personal reference; she tells us of a young child who, attracted in her simplicity by the glories of the beautiful world around, loved more than her home, its flowers, and bees, or her own small garden, an "over-cultured spot," the wide common which she had made her chosen playing ground. She paints her delight in straying alone midst the heather and furze in search of the red strawberry, the hare-bell, and fragrant wild thyme—her simple song carolling forth in reply to the birds, and her light-hearted shout ringing out, when the leveret came leaping from his hiding-place in the fern; and then she tells of a time when the child's spirit became sorrowful with too early thought—

"There was one evening when the West
Was all a flood of gold;
And to the East, in lazy rest,
The floating clouds were rolled;
And the young crescent moon began
To shed her silver ray,
And one pale star shone white and wan,
Beside the dying day.

"The child went bounding o'er the heath,
Then suddenly she stayed;
It seemed as if her very breath
Its even thrill delayed:
She held her hand above her brow,
And ceased her childish song;
Her cheek grew deeper in its glow,
And her heart beat high and strong.

"Slowly her dark eyes filled with tears,
And so she stood and gazed:
And yet that sunset west for years
Had just as brightly blazed:
Yet never, till that evening hour,
The careless laughing one
Had felt the magic and the power
Of that declining sun.

"Oh, who may tell what thronging dreams
And thoughts unknown till then,
Crowded, like freshly-opened streams,
Upon her heart and brain?
How did her very spirit yearn,
Beneath that sudden life!
How did her inmost bosom burn
Amidst that stirring strife!

"And tenderness, and solemn thought,
Unnamed, unknown, were there;
And so within her bosom wrought
A home for future care;

The passion of that hour went by,
Its thrilling magic past,
But, oh, its bright strange memory
Will haunt her to the last!"

Wild thoughts these for a child of seven years! for although their poetical expression was reserved for a far later period, the date of their origin could be traced to that almost infantine season.

We have some lines by us, which must have been written in her ninth year, if we may decide from their subject matter—the death of Queen Caroline. The sufferings of that ill-used woman, which awoke the general indignation of the people, were of engrossing interest to the dwellers in the vicinity of Windsor. *They* seemed to feel a home-interest in all the Queen's persecutions; for to them she was endeared by a host of personal reminiscences, weaving stronger ties than could the quick sense of her wrongs, or the vague attractions of her royalty. The theme was an exciting one to the young Muse, and was eagerly and not unskillfully attempted. In the course of the following year, she made some essays at dramatic writing, of what nature it is impossible to say, since these and the greater part of her earlier productions were destroyed almost as soon as penned. She wrote, less for the sake of praise than for the relief of her own ever-crowding imaginings. Certain thoughts will at times haunt the brain, like busy phantoms, until they are "laid" by calm investigation; and the pen is like a wizard's wand, mighty to bid the disquieting shadows depart. At what time Miss Browne's poetry first found its way to the printer's hands, we cannot tell, but we believe we are right in naming, as the medium, the *Berkshire Chronicle*, to the "poet's corner" of which she often contributed, so early as 1826. The *Chronicle* was published in the neighboring town of Reading, and at this time was conducted by Mr. Hansall, a man of considerable taste and discrimination. He acted the part of a literary adviser; suggested good models; pointed out with kindness her deficiencies, and recommended application and study, as necessary guides for the genius she so evidently possessed:—

"——— Che seggendo in piuma
In Fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre;
Sanza la qual chi sua vita consuma.
Cotel vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma."*

* Inferno, c. xxiv.

In May, 1827, in her fifteenth year, appeared her first volume—*Mont Blanc and other Poems*, dedicated by permission to the Princess Augusta. The leading poem, which gave the book its name, is in the Spenserian stanza; and its inspiration is evidently derived from Lord Byron. Not that we mean to assert any direct or excessive plagiarism; but the favorite author is visible throughout, and gives a tone to the whole composition. This is the wonted mistake of young writers; the model is made a copy, and the end lost sight of, in admiration of the guide. About forty minor poems, and a few sacred pieces, complete the volume; and in these we find more distinct traces of the author's peculiar genius. There is the same musical rhythm, which she knew so well to preserve in all variations of measure—the same keen appreciation of the outward world—the same delicate painting of feelings, and their mysterious impulses. As we might expect in the productions of so young a person, Imagination had more sway than Reflection; but the book, despite of its writer's inexperience, contained so much genuine poetry, and was yet more marked by such promise, that it met the most gratifying success, was largely received, and as extensively praised. And perhaps one of its most pleasing fruits was the speedy introduction it brought to Miss Mitford, then residing at Three Mile Cross, near Reading, and a happy friendship with that gifted writer. Very soon after the publication of *Mont Blanc*, Miss Browne wrote, and had printed in the form of a small pamphlet, a poem called *The Widow*, being the history and misfortunes of a poor woman living in her neighborhood, who had lost her all by the accidental conflagration of her cottage. This little work was never placed in a bookseller's hands, but was disposed of among the writer's friends, who knew the poor woman's history and the philanthropic object Miss Browne contemplated in the sale. It was pleasing to add, that the result was all that she could desire. A sum of money was raised, more than sufficient to replace all the losses sustained by the fire; and the widow's heart was made to sing for joy by the possession of many comforts which hitherto had been wholly beyond her reach.

The year following the publication of *Mont Blanc*, was marked by the appearance of another volume of poetry, *Ada*, which was equally well received. In a

brief address, the writer thought it advisable to state that the principal poem of her book had been ready for the press more than a twelvemonth, and had been intentionally delayed from the desire that her works should not follow each other too rapidly. Short as was the interval, there are sure signs of progress in *Ada*. The poetess had now, in some degree, proved her wings, and was satisfied to trust their self-sustaining power. She is no longer a copyist, but dares to look within, and trace the thousand streams of thought, through all their wanderings, to their fountain-head—the heart. The colors of her imagination have not grown colder, but there is more harmony in their arrangement, and each individual painting shows a hand at once strengthened and made skilful by practice. She now took her place among the leading female writers of the day, and a high degree of interest became attached to one of genius so youthful, yet so full of promise. Her contributions were willingly admitted into the chief literary journals, while a prouder tribute than any public applause was conveyed to her, through Mr. Hansall, in the wish of Coleridge* to form her acquaintance.

* Since everything relative to the author of *Kubla Khan* and the *Ancient Mariner*, must possess interest, we transcribe the poet's letter. The original MS. lies before us:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'BERKSHIRE CHRONICLE.'

"Highgate, Tuesday, 29th Sept., 1828.

"SIR—I am extremely surprised to observe, by last Saturday's *Chronicle*, that you have not inserted my communication relative to the gross plagiarisms of your correspondent of the previous week. I am not in general in the habit of noticing such matters; but when I do, it is rather as a public imposture than a private injury, and I would have expected, under such circumstances, that my letter would have been alluded to; and I may add, that I certainly expect at your hand, and *de novo*, an acknowledgment of your error, or inserting the original epigram. I do not wish to be peremptory, but I mean to be firm. When I was myself for some time connected with a journal of the same political principles, and, I may add, conducted with equal talent to your own, my leading axiom always was, to be equally impartial in literary as well as political impostures, and give to both a merited share of exposure and abuse.

"I understand from Messrs. Longman that Miss Browne, of your part of the country, is in the habit of being frequently in London. On her next arrival, my publishers will be glad to give her my address, and I shall be proud, in my old age, to meet a young lady who promises so fairly to adorn the era of my literary successors.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"P. S.—My friend, Mr. Gilman, has just re-

Until her sixteenth year, Miss Browne had not been absent from her home at The Elms for any length of time; but the summer and autumn of the year 1828 were passed at Swansea, in Wales. The contrast between the soft beauties of Berkshire, and the wild but picturesque scenery of South Wales, must have powerfully affected her mind. Now, for the first time, she made acquaintance with the ocean, and the lone sternness of stupendous mountain scenery; and new ideas must have been gathered in from the contemplation of these, the mightiest works in nature. On leaving Wales, she returned, not to the early home of her childhood, but to a new residence at Isleworth, distant about twelve miles from London. Worton Lodge, where, during her absence, the family had removed to, was a large mansion, a short time previously in occupation of Lord James Hay. Judging from letters written at the time, the change was not made without much sacrifice of feeling. To her early home and its beautiful vicinage, her thoughts returned with untiring fondness, and like all other memories of deprivation, when hallowed and softened by time, they afforded calm delight in their contemplation. Alluding to this capability of deriving happiness from the recollection of beloved, but far-away, scenes, we find her, many years afterwards, saying:—

"Often in the crowded city, in the solitude of my little apartment, in the still deeper solitude of sickness, have I thanked God for this power of drawing pleasure and beauty from a spring that never fails. Scenes beheld years ago, picturing incidents even in the days of childhood, arise before me again, and ever with unwearying solace. There are some old scenes beheld in early childhood which I always recall with pleasure. There is a kind of magic about them, probably the effect of the fresh heart and feelings I brought to their enjoyment, which those of future days do not possess so completely."

Again—

"To me the world is full of the picturesque. Ever since I can remember I have been continually storing my memory with scenes and fragments of scenery which at the time have given the idea of *pictures*. My childhood was peculiarly rich in visions of beauty. Fairy tales I read, until my heated imagination conjured up the highly colored and unnatural scenes they described. In the lovely world without, The Beautiful met me at every turn—it glanced upon me from every flower—there seemed to be a beauty pervading everything around me, an impalpable spirit that hallowed all."

minded me that it is Miss Browne's father, who is in the habit of coming to London. Him I shall be equally delighted to see, provided he can bring me some specimens of the productions of his talented daughter."

This is gracefully said, and we know it to be the expression of genuine feeling.

Her visits to town, which hitherto had been few and far between, became now more frequent and of longer continuance. At Mr. Jerdan's house, Brompton, she was a welcome guest; and with his daughters, her own equals in age, she was in habits of intimacy. Another friend, who received her with the greatest kindness, was the gifted painter, Martin. His evening receptions were crowded with the most eminent *cognoscenti* in the Fine Arts, and everything going on in the world of letters was familiarly canvassed there by celebrated names. Some of our readers will remember the late Dr. Borthwick Gilchrist's *conversazioni*, and to such, a mere allusion will be sufficient; to others, however, we may explain that this gentleman, a Scot, having realized, in India, a princely fortune, settled in London, and in the season threw open his rooms to poets, painters, and authors of all grades. Here, too, the young poetess made the personal acquaintance of many eminent litterateurs. We may not omit mention of leal-hearted Allan Cunningham, at whose hands our young minstrel met much friendly attention; nor of that good man, Professor Rennie, who forwarded her views to the utmost of his power. Indeed, we are not to wonder at the general feeling of admiration she created; for, apart from authorship, and the fame it had brought her, her manners and appearance, at this time, were highly prepossessing. A brunette, with large, dark eyes, softened by a shade of melancholy—the richest profusion of raven ringlets—features, pleasing if not decidedly handsome—and a graceful figure; to these attractions were added a winning address—a guileless openhearted disposition that thought no evil, and never offended by an unkind word, and a frankness—"not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it."* The notice she received would have been dangerous to a mind of inferior organization; but her own good sense drew the line of separation between the praise that appreciates, and the adulation that but sickens, and from the latter she ever turned with a loathing which those who knew her best, knew was unaffected. Yet, the over-excitement induced by such scenes, where everything was new and dazzling to one just emerged from the quiet atmosphere of home, was not beneficial to either health or

* Sterne.

spirits—it tinged, with a morbidness hitherto unknown, her very poetry. Alluding to some verses of this kind she had sent the *Literary Gazette*, for the opening number of 1830, the editor, in the true spirit of a well-wisher, remonstrated on this evil tendency:—

"I was sorry," he wrote, "I did not see you the other day, and more sorry to insert your very affecting verses in the *Literary Gazette*. But, my dear girl, you must not yield to feelings of morbid melancholy, nor indulge too far in imaginative sorrows. You are too young, I trust, for real ones; yet these lines appear to be too much grafted on excited sensibility. I entreat you, as a friend, not to suffer vague notions of love or mystical exhalations of religion to misguide your mind. The earthly passion ought to be beautiful and cheering to you, and the heavenly one consolatory and soothing. What have you to do with images of death? Be natural, be happy, and let your genius take its fair and pleasant way."

This was wise counsel, reflecting all honor on the well-minded giver, for which reason he will pardon our quoting him, without his definite permission to do so; and it was received with the thankfulness we should have looked for. "I think Jerdan," the diary of the same date remarks, "a kind-hearted man. His last letter to me *proves* it." A return to her quiet country home induced a restoration of her olden tranquillity, and brought back health to her mind and body. Her own intense delight at her deliverance from what was felt a thralldom, is sufficiently seen in the following extract:—

"I never felt such a palpable revolution of thought and feeling as took place on my journey here. Between Brentford and Isleworth, London seemed a dizzy dream. I was like a bird of the air restored from captivity to my native element. . . . I put down both windows of the coach, and let the sweet air breathe in on me, and it brought my old feelings back with a thrill gladdening like the breath of spring."

It was about this time, Miss Browne's third volume, *Repentance and other Poems*, appeared. The pieces were chiefly religious; and among them were several that have since become favorites with the public, such as "The Sleepers," "Thy Kingdom come," "Who loves me best?" and others of a similar caste. About this time, too, she met and became acquainted with the late Miss Landon, who was then in the zenith of her fame. It was strange that two who differed so widely in almost every habit of thought, should have become such fast friends. Our young poetess was the creature of the country, having for her

dearest companions wild birds and flowers; L. E. L. had been nurtured wholly in the city, which she loved as devotedly as did Dr. Johnson or Charles Lamb. We do not desire to form any contrast of comparison, which might disparage either, and shall not enlarge on their differences of character. Miss Landon came to visit her friend at Worton Lodge, on the latter's return, of which we have before spoken; and here the acquaintance, begun amid the gaiety of London, ripened into sincere attachment. "The more I know L. E. L.," she enthusiastically wrote to a friend, "the more I like her." Years afterwards, when the unlooked-for tidings of that young being's decease on a foreign strand were brought home, the tide of her friend's affection poured itself forth in a Lament of which we must quote a few stanzas:—

"I knew thee first when early dreams
Were crowding in my soul:
Ere hope and fancy's gushing streams
Had learned the world's control;
Circled with all fame's dazzling sheen,
Thou wert of poesy the queen.

"Thy lays were read in solitude,
And praised with silent tears,
For they were of the fervent mood
So loved in early years;
Those charmed initials known as thine,
There was a magic in the sign!

"I met thee in thy palmiest days,
And thou didst condescend,
In gentle speech, in lovely lays,
To name me as thy friend;
I was a passing dream to thee—
Thou wast a lasting thought to me!"

Mr. Browne's family removed to the north of England in the summer of 1831. Their first residence was at Bootle, a village on the Mersey, in the immediate vicinity of Liverpool. Here they remained only for a brief period, the locality having been found inconvenient; and it was deemed advisable to remove into Liverpool, where a house was taken in Soho-street, then in the outskirts, but now, we believe, swallowed up by the encroachments of the leviathan of towns. As a literary place, Liverpool cannot be said to rank high. It is an exchange, an emporium for the western world, a scene of unending trafficking, the Tyre of England; but it is not a locale where mind predominates, or where book-lovers are in a majority. Miss Browne's new house was, as might be looked for, in consequence, deficient in those intellectual delights which she knew so well to appreci-

ate. Alluding to the subject, at a period long subsequent, she thus wrote:—"I can myself speak feelingly on the subject of literary isolation. Residing for the last twelve years at a distance from the metropolis; cut off almost entirely from the society or correspondence of literary persons, and with few acquaintances possessing even literary taste, I have found my intellectual life a continual striving against the stream—an effort at self-sustenance almost beyond my powers. Had I not loved literary employment very deeply and very dearly for its own sake, I should long ago have thrown down my pen in despair, and abandoned a pursuit, with which those, by whom I was surrounded, had so little sympathy." Still Liverpool was highly advantageous to our author as a dwelling-place, and produced on her mind the happiest influences. She found there many estimable friends, and some not unknown to fame. Among the most valued were the gifted Chorleys, of Saint Anne-street, and Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, who, "of all her literary friends," she used to say, "knew her mind the best." Previous to her change of residence, she had been for some time in correspondence with Mr. W. B. Chorley, chiefly in relation to the *Winter's Wreath*, an Annual under his superintendence, to which she had often contributed. The opportunity, long wished for on both sides, of a better acquaintance than by letters, was now presented, and many delightful hours were spent with the members of this interesting family. Such meetings, too, were enhanced by the occasional presence of kindred spirits, like Miss Jewsbury (afterwards Mrs. Fletcher), the Howitts, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and other talented writers. Miss Browne's attention was directed by the same friends to the wealth of German literature; and the proficiency she ere long made in its study, induces only the regret that her time and thoughts were not sufficiently free to enable her to devote herself systematically to its full acquisition. Out of a few translations we select one specimen, a spirited version of Theodore Körner's famous

"SWORD SONG.

"Sword! on my left side gleaming,
What means thy radiant beaming?
So bright thou look'st on me,
'Tis joy to gaze on thee.

Hurrah!

"A gallant warrior bears me,
I'm raptured that he wears me,
A freeman is my lord,
And joyful is the sword!"

Hurrah!

"Yes, sword, a freeman loves thee,
As true and stanch he proves thee,
And clasps thee to his side,
As a beloved bride!"

Hurrah!

"To thee have I devoted
My iron-life unspotted;
Each shall in each confide—
When wilt thou fetch thy bride?"

Hurrah!

"When the red morning flashes,
And trumpet's music gushes,
When cannons roar and flame,
Will I the Dear One claim.

Hurrah!

"Oh, blest embracing, thronging
My soul with feverish longing:
Thou, bridegroom, fetch me soon,
My crown shall be thy boon!"

Hurrah!

"Why clink'st thou thus for pleasure,
Thou radiant iron-treasure;
With joy tempestuous,
My sword, why clink'st thou thus?"

Hurrah!

"Well, well may I be thrilling:
I long to be fulfilling
My hope's resistless glow,
And therefore clink I so."

Hurrah!"

A series of Fairy Tales for fireside amusement was commenced—each member of the little coterie to furnish his or hers in an appointed succession. One of these, written by Miss Browne, found its way anonymously to our own pages,* and its after fate deserves recording. A German lady, who had travelled in Ireland, gave it in her "Tour" for a legend she had picked up herself among our peasantry; and Mr. Shoberl, unaware of its true origin, retranslated it into English for the *Forget Me Not* of 1845 (pp. 205-220), where it duly re-appeared after its twofold transmutation. This graceful little story was Miss Browne's first contribution to our Magazine.

Liverpool was destined, also, in the wisest hands, to lead her mind to a change, the greatest she had yet experienced, because it related to higher things than of this world—the most extensive, because it brought a happiness, not based on excite-

* *The Fairy Shoe*. UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, January, 1839.

ment, and which remained with her latter end. Her mind had been always serious, and her respect for divine things full and unfeigned. But religion, hitherto, had been with her too much of a natural character—the tribute of a spirit that saw on every side a beautiful world, and, without knowing Him, worshipped its Maker. Were this the place to analyse such impressions, or ours the pen to do it, we might, in showing their commonness, fitly designate them “the religion of the Imagination”—the most perilous, because the most fascinating to young, ardent minds. How much have all its followers to unlearn, before they become wise! Our highly-endowed friend was now to exchange fancy for faith, and submit her reason to the mysteries of Revelation. She did so, and she thus found peace—the peace that passes understanding. This was in the summer of 1832.

Narrow as our limits are, we cannot bring ourselves to suppress an incident which closely followed this change we have spoken of. On a visit to Chester, made at this time, Miss Browne was introduced to the Rev. Mr. ———, a well known Socinian clergyman of the place. He started the controverted theme, which she now felt to be her all in all, and argued with all the skill of a practised debater against its truth. But he failed in confuting the simple and scriptural replies of his youthful opponent; and at last, he requested a written statement of her positions, promising to overturn every one of them in a written reply. We have perused the treatise on Christian Evidences, which was drawn up in consequence, and admire its cogency of reasoning, no less than its happy and conciliating tone. Women, it is said, are but poor adepts in the science of induction, because they reach the conclusion before they have well-nigh established the premises. But here nothing is anticipated—nothing is strained. The arrangement is lucid, and the accumulation of proof, to a candid mind, irresistible. A copy was laid before Mr. ———, according to his request, but there was no reply. The disputer remained silent.

This same summer of 1832 was memorable as bringing with it the first of those visits to Ireland, which were almost annually repeated, until her permanent settlement here ten years after, consequent on her marriage. On this first occasion she landed at Warrenpoint, and made a pleasant sejour with some friends near Newry.

In the month of May of the following year, she visited Cork, and received such agreeable impressions of its beautiful neighborhood, as afterwards to select it for a residence, when she came to dwell in Ireland. Four or five years had now elapsed since the publication of *Repentance*, but silence was now broken by the appearance of a small volume of poetry, called *The Coronet*, which was issued in 1833, during her Cork visit. In 1834, a companion volume, *The Birthday Gift*, was published; and, along with its predecessor, immediately attained the honor of a second edition. The pieces contained in the latter were, as Mr. Wordsworth kindly wrote of them to a mutual friend—“remarkable both for tenderness and poetical spirit.” “We have read,” the amiable bard goes on to say, “and been much pleased with, the animated piece in which the course of a river is traced from its fountain to the sea. This was not less interesting to me, on account of its reminding me of Coleridge’s intention of writing a poem to be called, *The Brook*, and of my own *Duddon*.” We need scarcely add, the praise so gently given was always referred to by Miss Browne, as furnishing one of her happiest recollections in reference to her little book.

Ignatia, her next volume, was published in 1838; and was, at the time, reviewed in our own pages (August, 1839, pp. 171–173). In preference, therefore, to any repetition of our own critical judgment, we select a few passages from a letter, written to the author, on the appearance of her new publication, by a highly distinguished friend. “The poem,” he wrote, “is a very beautiful one, and nobly sustained throughout. I doubted not that you could write as you have written, but I did doubt your ability to concentrate your thoughts as you have done, and to fuse them down. . .

. . . It is clear that you have been severely critical upon yourself, and quite as clear that you have gained by it. What I mean is this—there is scarcely a line too much in the poem. . . . I admire the exquisite harmony of *Ignatia*. I cannot find any defect in the rhythm. The measure is suited to the earnestness of the subject, for which a dancing measure would be as out of place as a Fool’s cap and bells upon a Philosopher. But one thing pains me—to think what terrible experiences your mind must have had, to be able to describe them so well.” This last is in allusion to the heroine’s sorrows, who, disappointed in her

husband's fidelity, carries with her a broken heart to the grave.

In the year 1839, she took her place among our own contributors, as we have before incidentally mentioned; and from that time forth her literary history will be chiefly gathered from our pages. Without offensively alluding to ourselves, we may take on us to assert that her best poetry was that given to our own Magazine. It was her latest, her best finished, that in which her ripened genius displayed all its richness; and upon it assuredly the main foundation of her fame must rest. In the August of this year she commenced for us a series of prose tales, entitled "Recollections of a Portrait Painter," which were continued at intervals until they amounted to about a dozen in number. These sketches, we have been assured, were all founded on truth; and the writer, under the guise of a professed *artiste*, embodied memories brought from her own childhood or after years. The "Recollections" had their faults, and faults of that nature that we often desired the stories themselves untrue; they were at times painful to read, because too much unrelieved by any bright tints. Each was a miniature tragedy, which we gazed on until we were "brimful of horrors." Some, of course, were less distressing than others; but the pervading hues were all too sombre, and the dark passions in man and woman introduced overmuch on the canvas. When we criticise, with such plainness of speech, what we ourselves gave to the world, it follows that many beauties to counterbalance these faults, must have existed in the sketches. And such we believe the case. They possess vigor, pathos, and skill in analysis of character, united with much knowledge of human nature. The stories all have their unobtrusive moral; for the sorrows that gather round the chief actors in them are shown to have been in every instance "the fruit of their own doings."

A tiny volume of *Sacred Poetry* was the next addition to Miss Browne's publications. It appeared in 1840, and was not unworthy of any of its predecessors. Few save those who have thought and felt much, and whose souls are filled with the sense of the sublimity of the theme, and the incapability of man to honor it aright, know the difficulties of sacred poetry. By a strange anomaly, which we have no inclination to investigate here, no verse is more common in our own day than that which is miscalled "religious;" but bald rhymes and school-

boy stanzas are its general characteristics, while to these are too often joined those irreverent expressions of erratic rapture, which Heber well declared to be painful almost as the profanities of the common swearer. Sacred poetry should be "poetry," in the most exalted sense of that exalted word. It demands the highest efforts of the Muse, and when it fails to receive them, it perishes through its own inanity. And its scope should be emphatically "sacred;" hallowed fire must first touch the lips of the poet, ere he breaks silence. No Uzzah hand should be put forth to grasp the ark of God, even with the plea of supporting it. The praise we bestow on Miss Browne's little volume is this, that it adheres to the double rule. It is poetry of a high order, and a holy character. Much of its contents bring to one's mind the fervid pleading of our own elder poets; and we might point to the "Prayer for Spiritual Life," and "Praise and Prayer," as possessing the unction of excellent George Herbert.

Miss Browne's marriage took place in the latter end of 1842, and soon after she came to reside at Sunday's Well, in the beautiful environs of Cork. We have conscientiously abstained in this sketch, hitherto, from any unwarrantable intrusion into the things of "home;" and now that we draw near its close, we have no desire to depart from this simple rule of propriety. Suffice it then, that by her union with one who understood her worth, and appreciated her talents, she found all the happiness that we are capable of knowing on this side the grave. Her studies were continued with renewed ardor, and their fruit was shown in numerous contributions to the *Annals*, *Chambers' Journal*, our own, and other periodicals. Many engagements were also sent to her from American publishers; and a reprint of her poems at Boston, with the "Recollections" from our own pages (the latter, of course, anonymously), met with a ready sale. She had many kind friends in the United States, who had, by making her writings known, done much to create the popularity her name enjoyed in that country; among them it would be unpardonable to omit mentioning the late Mr. B. B. Thatcher, and Pierpont, the poet. A new volume of verse, chiefly collected from this Magazine, called *Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems*,* was issued by Mrs. Gray,

* Shall we not be forgiven some egotism, when we indulge in it less for our own sake than our friend's? The "Embroideress at Midnight," re-

in 1844; and a long and honorable course seemed to open to her; the up-hill toil was overcome, and the reward for the exertion appeared abundant.

At length the time, long looked for with tremblings of hope and fear, when the holy name of Mother would be her's, was ushered in with the opening of the New year (1845). The trial came—it passed—and all seemed well. Convalescence took the place of debility; and, with the birth of her babe, all suffering was forgotten, and every joy received its completeness. But the decree had gone forth; and suddenly, in the midst of returning security, severe heart-spasms terminated her life, on the morning of January 28. The "mother of a moment" was permitted to embrace her boy, and was then summoned to leave him on earth behind her.

Thus, early in years, but not unripe for heaven, a gentle, loving spirit passed away. "Here," as Hazlitt says of the poet Beaumont, "was youth, genius, aspiring hope, growing reputation, cut off like a flower in its summer pride, or like the 'lily on its

printed in this volume, and originally given in our pages (January, 1843), long ante-dated the "Song of the Shirt." This poem of Mrs. Gray's was the first to call public attention to the weary toils of the London sempstresses.

stock green,' which makes us repine at fortune, and almost at nature, that seem to set so little store by their greatest favorites. The life of poets is, or ought to be (judging of it from the light it lends to ours), a golden dream, full of brightness and sweetness, lapt in Elysium; and it gives one a reluctant pang to see the splendid vision, by which they are attended in their path of glory, fade like a vapor, and their sacred heads laid low in ashes, before the sand of common mortals has run out." Yet, mere duration is, after all, no true standard for judging; and Ben Jonson well reminds us:—

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long, an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer, far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see
And in short measures life may perfect be."

Mrs. Gray's remains were deposited in the vaults of St. Paul's church, Cork. No monumental stone has yet been raised to her memory; nor needs she it in any wise, for her name will live in her own immortal verse.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE CONDITION OF AUTHORS IN ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND FRANCE.

LITERATURE has become a profession. It is a means of subsistence, almost as certain as the bar or the church. The number of aspirants increases daily, and daily the circle of readers grows wider. That there are some evils inherent in such a state of things it would be folly to deny; but still greater folly would it be to see nothing beyond these evils. Bad or good, there is no evading the "great fact," now that it is so firmly established. We may deplore, but we cannot alter it. Declamation in such a cause is, therefore, worse than idle.

Some inquiry into the respective conditions of Literature in England, Germany, and France, may not be without interest; and in the course of that inquiry we shall, perhaps, meet with some suggestions to-

wards bettering the condition of English writers, which may be worth considering.

If we reflect upon the great aims of literature, we shall easily perceive how important it is that the lay teachers of the people should be men of an unmistakable vocation. Literature should be a profession, just lucrative enough to furnish a decent subsistence to its members, but in no way lucrative enough to tempt speculators. As soon as its rewards are high enough and secure enough to tempt men to enter the lists for the sake of the reward, and parents think of it as an opening for their sons, from that moment it becomes vitiated. Then will the ranks, already so numerous, be swelled by an innumerable host of hungry pretenders. It will be—

and, indeed, is now fast approaching that state—like the army of Xerxes, swelled and encumbered by women, children, and ill-trained troops. It should be a Macedonian phalanx, chosen, compact, and irresistible.

Let not this be thought chimerical. By a calculation made some years ago, the authors of England amounted to many thousands. These, of course, included barristers with scarce briefs, physicians with few patients, clergymen on small livings, idle women, rich men, and a large crop of aspiring noodles; the professional authors formed but a small item in the sum total. Yet we have only to suppose the rewards of literature secure and the pursuit lucrative, and we have then the far greater proportion of this number quitting their own profession, and taking seriously to that of literature.

It may, perhaps, be objected to our argument respecting literature as a profession for which parents should train their sons, that without great talent there could be no success; consequently, the undeserving would pay the penalty of misplaced ambition. To which we answer, that in literature, as in everything else, personal interest will always precede anything short of splendid talents in obtaining the quiet lucrative positions, especially when government rewards are numerous. We have only to cast our eyes around us to see, even in the present small amount of patronage, how little falls to the share of real merit. It was only the other day that fifty pounds a year were accorded to the widow of Colonel Gurwood, in "consideration of the literary merits of her husband;" these merits being the editing of the *Wellington Despatches*. How many battered authors are there—men who have grown grey in fighting the great battle, now almost too feeble to wield their arms, whose declining years this pension would have rescued from toil and sorrow? To Mrs. Gurwood this sum must be utterly insignificant; sufficient, perhaps, to pay for her flowers. But she had friends to interest themselves for her; and who cares for the broken-down author? He, poor wretch! has "written himself out" has become a "bore" or a "twaddler"—let him rot on a dung-hill!

If literature were a lucrative profession, it would be deeply vitiated, and its earnest professors would be worse off than they are now. In the present state of things a man who has health, courage, and ability, can

earn by literature the income of a gentleman. We owe this to SAMUEL JOHNSON—all honor to him! He was the professional author—the first who, by dint of courage and ability, kept himself free from the slavery of a bookseller's hack, and free from the still worse slavery of attendance on the great. He sought his subsistence in public patronage, not in dedications to men of rank. By his pen he created a distinctive position for himself, and his brethren. It would now be difficult to count the numbers of those who, in this respect, imitate him.

To put the ameliorated condition of authorship since Johnson's time in a striking light, let us observe that when Marmontel's *Contes Moraux* were circulating all over Europe, something like 50,000 copies having been sold, when kings and kaisers were sending him complimentary letters and invitations, he was still indebted to the bounty of the crown for a great part of his income; whereas Scott, though his success never equalled that of Marmontel, received in one year something like 15,000*l.* Making all deductions for greater activity on Scott's part, the difference is still enormous.

In money payments to literary men England far surpasses either France or Germany. The booksellers are more generous in England; abroad, the governments. In making this assertion, we purposely exclude such exceptional cases as those of Dickens, Eugène Sue, and Thiers; the extraordinary success of their works warrants extraordinary payments. Yet even here the advantage is greatly on the side of England; Dickens received 3000*l.* for one of his tiny Christmas stories, whereas Eugène Sue only received 4000*l.* for the ten volumes of his *Juif Errant*.

But to descend into the ordinary current, we find able literary men in England making incomes averaging 300*l.* a year, some less, of course, and some more; the same men would scarcely be able to keep body and soul together in France or Germany. A few curious facts will illustrate this. While Bulwer receives his 1000*l.*, and, in one or two instances, even 1500*l.* for a novel, and James probably little less, Balzac (and we have it on his own authority), with all his popularity, with all his fecundity, has a hard task to make 300*l.* a year. While our Quarterlies were paying often 50*l.* and, in some cases, even 100*l.* for one article, and, to their ordinary contributors, sixteen and twenty guineas a sheet, the

French Quarterlies were paying ordinary contributors at the following rate:—100 francs (4*l.*) a sheet; if the article, however, exceeded a sheet, no more than 100 francs was due; and an author's *article de début* was not paid for at all. Other contributors, whose names were an attraction, received of course higher prices; but the highest price ever paid by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, even when numbering amongst its contributors such men as Cousin, Remusat, Jouffroy, Nisard, Saint-Beuve, Gustave Planche, Augustin Thierry, Saint-Marc Girardin, Michel Chevalier, A. De Vigny, De Balzac, Ch. Nodier, A. Dumas, Alfred de Musset, &c., was that paid to George Sand; and how much, think you, was that maximum?—250 francs (10*l.*) a sheet! So that while a solid, plodding, well-informed Edinburgh Reviewer, was receiving twenty guineas a sheet, one of the greatest of French contemporaries was receiving half that sum, as the highest *honorarium* the review could bestow.

It is indeed to be deducted from the above statement, that the author of an article in a French review does not part with the copyright as in the English reviews. He can reprint it elsewhere, and, in the case of a novel, obtain for it a price equal, if not exceeding, that which the review paid. But this, although it makes novel-writing considerably more lucrative, does not affect our position, because the authors of critical or philosophical articles have slender chance of being called upon to reprint their essays.

One great reason of this low payment for contributions is, of course, the limited sale of the *Revue*. At the time when the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had only one rival in France, its circulation, we believe, never exceeded 3000 copies, in spite of its having all France, Germany, England, and Italy, for a public. In England at the same time there were five Quarterlies, with REGINA, *Blackwood*, *Tait*, &c., most of them counting their subscribers by thousands, in spite of a public limited to our island. The explanation of this somewhat remarkable fact is, that in France, Paris is only to be reckoned; the provinces purchase novels and such books as produce "a sensation;" but the reviews are scarcely ever seen out of Paris. In England the reverse is the case—our provincial subscribers exceed the metropolitan.

But if the French reviews are stinting in their payments in writers, what are we

to say of the German reviews? When the *Deutsche Vierteljahrschrift* was established, we remember a contributor assuring us, with some pride, that it was very liberal in its payments. This new magnificence was eight dollars (four-and-twenty shillings) a sheet! Amazed, we somewhat doubted our informant's accuracy, and made further inquiries; the result was, that eight dollars really was a handsome *honorarium*. "Why," said a publisher to us, "two dollars was the price I paid an able translator for a poetical version of the whole of Lady Blessington's *Book of Beauty*." Six shillings for one book!

A novelist in Germany, not of very high standing, is paid from one to three dollars a sheet. That is to say, the man who, in England, would get 200*l.* for a novel, would there get about 20*l.* The translators in England are badly paid, but in Germany they receive only from half a dollar to a dollar and a half per sheet. The translator of Bulwer's novels (which have an immense sale in Germany) received four shillings and sixpence a sheet!

"Oh! but consider the difference of expenses in England and Germany!" exclaims some reader. "Money goes twice as far there as with us. Besides, a German poet can live on black bread and potatoes."

As to money going twice as far in Germany, that is a playful exaggeration. Germany is not so dear as England; but a pretty intimate acquaintance with most of its towns has anything but impressed us with the idea of its excessive cheapness, except in luxuries and amusements.

Cigars and concerts are cheap enough, but joints of meat (such meat!) and coats (such coats!) are very little under our prices. But let the point be conceded—suppose eight dollars equal to eight-and-forty shillings, and then ask, What English reviewer would write for that *honorarium*?

As to poets living on black bread and potatoes, some unhappy individuals are, doubtless, doomed to such fare; but we have yet to learn that Germans relish such banquets any more than beef-eating Englishmen. And we point to the sad fact, that black bread and potatoes is the fate of most of those who venture to trust to literature for a subsistence. A case was mentioned not long ago in the *Algemeine Zeitung*, of a journalist, who had for seven years been largely connected with the newspapers, who had worked like a sugar-slave, whose ability was recognised, and

who, without any improvidence on his part, had, during the whole period, been barely able to subsist by his labor. What would our accredited journalists say to this?

The reader may, perhaps, suppose, that much of these differences in the emoluments of authorship may arise from the differences in the mercantile profits of publishing. It is not so, however. While publishers in England and France are very seldom wealthy, those of Germany are *generally* rich men. Of the hundred and fifty publishers at Leipsig, one hundred, at least, are men of money; some of them immensely rich (for Germany). Let any one, who strolls about the streets of Berlin, turn down the Wilhelm Strasse, and look at the palace which rears its proud front next to the palace of Prince Radzivil, and whose stately park extends to the gates of the town: that palace belongs to the publisher Reimer.

The German publisher's profits are large. He pays scarcely anything for copyright. The printing does not cost a fifth of what it costs in England. The paper is such as in England we use to tie up parcels. Yet, cheap as German books appear to us, they are really a hundred per cent dearer. Indeed, one example will strikingly exhibit this. A young publisher announces at this moment a voluminous work—a translation of the sacred books of India. The King of Prussia has consented to take fifty copies, the East India Company another fifty copies. With these hundred copies, should he never sell another, he will clear all his expenses of printing, paper, advertising, and copyright. And yet his prices do not seem high to Englishmen. In fact, the cost of production in Germany is trifling: hence the quantity of works upon dry subjects which publishers will undertake. Paper is so cheap, that no one ever regulates his impression by the number he calculates upon selling. He only calculates how many he can send all over Germany, "on sale or return:" he knows a great quantity of his impression will be mere waste-paper; and, in consequence, he sends the work out *in sheets*, so that, as waste-paper, it may have its value. It is worth stating, also, as a matter of comparison, that the German publisher never publishes *for* an author, as is so frequently the case in England. He either buys the book outright, or declines meddling with it.

In France, publishers have, mostly, neither money nor probity. We heard two

good authorities, Augustin Thierry and le Bibliophile Jacob (Lacroix), declare, that, except Panckouke (whose fortune is colossal) and Firmin Didot, there was scarcely a solvent publisher in Paris.

We have asked the question far and wide—of authors, of journalists, and of booksellers; and the unhesitating answer has always been, that, in Germany, no decent subsistence is to be gained by the pen, unless by a popular dramatist.

The same answer, though with some qualification, did we receive in France. Indeed, a tolerable idea may be formed from what we just named as the terms paid by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. To this let us add, that contributors to newspapers, when not regularly engaged on the staff, are paid well when they are paid five francs a column; fifteen shillings a column in England would be considered low terms. Jules Janin—justly considered as the most entertaining of the *feuilletonistes*, and one of the most sagacious of critics, the "J. J." of the *Journal des Débats*, the first newspaper in France—receives a yearly salary of only 6000 francs (240*l.*) for his weekly twelve columns of criticism; and he is thought to be extravagantly paid. Whereas a London journal, that was about to be established, offered him the same sum *for his name*, and a few paragraphs of chit-chat, under the head of "Paris Correspondent." He was not a little astounded at the magnificence of the offer, which even Frenchmen's notions of English wealth had not prepared him for.

A French publisher, not long ago, applied to a friend of ours for contributions upon English literature. The lowest terms upon which our friend would consent to write were at the rate of 8*l.* a sheet, and this with a full knowledge of the difference between France and England. He heard no more of the matter! The *Revue des Deux Mondes* once applied to a well-known German writer for contributions, and offered 200 francs a sheet. This was high pay for a German, even with deductions made for the translation; but the arrangement was never concluded.

With such a press as that of France, if a man have somewhat more than the ordinary ability of journalists, he may earn a subsistence. But it is harassing work. In Germany, he has not a chance. In England, he will be very unlucky, or very "impracticable," if he do not earn an income

which will support him and his family,—an income varying from a thousand down to two hundred a year.

It may reasonably excite some surprise, how two such very literary countries as France and Germany should suffer literature to remain in so miserable a condition; whilst in England affairs look far more encouraging. It cannot be our greater wealth which makes the difference, because if our wealth be greater, our expenses are also heavier; because, moreover, our wealth, only a few years ago, did not operate at all in that way; our authors were as beggarly as those of our neighbors. The real cause we take to be the excellence and abundance of periodical literature. It is by our reviews, magazines, and journals, that the vast majority of professional authors earn their bread; and the astonishing mass of talent and energy which is thus thrown into periodical literature is not only quite unexampled abroad, but is, of course, owing to the certainty of moderate, yet, on the whole, sufficient remuneration.

We are not deaf to the loud wailings set up (by periodical writers, too!) against periodical literature. We have heard—not patiently, indeed, but silently—the declamations uttered against this so-called disease of our age; how it fosters superficiality—how it ruins all earnestness—how it substitutes brilliancy for solidity, and wantonly sacrifices truth to effect; we have listened to so much eloquence, and read so much disquisition on the subject, that, were we only half as anxious to sacrifice truth to effect as are the eloquent declaimers whom we here oppose, we might round a period, or produce an essay on the evils of periodical literature, which (to speak it with the downcast eyes of modesty) should call forth the approbation of all those serious men who view with sorrow the squandered ability of our age. Why should we not? It would be far easier than to look calmly, closely into the matter. It is always a cheap thing this declamation. It covers a multitude of deficiencies. It is paid for as highly as honest labor in inquiry, and saves so much time! In the present instance, it could be done with so little fatigue, and would fall in so softly with the commonplaces of every reader, and would flatter the “seriousness” of magazine readers, to whom great works are “sacred,”—men who scorn “cheap literature,” and read none other. Why should the present writer quit so easy a path for

the rugged path of investigation? Simply, because he is a periodical writer; and though, perhaps, as ready to sacrifice truth, occasionally, to what he may foolishly deem more effective (always a questionable process), as any foolish writer of books, yet in the present instance, at any rate, it is clear to him that truth is worth all the rhetoric that could be brought to bear upon the subject.

The truth then is, that, in these much-decried days of ours, there is no lack of laborious, thoughtful writers, devoting the fairest years of their lives to the production of works, which may stand beside those composed in any time,—so far, at least, as mere labor, honest inquiry, and weighty consideration of the matter, can be reckoned; ability, for obvious reasons, we put out of the question. And these serious, laborious works, meet with success as great as those of former times. If trash does get a hearing, so also do books of real worth. That is no small consolation. At no time in the history of literature, that we can learn of, was there ever a greater desire to produce books of solid excellence, nor a greater sale for them when produced. And now beside this unquestionable fact let us place the fact of periodical literature, and see how it bears out the jeremiads of those who regard it as the hotbed of literary corruption.

Periodical literature is a great thing. It is a potent instrument for the education of a people. It is the only decisive means of rescuing authorship from the badge of servility. Those who talk so magniloquently about serious works, who despise the essay-like and fragmentary nature of periodical literature, forget that while there are many men who can produce a good essay, there has at all times been a scarcity of those who can produce good works. A brilliant essay, or a thoughtful fragment, is not the less brilliant, is not the less thoughtful, because it is brief, because it does not exhaust the subject. And yet the author, in all probability, could neither continue his brilliancy through the “vast expanse” of a work, nor could he, in attempting to exhaust his subject, continue in the same thoughtful strain, but would inevitably fall into the commonplaces which bolster up the heads of all but *very* remarkable men.

How many of us are there who feel quite capable of saying something worth listening to on several topics of art, philosophy, or history; but would shrink from undertaking a work on any of these subjects?

Without a periodical literature, we should be in this dilemma: either to be silent, and let what small insight we may have attained to die with us; or else, "impelled by hunger and request of friends," resolutely undertake tasks for which we are not fitted, and produce works where we should have produced articles,—works in which the little good that is in them lies buried amidst the rubbish which surrounds it.

This latter evil is the curse of German literature. In spite of numerous periodicals, the German always writes a book when he can; and nineteen out of every twenty are ignoble rubbish. Your German has a contempt for little books; he laughs at the dictum of Callimachus. What, then, can he think of articles? What he can find time to write, he concludes you can find time to read; and upon what subject, or to what extent, cannot a German find time to write?

The more we reflect on this matter, the more reason we find for being grateful to a periodical literature, which, if it cannot wholly save us from bad books, does, at least, prevent good articles being diluted into thin works. Moreover, to periodical literature we owe the possibility of authorship as a profession. Dr. Johnson, who first founded that profession, was enabled to do so mainly by means of periodical literature.

In reality, few copyrights are bought in England, whereas all periodical writing has its price. When a man has made a name, his work may command a certain *honorarium*, which varies according to the popularity of his name, and the probable attraction of the subject; but an article in a review or magazine is always well paid for, quite irrespective of such considerations. Periodicals, it is true, are chary of printing essays on abstruse or recondite subjects; yet, in the course of the year, it is singular to observe how many of these essays are printed and *paid for*. From Chinese antiquities down to topographies of London; from Egyptian mysteries or the Greek dramatists, down to discussions of metre and accent, a variety of subjects is ably discussed in our general periodicals; yet not one of the writers could hope to receive a sixpence for the most elaborate book he could produce on these subjects after years of toil. About one work in every thirty that issues from the press is paid for. Sometimes the publisher undertakes the risk, sometimes the risk and profit are

shared between the publisher and the author; but mostly the author has all the risk, and risk is pretty well tantamount to loss. Writers of books exhibit every shade of dullness and imbecility; but periodical writers (if we except contributors to some of the trashy publications) must all be men of some ability—they must be up to a certain standard; because, as they do not pay for the fancy of appearing in print, like writers of books, the editor takes care their contributions shall be worth printing.

If the reader wishes to form an idea of the rarity of works paid for by publishers, let him consider the following statement. All poems, all sermons, all works on morals or metaphysics, are, with scarcely an exception, without a price. Novels, when by popular authors, are paid for at prices varying from 100*l.* to 500*l.*; and, in one or two instances, to 1500*l.*; when by authors unknown as novelists, but tolerably known in other departments, they are at the publisher's risk and half profits; when by clergymen, gentlemen of a literary turn, titled ladies, or aspiring clerks, the publisher either consents to print them at his own risk and profit, or else demands a sum of money for the publication, the sum varying from 50*l.* to 200*l.* A first novel is never paid for. One publisher is known to print gratuitously any novel not too wretched, with the understanding that "if it succeeds" (what a latitude!) the author shall be paid "something" (another!) for his second novel. In this way he is enabled to keep up a running fire of new novels, scarcely one of which is ever paid for.

Histories, when mere compilations, are hack-work, and are paid for as such; when laborious works, the authors are often handsomely remunerated. It requires, however, a name, a lucky subject, or some fortunate chance, to get a publisher. Works of science are generally published at the risk of their authors. Unless the book be very striking indeed, an author has a bad chance who publishes his own work. *The trade* can only be efficiently carried on by the trade. A publisher has a hundred ways of "pushing" a book, of which the author never would dream.

Publishing is an expensive luxury, which authors should eschew; yet the delight of appearing in print is so great, that no homily can deter them. A poet was once asked by his publisher how many copies of his poem, then in sheets, he would like to have put up in boards?

"The whole edition," replied the confident author.

"Humph!" said the publisher. "Just as you please; but if you will take my advice, you will only have a dozen or so."

"Why not the whole?" asked the indignant poet.

"Because," answered his adviser, "*it spoils them for waste-paper!*"

In Germany almost every work of any pretension has its price. Works on history, on science, or on metaphysics, unless hopelessly bad, are sure to receive some *honorarium*. A volume of 300 or 400 octavo pages of metaphysics by a second-rate author, we have known to be bought for 40*l.*; a small price, it is true, but in England the author would have been rejoiced to get his work published for nothing. In France it is almost as bad as in England, except that for serious works there is a larger demand, consequently, more chance of the authors being paid.

Nevertheless, as neither in Germany nor in France the sums paid for works are sufficient to reward an author for his labor nor to procure him a subsistence, the condition of authorship in those countries is, in respect of money-payments, decidedly inferior to that in England. Thanks to our periodicals!

With regard to dramatic literature, England is as miserably below France and Germany as those countries are below her in other departments. The theatre in France is the Pactolus of authorship. Its meanest emoluments transcend those of our patent theatres. One of those light sparkling vaudevilles, which a man may throw off easily in a week, if it succeed, is an income. *Le Gamin de Paris* procured for its author his charming *maison de campagne*. In England it would have, perhaps, obtained 10*l.* It is but a little while ago that the manager of the Haymarket, with a view of tempting all the dramatic talent of the country, offered a prize for the best comedy—the magnificent prize of 500*l.*! Let us compare the remuneration for the *libretto* of an opera in five acts at the Académie Royale, quite independently of the remuneration for the music. It should be observed, that every author in repute now demands what are called *les primes*; that is, the sum of 1000 francs per act, which the manager pays for *permission* to read the MS. He is then free to accept it or not. (O dramatists of England! what say ye to that? Would you not almost pay that sum to get your

dramas read in the green-room?) Let us now assume the opera to have "a run" of one hundred nights, this will be the author's receipts:—

	Francs.
Prime de Lecture for five acts, at 1000 francs per act.....	5,000
Sale to the publisher of the libretto.....	3,000
The third part of the sum paid to the composer deducted for the author of the libretto [say the sum of 30,000 francs]....	10,000
For the first twenty performances, at 250 francs each.....	5,000
For the eighty succeeding performances, at 150 francs each.....	12,000
Payments received from performances in the provinces, about.....	5,000
Total,	40,000

Thus, 1600*l.* is the least a librettist would receive. Scribe must have doubled that sum for his *Robert le Diable*, which has been played nearly three hundred times.

Aspirants for the laurels of the English legitimate drama are fortunate, indeed, when, with the most triumphant success, they can obtain 300*l.* for a five-act play; whereas a Dumas or a Scribe receives 200*l.* for permitting the manager to read the MS. of a five-act play. From M. Vivien's *Etudes Administratives* we extract the following interesting particulars relative to the sums received for various five-act tragedies and comedies performed at the Théâtre Français:—

Names of Plays.	No. of Performances.	Author's Share.
Les Templiers	81	22,275 francs.
Les Deux Gendres.....	52	13,416 "
La Fille d'Honneur....	57	14,407 "
Sylla	75	26,625 "
Valérie	67	24,187 "
L'Ecole des Vieillards..	149	38,822 "
Henri III.	76	17,311 "
Hernani	72	14,075 "
Louis XI.*.....	114	17,801 "
Les Enfants d'Edouard .	157	28,413 "
Bertrand et Raton	156	27,491 "
Angelo.....	68	17,221 "
Don Juan D'Autriche..	116	24,867 "
La Camaraderie	87	19,008 "
Mlle. de Belle Isle....	78	20,262 "
Le Verre d'Eau.....	116	24,609 "
Une Chaîne	80	16,268 "

To these sums must be added the prices paid by publishers for the MS. and the *droits de province*; that is, the sums paid by provincial theatres for the right of each performance. Thus Casimir Delavigne must have received at least 60,000 francs for *L'Ecole des Vieillards*. Sheridan Knowles

* This, and the following pieces, received *les primes*, the amount of which is included in the total.

received, for the most successful play of modern times (*The Hunchback*),—how much? Four hundred pounds! This does not include the sale of the book, nor the payments from provincial theatres, but the latter is a very small item in England. In fact, when we state that the *average* amount annually divided amongst the dramatists of France is 1,500,000 francs, we shall enable the reader to estimate the difference which exists between the condition of the dramatist in France and in England.

No wonder that so many men endeavor to achieve dramatic success in France, where the rewards are so tempting; and that men of ability seldom attempt it in England, where, to say nothing of the usual vexations, there is really no money to be gained. Douglas Jerrold, for *Black-Eyed Susan*, received 10*l.*!* In France such a success would have made him an independent man.

What the prices paid to dramatists in Germany may be we know not. We only know the simple fact that the theatre is a lucrative department; indeed the only one in which an author can support himself by his pen. There is a great lack of dramatic talent in Germany; and in this respect England is on a par with it: both stages are supplied by translations of French pieces, varied occasionally by an original work of small value. Karl Gutzkow and Ernst Raupach are the most successful writers for the stage, and reap a tolerable harvest by their works.

We have thus run rapidly over the comparative money payments to authors, and find that in this respect the condition of the English author far surpasses that of his French or German brethren; only with respect to the drama is he at a decided disadvantage. In Germany the pen will support none except the dramatist, and, perhaps, an occasional journalist, who is a proprietor of a periodical. In France a first-rate journalist is well-paid; the others can barely keep soul and body together: a first-rate novelist may earn a scanty livelihood—he must be a Dumas or a Sue to make much money; a dramatist, clever enough to get himself joined with two or three other *collaborateurs*, is sure of a good

income. In England the popular authors in all departments gain prizes; but there are few blanks to men of talent: for a great mass of journalists, critics, essayists, tale writers, jesters, there are means of decent subsistence. Talent commands a price; industry is not unrewarded.

As a specimen of what industry will do, even when backed by very little ability and limited acquirement, we may mention the case of a German, who, after a residence of a few years in England, learned the language sufficiently to write it well enough for biographical dictionaries, cyclopædias, and the like, and then earned something like 600*l.* a year, as a hack-writer on Greek and Roman history and archæology, aided by translations from the German, by editing Latin grammars, and contributing to various works of compilation. In this labor he displayed no talent of any sort, no original thinking, not even remarkable erudition; all he displayed was a ready knowledge of a few text-books, and an untiring perseverance.*

Now let us turn the tables. Having witnessed the superiority of England, let us gaze awhile at its inferiority. In money payments we surpass all nations; our publishers are the most liberal of Mæcenases. But in respect for the profession of literature, and in solicitude for the waning days of its members, we are on a level with the Esquimaux. John Bull is at all times ready to pay. Guineas are tangible, definite, of exchangeable value. But respect, solicitude, anticipative charity, are vague, impalpable motives, which move not his stolid soul. He will pay for a book; he will subscribe for the widow and children of a heart-broken, misery-broken author; but to anticipate that misery by prospective benevolence, is not an idea that would occur to him, or occurring, that would long torment him.

Want of generosity is assuredly not his failing. He whose pension-list is swelled into such plethoric magnitude, does not allow the disgraceful item of a miserable

* That is to say, 10*l.* would have been the sum paid to him had he not been engaged, at a weekly salary, to write for the theatre. It is true that the law of dramatic copyright was not then in force, so that the author lost the advantages derived from its performance in the country.

* Lest this statement, which is perfectly accurate, should mislead any worthy German or Englishman into the idea that 600*l.* a year awaits every hack-writer on classical subjects, we are bound to add, that the individual in question was greatly aided by an excellent connexion amongst people who were able to give him employment. We quote the story, not to rouse others to emulation, but to illustrate the amount of money which an industrious hack, when fortunate, may earn in England.

1200*l.* to be bestowed on Art, Literature, and Science (400*l.* each!), to stand there as a bitter mockery and a lasting shame from any sordid motives. No. Art, Literature, and Science, are so scurvily treated, because they are not respected. The claim of court favorites upon his bounty is not, perhaps, greater than that of an author who has given up his energies to the task of instructing or amusing the world; but the real respect he feels for the court favorite (in spite of all his sneers) is incalculably greater than that felt for the author. He understands how those who have been at court, or been connected with great people, must suffer, unless they are rescued from want; and he consents to pay towards their support. But he is by no means impressed with any horror at an author's destitution. It seems the natural condition of things. It accords with his idea of an author; it is a proper atmosphere for the attic, the broken teacup as an inkstand, and the blanket for all covering. He absolutely thinks it is a pity authors should be otherwise than poor; poverty is the only proper stimulus. To the imagination of nine-tenths of the public (in spite of the lie given to it by almost every author whom they have seen), an author is always more or less of the sort of being drawn by Churchill and Smollett, and still occasionally represented in farces. They cannot divest themselves of the idea. They do not like to be convinced that authors may be gentlemen, who live decently, and know not the sponging-house. Only a few weeks ago a benevolent Cit, delighted with a leader in a newspaper of high standing, sent a ten-pound note enclosed to the editor, for the author! In the simplicity of his heart he thought he was doing an act of charity, instead of offering a poignant insult. He is a type of a large class—who would *not*, however, send ten-pound notes.

Let us not be understood here as arguing in favor of pensions to literary men. We want no government largesse. Pensions are only warrantable in certain instances, and of them hereafter. All we ask for is justice? Simply, the disrespect in which the profession of literature is held. That it is held in disrespect can scarcely be questioned by any competent person. Individual authors are treated with a respect, often exaggerated into servility. Men are proud to have them at their tables, in their country-houses; and are glad to garnish

their commonplaces with anecdotes concerning their "literary friend." You find your fat-headed host scarcely daring to venture an opinion in your presence, and imagining, because you wrote that article in *The Quarterly*, you *must* be a great chess-player, and an incomparable hand at whist. You are asked for autographs; your commonplaces are received as jokes. But all this does not disguise the fact, that the profession of literature is despised—its incurable sin being poverty!

To the proof: In France and Germany a great many minor, and some of the very highest, offices of government are bestowed on literary men. In France, authors are statesmen; and two journalists have become prime ministers. In Germany, authors are not only admitted into office, but there is a vast number of professorships as honorable means of subsistence. In England there are scarcely any professorships, and none that would be conferred on literary men; but there are innumerable government offices of minor importance, now filled by sons of electors, and briefless barristers, not one of which would be bestowed upon literary men. So far from it, a "taint" of literature would generally close office against a man. It is always pleaded that authors are unfit for business. But why unfit? Have they been tried? Are they so different from their brethren in France and Germany, who are not found unfit? Besides, let us look to the facts. A fair sprinkling of literary men have obtained office (*not* on account of their literature!), and is it observed that they are less efficient than others? Macaulay is an author; J. W. Croker is an author; Charles Buller is an author; Henry Taylor is an author;—these are four men who have filled important government offices, and at the same time were reviewers. We need not mention writers of books; nor the authors who honorably fill subordinate places. In fact, the notion about unfitness is utterly absurd. The real cause is the want of respect which John Bull feels for the profession—the inability he feels to conceive an author otherwise than as lazy, impracticable, and poor.

A convincing proof may also be seen in the unwillingness of literary men to own themselves professional authors; they almost all pretend to be barristers or gentlemen at large. An amusing incident happened to the present writer. He went to register the birth of a child. The registrar

happened to know he was an author, and on taking down name, profession, and residence, he said,—

"I believe, sir, you are an author?"

Assent was signified by a bow.

"Humph!" said the registrar, deliberating. "We'll say, *Gent.*"

Accordingly he proceeded to inscribe "*gent*" in his best caligraphy; as he crossed the *t*, however, his mind misgave him, and, looking up with puzzled ingenuousness, he blandly asked,—

"I suppose, sir, *authors rank as gents*?"

His look spoke volumes!

To rescue men of letters from the sad necessity of living "from hand to mouth," and to enable them to labor seriously at serious works, without being haunted by the fear of poverty, without being forced to write down to the popular taste, government's best, and indeed only means is, to institute professorships, and open public offices to authors. It has been said, and with some show of justice, that government has no more to do with the remuneration of authorship, than it has with the remuneration of other professions; literature being for the public, the public will pay for its wants. But in this argument one very important point is overlooked. Literature is a profession in which the author has not only to struggle against his brother authors, but also against a host of interlopers. Authors without engagements cannot step in and eke out their income with a little chancery practice, or a bit of common law; but lawyers without clients can and do step into the field of literature. Thus the professional author is surrounded with rivals, not only as hungry as himself, but willing and able to work for lower wages, because they are not, as he is, solely dependent upon literature. As this state of things is inevitable, it must be evident that some protection would be more justly bestowed upon authors than upon other professions. That protection should not be pensions, but employment.

Pensions there should be, but only for those who are old, or disabled by ill-health. It is ridiculous to name the present amount of the pensions; and somewhat disgraceful has been the bestowment of many of them. Strange that no legislator has the courage to take some step in this direction! No man will deny the claim of a decayed author. The veteran writer, battered in long and hard-fought service—in that service grown old and almost useless, is surely as much

entitled to a pension from government as the veteran soldier. The man who has devoted his talents and energies to the laborious task of improving and amusing mankind, has done the State as much service as the man who has marched at the head of a regiment, even if every march had been followed by a victory. And when he who has battled worthily for our intellectual liberty, who has expanded and refined our souls, who has helped to make us wise, moderate, and humane; when he who has charmed so many a weary hour, and peopled listless days with "fond, familiar thoughts;" when he who has made us kind and gentle, far-thoughted, high-thoughted; when *his* brain is paralysed with age; when the hand which held his pen droops powerless from sickness, and gaunt poverty stands grimly at his door; are we to grudge that pension we so willingly bestow upon the soldier or the sailor? No. The time is not far distant when such an injustice must cease.

How far distant is that time?

RICHTER'S PLAN OF SELF-EDUCATION.—The rules he laid down for himself in the work of self-education are worthy of special notice. First, since life is short in comparison with the work to be accomplished, he aimed at introducing a just economy through all his employments, resolving that, as far as possible, neither his time nor his labor should be without its use. The present was to be managed, that he might fairly look to the future for payment of interest, increasing after compound ratio. He sought for mental food in four principal fields—human life; the works of nature; the "substantial, pure, and good" world of books; and last, but before all the rest, patient reflection. One-half of the day was given to writing; the other half was devoted to exercise in the open air, and to thinking. Like our own Wordsworth, he loved the fair face of Nature, and spent many hours daily in the contemplation of her charms, feeling, as he stepped in the free air, as if he were entering some mighty temple. In prosecuting his plan of noting, he formed a series of handbooks of various branches of science; and in one of these—endorsed "Nature"—he entered all the examples that fell within his notice of a superior contriving mind; in short, he made a handbook of natural theology. As he conceived the scheme of any new work, he sketched an outline of the story and the characters, with some of the thoughts to be worked out, just in the way that a painter makes studies for any great design. Such a book was marked "Quarry." His "Quarry for Titan" was found to occupy seventy closely-printed pages. Perceiving, as all great artists must do, the value of a command over language, he was at great pains to mark the various meanings of which words are susceptible. He commenced a dictionary of synonyms, to which he never afterwards ceased adding. Of one word he actually discovered two hundred nice shades of signification.—*Monthly Prize Essays.*

From *Lowe's Magazine*.

SIR HENRY VANE.

SIR HENRY VANE the younger was born about the year 1612. He was the eldest son of Sir Henry Vane of Hadlow, in the county of Kent,* Knight, Comptroller of the Household and Secretary of State to King Charles the First. Vane received the first part of his education at Westminster School, where, says Anthony Wood,† he was bred with Sir Arthur Haselrig, Thomas Scot, the regicide, and other notorious anti-monarchists. According to the same authority, about the sixteenth year of his age, he became a gentleman commoner of Magdalen Hall in Oxford; but when he should have been matriculated as a member of the University, and taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, he quitted his gown, put on a cloak, and studied notwithstanding for some time in that hall. He then spent some time in France, and more in Geneva, where he contracted a deep aversion towards the Government and Liturgy of the Church of England. On his return home, his father, being comptroller of the household and a privy councillor, was greatly displeased on discovering the heterodox state of his son's opinions. The case being represented to the King, Charles prescribed for young Vane a course of discipline under Laud, then Bishop of London. The effect of Laud's discipline was to complete what Geneva had begun, and to confirm the mind of the intended proselyte in a thorough and ineradicable disgust for Prelacy.

In 1635,‡ for conscience sake, he went with some Non-conformists to the infant colony of New England. He had abstained two years from taking the sacrament in England, because he could get nobody to administer it to him to his mind. He was

* Ludlow describes Vane's family as being of Durham, but the author of "Regicides no Saints" says it had no connexion with the north till Sir Henry Vane, the father of the subject of this Memoir, got Raby under a grant of King Charles I. They derive themselves from Howellap Vane, of Monmouthshire, one of whose descendants altered his name from Vane to Fane. He had four sons—Henry Richard, ancestor of the Earl of Westmoreland. Thomas, and John, ancestor of Sir Henry Vane. Henry, the father of the subject of this article, returned to the ancient spelling of his name, writing himself Henry Vane.—*Biog. Brit. Art. Vane, Note.*

† *Ath. Oxon, Art. Vane.*

‡ *Strafford's Letters and Dispatches*, vol. i., p. 463.

no sooner landed in New England, than his abilities, and probably his rank, attracted notice, so that, when the next election of magistrates came on, he was chosen governor. But his unquiet and working fancy raised so many scruples of conscience, which they had never heard of before, and produced such dissensions, that the sober part, observing his conduct, concerted such measures among themselves, as put an end to his government at the next election.

Some time after, about 1637,* he returned to England. He appeared to be much reformed from his extravagances, and, with his father's approbation and direction, married a lady of a good family. He was likewise, through his father's interest with Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, then Lord High Admiral of England, joined with Sir William Russell in the office of Treasurer of the Navy, a place of great trust and profit.

About this time Vane conceived a disgust with the measures of the King and Court, which his enemies made no scruple of ascribing to resentment, on account of some slights and injuries received by his father and himself at the hands of Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards the unhappy Earl of Strafford. The history of the times, and the character of the man, may sufficiently explain the conduct he pursued without so poor an imputation. At all events, in joining the Puritan and Constitutional party, he allied himself with the best spirits of the age; and such was now the opinion beginning to be entertained of his abilities and statesman-like qualities, that the borough of Kingston-upon-Hull chose him, without the least application on his part,‡ one of their representatives in the Parliament which met at Westminster, April 13th, 1640, and again in the Long Parliament, which began the 3d of November in the same year. And in this station, says Ludlow, "he soon made appear how capable he was of managing great affairs, possessing, in the highest perfection, a quick and ready apprehension, a strong and tenacious memory, a profound and penetrating judgment, a just and noble eloquence, with an easy and graceful manner of speak-

* *Strafford's Letters and Dispatches*, vol. ii., p. 116.

† *Ludlow*, vol. iii., p. 110.

ing. To these were added a singular zeal and affection for the good of the Commonwealth, and a resolution and courage not to be shaken or diverted from the public service." Bishop Burnet,* however, represents him as naturally a very fearful man, whose head was as darkened in his notions of religion as his mind was clouded with fear. But this imputation of Burnet is in opposition, not only to the testimony of Ludlow, but to the whole of Vane's public conduct recorded in history.†

During the Earl of Strafford's trial, Secretary Vane being out of town, sent a letter to his son, together with the keys of his study, desiring him to look in his cabinet for some papers he wanted, and send them to him. Young Vane, in looking over many papers to find those his father wanted, lighted upon some notes which appeared of great importance. He showed them to Pym, who advised him to make use of them in the evidence against Strafford—a line of conduct questionable, to say the least of it. Another act of his life is less questionable. Having been appointed sole Treasurer of the Navy, and considering the fees which, by reason of the war, amounted to little less than L. 30,000 a year, as too much for a private subject, he gave up his patent which he had for life from Charles I. to the Parliament, desiring only that L.2000 a year should go to an agent he had bred up to the business, and the remainder be applied to the purposes of the State. This was done, and the usage of a fixed salary has continued ever since in that office.

When the Independents sprang up, Vane declared himself one of their leaders. It is said that, even at the time he distinguished himself as the great contriver and promoter of the Solemn League and Covenant, he had a great aversion to Presbyterianism.

Of Vane's religious characteristics, Lord Clarendon gives a lively and highly-colored description, when he says, "Vane was a man not to be described by any character of religion, in which he had swallowed some of the fancies and extravagances of every sect or faction, and was become (which cannot be expressed by any other language than was peculiar to that time) *a man above ordinances*, unlimited or unrestrained by any rules or bounds prescribed to other men, by reason of his perfection. He was

a perfect enthusiast, and, without doubt, did believe himself inspired, which so far corrupted his reason and understanding (which in all matters without the verge of religion was superior to that of most men), that he did at some time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."*

Anthony Wood—also not a very competent judge in such matters, any more than his Lordship—uses, as might be expected, still harsher terms. "In sum he was the Proteus of the times, a mere hotch-potch of religion, chief ring-leader of all the frantic sectarians,—of a turbulent spirit and working brain—of a strong composition of choler and melancholy,—an inventor, not only of whimsies in religion, but also of crotchets in the State (as his several models testify), and composed only of treason, ingratitude, and baseness."†

These descriptions, translated into the language of real religion, from that of caricature and contempt, present to us a man of many whims, perhaps, but of a deep-toned and high-souled devotedness to things unseen, such as alone, in that era, could command the spiritual mind.

But, alas for human frailty! Even enthusiasm in religion is apt to suit itself with devices of worldly wisdom. In the Treaty of the Isle of Wight in 1648, having now determined to procure, if possible, a change in the Government, Vane used all his efforts to retard any conclusion with the King, till the army could be brought up to London; and for that purpose amused the King's party by the offer of a toleration for the common prayer and the Episcopal clergy. In June, 1647, he was one of the commissioners sent to the army, to acquaint them with what the Parliament had done, in accordance with their wishes, and to persuade them to a compliance with the Parliament. He did not approve of the force put upon the Parliament by the army, nor of the King's execution, withdrawing for some time from the scene while these things were acted.

Upon the establishment of the Commonwealth in February, 1648-9, he was appointed one of the Council of State,‡ and, in 1652, he was for a time president of the same council, being then also one of the commissioners of the navy. On the 9th of January, 1649-50, he made the report to the

* Vol. i., p. 685.

† See note to folio 188 of the Account of the Trial of Sir Henry Vane, in Cobbett's State Trials, vol. vi.

* History, vol. vi., pp. 695-6, 8vo.

† Ath. Oxon. Ibid.

‡ Whitelock's, p. 331.

House of Commons, from the committee appointed to consider of the manner of electing future Parliaments.* Towards the end of the year 1651, he was nominated one of the commissioners that were to be sent into Scotland in order to introduce the English government there, and effect a union between the two kingdoms. What service he rendered there, we need not now inquire. The religion of Scotland was then a problem as insoluble to the Republicans as to the Royalists of England, and with all his dexterity Vane succeeded neither in harmonizing the two parties of the Resolutioners and Protesters in the Kirk, nor in making them neutralize one another.

But while Sir Henry Vane was doing notable things, as Lord Clarendon says, in Scotland, in cozening and deceiving this or that set of men, there was another employed in doing certain things still more notable in London, laying plans and plots still more deep, and not only "cozening and deceiving" men and nations of men, but thrashing them too. The name of this latter notable individual was Oliver Cromwell. The leaders of the early period of the Long Parliament, Hampden and Pym, were dead. Their most formidable opponents, Laud and Strafford, had also vanished from the scene. There remained no one perhaps, who, in merely civil and parliamentary abilities, could cope with Vane, at once subtle, sagacious, and eloquent. "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel, old." So says John Milton, one who knew the man. But Milton, who also knew "Cromwell, our chief of men," as he calls him, ought to have known better than to suppose that there ever was a time when "gowns, not arms, repelled the fierce Epirote and the African bold." People who admire fine speakers may regret that Henry Vane did not rule England instead of Oliver Cromwell. But that was a time in which work was to be done which neither fine gentlemen nor fine speakers, nor even mere fine reasoners, could do. For in truth, at such times, your fine reasoners are apt to be found too fine; and Oliver's somewhat rude but unquestionably pious exclamation, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!" is somewhat palliated, when we think of the victor of Naseby and Dunbar thwarted by hair-splitting distinctions, captious objections, and interminable crotchets, made to fly as thick in the halls of

Westminster as did the bullets in any of his own hard-fought fields.

Vane seems to have imagined that he could successfully oppose Cromwell by the use of his own weapon. He went about among the Anabaptists and Fifth-monarchy men preaching and praying. But Sir Henry forgot one thing: Oliver preached and prayed, indeed, but he also fought. Vane, however, had more prudence than to have recourse to the sword. He tried what the pen would do. In 1656, being summoned before the Council, he was charged by the Protector with disaffection to the government, which he had displayed in a late book, published by him, with a seditious intention, entitled "A Healing Question propounded and resolved." Sir Henry did not disown his dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs. He acknowledged the writing of the book, and also the publishing, though in terms sufficiently dark and mysterious, as his manner was. Whereupon Cromwell ordered him to give security by a certain day not to disturb the peace of the nation, or to stand committed. The time being expired, he appeared again before the Council, and delivered into Cromwell's own hand another paper, containing the reasons of his disapproving the present usurpation, and a friendly advice to him to return to his duty, with some justification of his own conduct with regard to the public. But, notwithstanding all this, and various reasons alleged by him by way of excusing himself from giving the demanded security (one of which was the summons sent him to appear in Parliament), he was sent prisoner to Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.* Being released thence, December 31, 1656, he repaired to London, where he met with another kind of persecution, in an attempt to challenge his title to his estates, while he was, at the same time, privately informed that he should be freed from this or any other inquisition, and have whatever else he could desire in case he would comply with the present authority.† But Vane remained inflexible, and continued to oppose the Protector.

Great endeavors were used to keep Vane out of Richard's Parliament in 1659. The returning officers at Hull and Bristol were directed not to return him, though he is said to have had the majority of votes. He

* Biog. Brit., Parl. Hist., Wood, Ash, &c.

* Wood. Ath. Ox., Biog. Brit.

† Biog. Brit. Ludlow, vol. ii, p. 594.

was at last chosen for Whitechurch in Hampshire, through the interest of Robert Wallop, Esq. In Parliament, he and other republicans labored to overturn the establishment of a Protector and two Houses of Parliament, and to introduce a Commonwealth. As might be expected, considering respectively their abilities and those of the new Protector, they soon lessened Richard's power, and gained an ascendant over his party, to which a speech of Vane's is said to have not a little contributed. It is curious to observe the license in which Vane indulges in speaking of a man who was then substantially and *de facto* king of England. Of this license the following passage will serve as a specimen. After alluding to Richard as "an idiot without courage, without sense, nay, without ambition," he thus proceeds, "One could bear a little with Oliver Cromwell, though, contrary to his oath of fidelity to the Parliament—contrary to his duty to the public—contrary to the respect he owed to that venerable body from whom he received his authority, he usurped the government. His merit was so extraordinary, that our judgments, our passions might be blinded by it. He made his way to the empire by the most illustrious actions; he had under his command an army that had made him a conqueror, and a people that had made him their general. But as for Richard Cromwell his son, who is he? What are his titles? We have seen that he had a sword by his side, but did he ever draw it? And, what is of more importance in this case, is he fit to get obedience from a mighty nation, who could never make a footman obey him? Yet we must recognise this man as our king, under the style of Protector! a man without birth, without courage, without conduct. For my part, I declare, Sir, it shall never be said that I made such a man my master."*

After Richard's abdication, the Long Parliament that had been restored by a general council of the officers of the army, constituted Sir Henry Vane one of the Com-

* There might be some excuse for Vane's railing against Richard Cromwell; but we see no reason why men of the present day should call him a "foolish Ishbosheth," because, feeling himself endowed only with the virtues of private life, he had the honesty and good sense to retire to a private station. Mrs. Hutchinson has well drawn his character in a few words: "He was a meek, temperate, and quiet man, but had not a spirit fit to succeed his father, or to manage such a perplexed government."—Vol. ii., p. 218, 8vo. edit.

mittee of Safety, the 9th of May; and the 13th of the same month, one of the Council of State.* On the 26th he was appointed the first of the seven Commissioners for managing the affairs of the Admiralty, and in September President of the Council. About this time he proposed a new model of Government, the substance of which was: (1.) That the supreme power, delegated by the people to their trustees, ought to be in some fundamentals not dispensed with. (2.) That it is destructive to the people's liberties (to which, by God's blessing, they are fully restored) to admit any earthly king or single person to the legislative or executive power over this nation. (3.) The supreme power delegated is not intrusted to the people's trustees, to erect matters of faith and worship, so as to exercise compulsion therein.†

There was a short period during which Vane possessed a large portion of the supreme authority or sovereignty. This was when the officers of the army, who held their meetings at Wallingford-house, chose the Committee of Safety, with powers to call delinquents to trial; to suppress rebellions; to treat with foreign states, &c. It is evident that whoever had the chief sway in this Committee, exercised for the time being the sovereignty. Now of this Committee, the Chief were Lambert and Vane.‡ Consequently, at this time, Vane may be considered as possessing more power than at any other, although it is pretty evident, that if any struggle should have occurred between Vane and Lambert for the sole exercise of that power which they may then

* Whitelock, pp. 677, 678.

† An anecdote mentioned by Ludlow, and belonging to this period, shows the sincerity and earnestness of Vane's zeal for the Commonwealth. "Colonel Cromwell perceiving it to be to no purpose to stay longer in Ireland, departed for London, and being arrived, acquainted me with the time that he designed to attend the Council of State, and desired me that I would be present; but I could not, for the house of Hampton Court having been ordered to be sold that day, which place I thought very convenient for the retirement of those that were employed in public affairs when they should be indisposed in the summer season, I resolved to endeavor to prevent the sale of it, and accordingly procured a motion, to be made at the sitting down of the house to that end, which took effect as I desired. For this I was very much blamed by my good friend Sir Henry Vane, as a thing that was contrary to the interest of a commonwealth; he said that such places might justly be accounted amongst those things that proved temptations to ambitious men, and exceedingly tend to sharpen their appetite to ascend the throne."—Ludlow, p. 258.

‡ See Hobbes's Behemoth, p. 327.

be considered as sharing between them, Vane would have had scarcely a shadow of chance against Lambert, to whom (as was said) Cromwell had promised the succession, who was a great favorite with the army, the greatest after Cromwell, and who, moreover, had just obtained a victory in Cheshire, and had got the consent of his soldiers to a petition to the House, that a General might be set up in the army, conformably to an axiom, ascribed by Hobbes* to Sir Henry Vane, that it was unfit that the army should be judged by any power extrinsic to itself.

But while they were talking and writing with the utmost confidence about the "Ready and easy way to establish a Free Commonwealth," Monk stepped in with the old Monarchy in his hand; and the hopes of Lambert, and the visions of Vane, and the aspirations of Ludlow, shared the same fate, and the reign of the strong saints who were "to destroy and pull down Babylon, and bind kings in chains, and nobles in fetters of iron," was, for the present at least, at an end upon earth.

Vane, like Ludlow and other staunch republicans, was disgusted and indignant at the proceedings of Monk.† When fresh forces were raised, Vane was nominated commander of a regiment of foot. This was the only military employment he ever had; indeed, it could scarcely be termed an employment, since, as he himself states at his trial, he only lent his name, since he neither courted nor desired military employment, for which, he remarks, neither his inclination nor his habits had fitted him. Yet this appointment was made one of the chief articles in the indictment upon his trial.

Upon the King's restoration, being conscious to himself of having done nothing in relation to public affairs for which he could not willingly and cheerfully suffer, he came up and continued at his house in Hampstead near London. But on the 11th June, 1660, the House of Commons resolved that he should be one of the twenty persons to be excepted out of the act of general

pardon and oblivion for, and in respect only of, such pains, penalties, and forfeitures, not extending to life, as should be thought fit to be inflicted on him. In July he was committed to the Tower.

In January, 1660-1, an insurrection of the Fifth-monarchy men broke out. Sir Henry Vane, almost the only person of talent and station who had countenanced them, and written in favor of their principles (for the mass appear to have been weak enthusiasts), being looked upon by the court with a jealous eye, was removed from one prison to another, and at last to the isle of Scilly. The Lords and Commons had, in August, 1660, joined in a petition to the King that "if he were attainted, yet execution as to his life might be remitted," to which his majesty returned a favorable answer. But in July, 1661, the Commons had so far altered their sentiments as to order that he should be proceeded against according to law, and for that purpose he was sent for back to the Tower of London.

On Monday the 2d of June, 1662, Sir Henry Vane was arraigned, having been indicted of high treason, before the Middlesex Grand Jury the preceding term. The indictment was for high treason, evidenced by consulting with others, to bring the King to destruction, and to hold him out from the exercise of his regal authority; and then usurping the Government, and appointing officers of the army raised against the King; as also assembling in a warlike manner.* It is clear that this indictment was applicable to almost every person concerned in the Government from the death of the late King, whose death is not laid to Sir Henry's charge, though it was the only crime which his Majesty declared that he desired should be capitally punished. The indictment being read, the prisoner moved several exceptions to it, and he pressed much for counsel to be allowed him, which was denied him till he should plead *guilty* or *not guilty*. Being urged he pleaded *not guilty*, the court having assured him beforehand, that after pleading, counsel should be assigned him, which solemn assurance it was not ashamed to violate.†

On Friday, the 6th of June, the Sheriff returned forty-eight freeholders of the county of Middlesex, thirty-two of whom

* Hobbes's Behemoth, p. 326.

† The following trait, mentioned by Ludlow, is curious. "And that nothing might be wanting to complete this scene, Monk's wife took especial care to treat the wives of the members that came to visit her, running herself to fetch the sweetmeats, and filling out wine for them, not forgetting to talk mightily of self-denial, and how much it was upon her husband's heart that the Government might be settled in the way of a Commonwealth."—p. 313, fol. 1751.

* Tryal of Sir Henry Vane, Kt., 1662, p. 19. State Trials, vol. vi., fol. 142.

† Ibid., 1662, p. 21 et seq. Ibid., 143.

having been challenged by the prisoner, he had a jury of twelve men sworn. The Attorney-General having addressed the jury, Sir Henry was required to make his defence, and to go through with his case all at once, and not to reply again upon the King's counsel, who resolved to have the last word to the jury. Vane's defence, like his accusation, was technical; and, therefore, to give the details of it would, we conceive, be neither very interesting nor very instructive. Finch, the Solicitor-General, afterwards addressed the jury, who, having then withdrawn for about half an hour, returned with their verdict, which found the prisoner guilty of high treason from January 30, 1648. They not only found him guilty according to the indictment, which was laid for what the prisoner did in 1659; but for a long series of high treason (as they reckon) from January 30, 1648. The trial lasted ten hours.

Sir Henry spoke in his defence, though often interrupted by the court, with great spirit and courage. Among other things he said, "That if he were excepted (from pardon), then must he be judged for the crime of the whole nation; and that crime must be ravelled into through him: that the case is such as never yet fell out; to wit, that the government being intrusted to three estates, they should so fall out among themselves, as the people cannot tell which to obey; that where these great changes fall out, it is not possible for any man to proceed according to all formalities of law. That there was a political power, by the act of 17 Caroli, co-ordinate with the King; and where these powers are not in conjunction, but in enmity to each other, no court, inferior to the parliament, by whose authority these things were acted, ought to be judges of this case, which certainly never happened before. He offered the following points to be considered, and prayed earnestly to have counsel assigned him, to speak to them:

"1. Whether the collective body of the Parliament can be impeached of high treason?

"2. Whether any person, acting by authority of Parliament, can (so long as he acteth by that authority) commit treason?

"3. Whether matters, acted by that authority, can be called in question in an inferior court?

"4. Whether a king *de jure*, and out of possession, can have treason committed against him, he not being king *de facto*,

and in actual possession? and prayed it might be argued by counsel."

Of the chance Vane had for life, and of the King's inclination to avail himself of the verdict obtained against him, the following letter, written on the 7th June, 1662, by Charles to his worthy Chancellor, the virtuous Lord Clarendon, affords ample evidence. The letter is dated, "*Hamton Court, Saturday*, two in the afternoon."

"The relation that hath been made to me of Sir H. Vane's carriage yesterday, in the hall, is the occasion of this letter, which, if I am rightly informed, was so insolent, as to justify all he had done, acknowledging no supreme power in *England*, but a parliament, and many things to that purpose. You have had a true account of all, and if he has given new occasion to be hanged, certainly he is too dangerous a man to lett live, if we can honestly put him out of the way. Thinke of this, and give me some accounte of it to-morrow: till when, I have no more to say to you.

"To the Chancellour."*

On Wednesday, June the 11th, being the sentence day, they finally refused to hear his plea and reasons for an arrest of judgment. They had promised him before verdict they would hear anything of that kind he had to offer; as they had also, before his pleading *not guilty*, promised him counsel, which never was granted. They drew him on, step by step, first, to plead on his arraignment day, then to admit the jury's verdict on his trial day (so called, for he never owned it for a legal trial to his last breath). After that, out came the sentence of death against him, pronounced by the Lord Chief Justice Forster, and that of the worst description, and attended with the most infamous circumstances, to wit, that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, the common place of execution for thieves and robbers, for the rancor of his infamous enemies would have denied to the desecrated remains of their murdered victim even the decencies of the grave.

But in the orders for his execution, the manner of his death was altered into a beheading only, on Tower-hill, to which place he was carried on a sled drawn with horses—a circumstance very singular, and never used for those that die there, and of which he was kept ignorant till the very time; one of the Sheriff's men having told him

* Harris's Life of Charles II., vol. ii., p. 34.

that morning a little before, that there was to be no sled, but that he was to walk on foot.

When Sir Henry saw, during the last day's proceedings of the court, that they would overrule him in everything, and were bent upon his condemnation, he put up his papers, appealing to the righteous judgment of God, who (he told them) must judge them as well as him, often expressing his satisfaction to die upon this testimony, to which Kneeling, one of the King's council, insultingly answered, "So you may, Sir, in good time, by the grace of God."

After sentence given, Chief Justice Foster endeavored to take off the King from any obligation by the grant to the petition of both Houses, saying, "That God, though full of mercy, yet extended his mercy only to the penitent." The King's letter, which we have already given, will prove that that must have been no very difficult matter.

Vane's "Reasons for an Arrest of Judgment," which the court refused to hear, are drawn up with great acuteness, and extend to considerable length. The following passage may perhaps be considered as containing the pith of his case:—

"My case is evidently new and unusual—that which never happened before; wherein there is not only much of God and of his glory, but all that is dear and of true value to all the good people in these three nations. And (as I have said) it cannot be treason against the law of nature, since the duties of the subjects in relation to their sovereigns and superiors, from highest to lowest, are owned and conscientiously practised and yielded by those that are the assertors of this cause. Nor can it be treason within the statute of 25 Ed. III.; since, besides what hath been said of no king in possession, and of being under powers *regnant* and king *de facto*, as also of the fact in its own nature, and the evidence as to overt acts pretended, it is very plain it cannot possibly fall within the purview of that statute. For this case, thus circumstantiated, as before declared, is no act of any private person of his own head, as that statute intends; nor in relation to the king there meant, that is presumed to be in the exercise of his royal authority in conjunction with the law of the two Houses of Parliament, if they be sitting, as the fundamental constitutions of the Government do require."

He thus concludes these reasons:—

"My Lords, if I have been free and plain with you in this matter, I beg your pardon; for it concerns me to be so, and something more than ordinarily urgent, when both my estate and life are in such imminent peril; nay, more than my life, the concerns of thousands of lives are in it, not only

of those that are in their graves already, but of all posterity in time to come. Had nothing been in it but the care to preserve my own life, I needed not have stayed in England, but might have taken my opportunity to have withdrawn myself into foreign parts to provide for my own safety; nor needed I to have been put upon pleading, as I now am, for an *arrest of judgment*, but would have watched upon advantages that were visible enough to me, in the managing of my trial, if I had consulted only the preservation of my life or estate.

"No, my Lords, I have otherwise learned Christ, than to fear them that can but kill the body, and have no more that they can do. I have also taken notice, in the little reading that I have had of history, how glorious the very heathens have rendered their names to posterity, in the contempt they have showed of death, when the laying down of their life has appeared to be their duty, from the love which they have owed to their country."

Up to the time of the sentence, Vane had continued with unabated spirit the intellectual struggle for his life. He disputed the ground inch by inch, and the perilous position in which he stood did not take from him the power of the most collected exertion of his mind. After the sentence, he made up his mind for death, with a composure and resolution which might have been expected from the sincerity of his convictions and the strength of his enthusiasm. For, whatever might be his infirmities and his faults, Vane was no hollow image, but a substance and a reality—an earnest and energetic man—"not slothful in business, fervent in spirit."

On the day before his execution, some of his friends having attempted to persuade him to make his submission to the King, and by that means endeavor to save his life, he said, "If the King did not think himself more concerned for his honor and word than *he* did for his life, he was very willing that they should take it. Nay, he declared, that he valued his life less in a good cause than the King could do his promise." And when some others spoke to him of giving some thousands of pounds for his life, he said, "If a thousand farthings would gain it, he would not give it; and if any should attempt to make such a bargain, he would spoil their market: for I think the King himself is so sufficiently obliged to spare my life, that it is fitter for him to do it than myself to seek it." He knew that he had lived and labored not for himself alone, nor even for his country, but for all nations and all generations of mankind; and he felt or believed that he would live in the admiration of all posterity, when the obscene tyrant who signed his death-warrant, and the

ribald slaves who exulted over the fallen statesman, would but exist as the objects of its execration or its contempt. But he had other and better grounds of support and confidence in his hour of extremity than this. The "iron scourge and torturing hour" of man's earthly and impotent vengeance, were but to him the keys that unlocked the gates of an eternal Paradise. He could look upon the most appalling death but as a brief and glorious passage to that immortal state—to that everlasting commonwealth in which he should see, what on earth he had desired to see in vain, the highest wisdom and the purest virtue seated in the most exalted place, and where his unresting spirit would meet at last with that freedom and that happiness which here it could never find.

On Friday, June 13th, the day before his execution, his children having come to take their leave of him, he said, as he kissed them, "The Lord bless you, he will be a better Father to you; I must now forget that ever I knew you. I can willingly leave this place and outward enjoyments, for those I shall meet with hereafter in a better country. I have made it my business to acquaint myself with the society of heaven. Be not you troubled, for I am going home to my Father."

Much has been said of the *darkness* of Vane's prayers. The following are passages of his prayer with his wife, children, and friends, in his chamber, on the morning of his execution. The reader will judge whether it is particularly dark:—

"Most holy and gracious Father, look down from the habitation of thy holiness; visit, relieve, and comfort us thy poor servants, here gathered together in the name of Christ. Thou art rending this veil, and bringing us to a mountain that abides firm. * * * Thou art the great Judge and Lawgiver; for the sake of thy servants, therefore, O Lord, return on high, and cause a righteous sentence to come forth from thy presence, for the relief of thy despised people. * * * The day approaches in which thou wilt decide this controversy, not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Living God. This Spirit will make its own way, and run through the whole earth. Then shall it be said, *Where is the fury of the oppressor?* Who is he that dares or can stand before the Spirit of the Lord, in the mouth of his witnesses? *Arise, O Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered.* Thy poor servant knows not how he shall be carried forth by thee this day; but, blessed be thy great name, that he hath whereof to speak in this great cause. When I shall be gathered to thee this day, then come thou in the ministry of thy holy angels that excel in strength.

We have seen enough of this world, and thou seest we have enough of it: Let these, my friends, that are around about me, commit me to the Lord, and let them be gathered to the family of Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, and become faithful witnesses of those principles and truths that have been discovered to them, that it may be known that a poor weak prophet hath been amongst them, not by the words of his mouth only, but by the voice of his blood and death, which will speak when he is gone. * * *

My hour-glass is now turned up, the sand runs out apace, and it is my happiness that death doth not surprise me. * * * Little do my enemies know (as eager as they are to have me gone) how soon their breaths may be drawn in.*

"Oh! what abjuring of light! what treachery! what meanness of spirit has appeared in this day! . . . Lord, strengthen the faith and heart of thy poor servant, to undergo this day's work with joy and gladness, and bear it on the heart and consciences of his friends that have known and seen him, that they also may say, the Lord is in him of a truth.

"Oh! that thy servant could speak any blessing to these three nations. Let thy remnant be gathered to thee. Prosper and relieve that poor handful that are in prisons and bonds, that they may be raised up and trample death under foot. Let my poor family that is left desolate—let my dear wife and children be taken into thy care; be thou a husband, father, and master to them. Let the spirit of those that love me be drawn out towards them."

He encouraged his friends to cheerfulness, as well by his example as by his words. In all his deportment he showed himself marvellously fitted to meet the King of Terrors without the least affright. He said, death shrunk from him, rather than he from it. On parting with his relations, he said, "There is some flesh remaining yet, but I must cast it behind me, and press forward to my Father."

Then one of the Sheriff's men came in and told him that there was to be no sled, but he was to walk on foot.

He told his friends that the Sheriff's chaplain came to him at twelve o'clock that night, with an order for his execution, telling him, he was come to bring him the fatal message of death. "I think, friends," continued Sir Henry, "that in this message was no dismalness at all; after the receipt of which, I slept four hours so soundly, that the Lord hath made it sufficient for me, and now I am going to sleep my last, after which I shall need sleep no more."

* This was the 14th of June, 1662. On the 10th of July, 1663, articles of high treason were exhibited against Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, in the House of Lords.—State Trials, vol. II., fol. 553.

Then, the Sheriff coming into the room, was saluted by him in a friendly manner, and, after a little pause, communicated a prohibition that he said he had received, which was, that he must not speak anything against his Majesty or the Government. His answer to this he himself relates on the scaffold. He further told the Sheriff he was ready; but the Sheriff said he was not, nor could be this half hour yet. "Then, Sir, it rests on you, not on me," said Sir Henry, "for I have been ready this half hour." Then the Sheriff, at his request, promised him his servants should attend him on the scaffold, and be civilly dealt with; neither of which promises was performed, for they were beaten, and kept off the scaffold, till he said, "What? have I never a servant here?"

After this, one of the Sheriff's men came and told him there must be a sled—a circumstance very singular, and never used to those who are executed at that place—to which Sir Henry replied, "Any way; how they please; for I long to be at home, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, which is best of all." He went very cheerfully and readily down the stairs from his chamber, and, having seated himself on the sled, his friends and servants standing round him, was forthwith drawn away towards the scaffold. As he went, some in the Tower, prisoners as well as others, spake to him, praying the Lord to go with him; and, after he was out of the Tower, the people, from the tops of houses, and out of windows, used such means and gestures as might best discover, at a distance, their respect and love to him, crying aloud, "The Lord go with you! The great God of heaven and earth appear in you, and for you!" whereof he took what notice he was capable in those circumstances, in a cheerful manner, accepting their respect, taking off his hat and bowing to them. Being asked several times how he did by some about him, he answered, "Never better in all my life." Another replied, "How should he do ill that suffers for so glorious a cause?" to which a tall black man said, "Many suffered for a better cause"—"And many for a worse," said Sir Henry, wishing "that, when they came to seal their *better cause* (as he called it) with their blood, as he was now going to seal his, they might not find themselves deceived;" "and as to this cause," added he, "it hath given life in death to all the owners of it, and sufferers for it."

As he passed within the rails on Tower-hill, there were many loud acclamations of the people, crying out, "The Lord Jesus go with your dear soul," &c. One told him, that was the most glorious seat he ever sat on; he answered, "It is so indeed."

Having arrived at the scaffold, he cheerfully ascended, and the crowd on the scaffold having divided to make way for him, he showed himself to the people on the front of the scaffold with that noble and Christian-like deportment, that he rather seemed a looker-on than the person concerned in the execution, insomuch that it was difficult to persuade many of the people that he was the prisoner. But when they knew that the gentleman with the black suit and cloak (with a scarlet silk waistcoat, the victorious color, showing itself at the breast) was the prisoner, they greatly admired the noble collectedness of his presence.

Silence was now commanded by the Sheriff, and Vane, first lifting up his hands and eyes towards heaven, and then resting his hands on the rails of the scaffold, took, says the contemporary account, a very serious, composed, and majestic view of the great multitude around him, and then spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, Fellow-countrymen, and Christians!

"When Mr. Sheriff came to me this morning, and told me he had received a command from the King that I should say nothing reflecting upon his Majesty or the Government, I answered I should confine and order my speech as near as I could, so as to be least offensive, saving my faithfulness to the trust reposed in me, which I must ever discharge with a good conscience unto death; for I ever valued a man according to his faithfulness to the trust reposed in him, even on his Majesty's behalf, in the late controversy. And if you dare trust my discretion, Mr. Sheriff, I shall do nothing but what becomes a good Christian and an Englishman; and so I hope I shall be civilly dealt with.

"When Mr. Sheriff's chaplain came to me last night about twelve of the clock, to bring me, as he called it, the fatal message of death, it pleased the Lord to bring that Scripture to my mind in the third of Zechary, to intimate to me that he was now taking away my filthy garments, causing my iniquities to pass from me, with intention to give me change of raiment, and that my mortal should put on immortality.

"I suppose you may wonder when I shall tell you that I am not brought hither according to any known law of the land. It is true, I have been before a court of justice, and am now going to appear before a greater tribunal, where I am to give an account of all my actions; under their sentence I stand here at this time. When I was before them, I could not have the liberty and privilege of an *Englishman*, the grounds, reasons, and causes of the actings I was charged with duly considered; I therefore desired the judges that they would set their seals to my bill of exceptions; I pressed hard for it again and again, as the right of myself and every free-born Englishman, by the law of the land, but was finally denied it."

Here Sir John Robinson (Lieutenant of the Tower) interrupted him, saying, "Sir, you must not go on thus," and (in a furious manner, generally observed even to the dissatisfaction of some of their own attendants) said, that he railed against the judges, and that it was a lie, and I am here, said he, to testify that it is false.

Sir Henry Vane replied, "God will judge between me and you in this matter. I speak but matter of fact, and cannot you hear that? 'Tis evident the judges have refused to sign my bill of exceptions——." Then the trumpets were ordered to sound in his face, to hinder his being heard; at which Sir Henry, lifting up his hand, and then laying it on his breast, said, "What mean you, gentlemen? Is this your usage of me? Did you use all the rest so? I had even done as to that, could you have been patient; but seeing you cannot bear it, I shall only say this, *That whereas the judges have refused to seal that with their hands that they have done,* I come to seal that with my blood that I have done.* Therefore, leaving this matter, which I perceive will not be borne, I judge it meet to give you some account of my life.

"I might tell you, I was born a gentleman; had the education, temper, and spirit of a gentleman, as well as others; being, in my youthful days, inclined to the vanities of this world, and to that which they call good-fellowship, judging it to be the only means of accomplishing a gentleman. But about the fourteenth or fifteenth year of my

* "And if, either in his directions or decisions, the judge misstates the law by ignorance, inadvertence, or design, the counsel on either side may require him publicly to seal a *bill of exceptions*; stating the point wherein he is supposed to err; and this he is obliged to seal by statute, Westw. 2, 13 Edw. i. c. 31."—Blackstone's Commentaries, B. iii., c. 23.

age (which is about thirty-four or five years since), God was pleased to lay the foundation or groundwork of repentance in me, for the bringing me home to himself, by his wonderful, rich, and free grace, revealing his Son in me, that, by the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, I might (even whilst here in the body) be made partaker of eternal life, in the first fruits of it.

"When my conscience was thus awakened, I found my former course to be disloyalty to God, profaneness, and a way of sin and death, which I did with tears and bitterness bewail, as I had cause to do. Since that foundation of repentance laid in me through grace, I have been kept steadfast, desiring to walk in all good conscience towards God and towards men, according to the best light and understanding God gave me. For this I was willing to turn my back upon my estate, expose myself to hazards in foreign parts; yea, nothing seemed difficult to me, so I might preserve faith and a good conscience, which I prefer before all things; and do earnestly persuade all people rather to suffer the highest contradictions from men than disobey God by contradicting the light of their own conscience. In this it is I stand with so much comfort and boldness before you all this day, and upon this occasion, being assured that I shall at last sit down in glory with Christ at his right hand. I stand here this day to resign up my spirit into the hands of that God that gave it me. Death is but a little word, but 'tis a great work to die; it is to be but once done, and after this cometh the judgment, even the judgment of the great God, which it concerns us all to prepare for. And by this act I do receive a discharge once for all out of prison, even the prison of the mortal body also, which to a true Christian is a burdensome weight.

"In all respects, where I have been concerned and engaged as to the public, my design hath been to accomplish good things for these nations." Then lifting up his eyes, and spreading his hands, he said, "I do here appeal to the great God of heaven, and all this assembly, or any other persons, to show wherein I have defiled my hands with any man's blood or estate, or that I have sought myself in any public capacity or place I have been in.

"The cause was three times stated.

"*First*, In the remonstrance of the House of Commons.

"*Secondly*, In the Covenant—the solemn

League and Covenant—" Upon this the trumpets sounded, the Sheriff caught at the paper in his hand, and Sir John Robinson, who at first had acknowledged that he had nothing to do there, wishing the Sheriff to see to it, yet found himself something to do now, furiously calling for the writers' books, and saying, "He treats of rebellion, and you write it." Hereupon six note-books were delivered up. The prisoner was very patient and composed under all these injuries, and soundings of the trumpet several times in his face—only saying that it was hard he must not be suffered to speak; "but," added he, "my usage from man is no harder than was my Lord and Master's; and all that will live his life this day must expect hard dealing from the worldly spirit." Here the trumpets sounded again to prevent his being heard. Then Robinson, and two or three others, endeavored to snatch the paper out of Sir Henry's hand; but he kept it for some time, now and then reading part of it; afterwards, tearing it in pieces, he delivered it to a friend behind him, who was presently forced to deliver it up to the Sheriff. Then they put their hands into his pockets for papers (as was pretended), which occasioned great confusion and dissatisfaction among the spectators. It was very remarkable that, during all this disorder, the prisoner himself was observed to be of the most constant, composed spirit and countenance, which he preserved so admirably throughout, that a Royalist swore "*he died like a prince.*"

Before the stroke, he spake to this effect—"I bless the Lord, who hath accounted me worthy to suffer for his name. Blessed be the Lord that I have kept a conscience void of offence to this day. I bless the Lord, I have not deserted the righteous cause for which I suffer."

But his last words, when he had laid his neck on the block, were these: "Father, glorify thy servant in the sight of men, that he may glorify thee in the discharge of his duty to thee, and to his country." Upon which the executioner did his office.*

"It was observed," says the account of his trial and execution, published immediately after his death, "that no signs of inward fear appeared by any trembling or shaking of his hands, or any other part of his body, all along on the scaffold. Yea, an ancient traveller, and curious observer of the demeanor of persons in such public executions, did narrowly eye his counte-

nance to the last breath, and his head immediately after the separation; he observed that his countenance did not in the least change: and whereas the heads of all he had before seen did some way or other move after leaving, which argued some reluctance and unwillingness to that parting blow, the head of this sufferer lay perfectly still immediately upon the separation: on which he said to this purpose, that his death was by the free consent and act of his mind, which animadversion notably accords with what the sufferer himself had before expressed, in differencing a death by rational choice, from that by sickness, which is with constraint upon the body. He desired to be dissolved and to be with Christ."**

In Vane's countenance, though not particularly handsome, there was something remarkable that seemed to denote he was no ordinary man.

"Sir Henry Vane left only one son, named Christopher, who was knighted by King Charles II., and advanced by King William, July 8, 1699, to the title of Lord Bernard of Bernard Castle. By his wife Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Gilbert Holles, Earl of Clare, he left two sons, Gilbert and William. Gilbert succeeded to his titles and estates, and, dying April 27, 1753, left, among many other children, Henry, his eldest son, who was created April 3, 1754, Viscount Bernard and Earl of Darlington. William was advanced, June, 1720, to the titles of Viscount Vane, and Baron of Duncannon in the county of Tyrone in Ireland."†

Of Vane's merits as a statesman we may say a few words, taking Milton's sonnet as our text, which was sent him July 3, 1652.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, nor arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirote and the African bold.

Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how war may best uphold
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,

In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few
have done:

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe,
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

In the beginning of these verses mention is made of that intuitive sagacity for which he was distinguished, in penetrating and

* Tryal, p. 95, State Trials, vol. ii., fol. 464.

* Tryal, p. 95. † Biog. Brit. art. Vane.

laying open the crafty designs of hollow-hearted states, however "hard to be spelled"—however disguised under false and deceitful appearances. A statesman of such a spirit—one who can penetrate the designs of a rival or hostile power, even as if he led her councils and commanded her armies, might advise and contrive things with best advantage to his country, not only more effectually but more economically; or, as has been well, though somewhat quaintly, observed, by a contemporary writer, "without such a company of chargeable waste pipes of spials at home, or correspondents abroad, as is usual."*

As regards the next qualification to advise, viz. how war may be best maintained, and move by her two main nerves, iron and gold, the merits of Vane as a statesman are recorded on the page of history. "So frugal," says Ludlow, "had he and his colleagues been of the public purse, that upon the usurpation of Cromwell, a vast sum was found in the Treasury, and yet their fleets and armies had been fully paid, and their magazines plentifully furnished with stores." In order fully to appreciate their great merits in this way, it is only necessary to compare them with what may be taken as a frugal Government for a monarchical one—we mean Cromwell's. At the return of the Parliament to the exercise of their authority, in the place of those vast sums they had left in the public coffers, they found a debt of two millions and four hundred thousand pounds contracted by those who had taken upon them the management of affairs. And yet, along with this economy, when had the affairs of any nation been conducted with more energy and more wisdom, than those of England under the Parliament? Charles, even, with his oppressive and unjust tax of ship-money, had been unable to afford commerce the most common protection. But where was the nation on the face of the earth that dared to insult the flag of the Commonwealth of England? Hume, with his usual candor, ascribes the success in the war with Holland to the use made by Charles of the tax of ship-money, whereas the reverse of this is notorious; those successes being solely attributable to the energy and wisdom displayed by Vane and his colleagues in the management of the navy.

The latter part of the sonnet refers to his skill in distinguishing the two "swords,"

* The Life and Death of Sir Henry Vane, London, 1662, p. 95.

or power, spiritual and temporal, and setting proper bounds to each. He held that the magistrate ought to keep within the proper sphere of civil jurisdiction, and not to intermeddle with men's consciences in matters of religion and divine worship. In order fully to appreciate Vane's merits in this particular, it is necessary to throw back our minds two centuries, and reflect how rare was that spirit of toleration in those days, aye, how still more rare in one, who was no lukewarm, indifferent Gallio, who "cared for none of these things," but himself the warmest of enthusiasts. When all this is considered, surely his greatest enemy must confess that Vane was no ordinary man—that his was no common mind.

During the Long Parliament, Vane was usually so occupied with the public business in the House, and several committees, from early in the morning to very late at night, that he had scarcely leisure to take the necessary refreshment, converse with his nearest relations, or at all to mind his family affairs. In his solemn appeal on the scaffold to God and men, he declared that he had never defiled his hands with any man's blood or estate, or sought himself in any public place or capacity; and in his case this was no empty boast; for such was the opinion entertained of his abilities for the despatch of a business, if good, or the hindrance of it, if evil, that, had his hand been as open to receive as those of others to offer, he might have treasured up gold as dust. Many hundreds a year had been offered to some about him, in case they could but prevail with him only *not* to appear *against* a proposal. On the least intimation of such a thing to him, he would conclude it to be some corrupt, self-interested design, and set himself more vigilantly and industriously to oppose and quash it.*

TRAIT OF HANDEL.—Dr. Morell, who furnished Handel with the poetry of many of his oratorios, related to Mr. Taylor, that one fine summer morning, he (Dr. Morell) was aroused out of bed at five o'clock by Handel, who came in his carriage a short distance from London. The doctor went to the window, and spoke to Handel, who would not leave his carriage; Handel was at that time composing an oratorio. When the doctor asked him what he wanted, he said: "What is de meaning of de vord billow?" (which was in the oratorio the doctor had written for him). The doctor, after laughing at so ludicrous a reason for disturbing him, told him that billow meant a wave—a wave of the sea. "Oh, de wave!" said Handel, and bade his coachman return without addressing another word to the doctor.

* Life and Death, pp. 97-8.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

THE TWO MILLIONAIRES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, BY SARAH FRY.

WHEN I was a young man completing my studies at Jena (ah, woe is me! many and many a year has passed in tears and sunshine since) one of my most agreeable acquaintance was old Forest Counsellor *Von Rödern*, and some of my pleasantest hours were spent in his house. We used to assemble once or twice a week, a tolerably large circle, consisting partly of men like himself in the service of the State "*angesteltle*"—though when, and where, and how two-thirds of these served I never could make out, nor how the State could want such an army of them, for truly of those "*angesteltle*" in most German States their name is legion—and partly of such of the students as were less addicted to the uproarious merriment then and now in fashion among the *Bürseken*. Even some of the "*roaring boys*" would now and then like a quiet evening at the Counsellor's, by way of relief to their wilder carousals, though somewhat in the proportion of Falstaff's bread to his sack. The Counsellor was a kind-hearted, cheerful old man, at peace with himself and all the world, perhaps because the world had gone well with him, or, perhaps, that from a natural felicity of temperament he had gone well with the world, never raising his expectations too high either of himself or others, and, therefore, escaping the ossifying and acidulating process so actively at work with those who have tasted too often of hope deceived, whether with or without any fault of their own. He never pretended to give entertainments; the refreshments, besides the glass or two of punch offered at parting, were limited to a cup of coffee, or of the anomalous beverage so innocently accepted by our kinsfolk the Germans, under the name of tea, and concocted in the proportion of a spoonful of the herb to a gallon of water. Many of the guests used to qualify the mixture with lemon, wine, or vanilla, which I wondered at till I tasted it in its primitive state, and then I held all means lawful which should make it taste of something. There was no want of amusement, though we neither declaimed tragedies, slandered our neighbors, nor played at cards. There was difference enough of

age, temper, condition, and character, among us, to give variety to the conversation on whatever subject it chanced to fall; and when the discussion threatened to become too warm, the amenity of our host acted as a kind of general dulcifier of all acerbities, and brought about, if not an agreement of principle, an agreement to differ. One of the most successful means of producing this desirable result was the Counsellor's reminiscences of his earlier life. He possessed much of the talents "*de conteur*," so highly valued as an accomplishment of society by our neighbors. Some of his narratives I thought worth while transcribing, though I have small expectation of rendering them as agreeable to a reader as they were to a hearer.

The conversation fell one evening on Rousseau's writings, and his own character—his morbid susceptibility—his scorn, whether real or affected, of the rich and great—his proud poverty—and the contradiction between his misanthropy and his zeal for the reformation of society.

Some defended the unhappy philosopher, whose whole life was a continual warfare with himself and others, and blamed the friends who had not understood him. Others justified the friends, and asked which of his champions could honestly assert he could have kept on good terms with him for a month. The effects of opulence and indigence on the minds of gifted and right-minded men came incidentally under discussion. What would Rousseau have been had he been born to purple and fine linen—to be served instead of serving? "I remember a story, or rather a couple of stories," said the Counsellor, "which have some reference to the subject of your dispute. I will not say they will settle it, but they may furnish some further argument. Both are singular in their way. One was the best-executed practical joke I ever heard of. The heroes of both were friends of my youth, and one of them is still one of my best and dearest." Listen if you like—learn if you can!

CHAPTER I.

THE BANKER AND THE GROCER.

Among my intimates at the University of Tübingen, Casimir Morn was the most distinguished by nature and fortune; one had given him a handsome person, considerable talents, and an excellent heart; the other a rich banker for a father, that the value of the diamond might not be impaired for want of a fit setting. Before entering the University he had travelled through the greater part of Germany, France, and Italy. His mind, already cultivated and enlarged, preserved him from contamination by the coarser excesses of the wilder part of his fellow students; while the succoring hand held out to the more necessitous, attested that his temperance was the result not of prudence only, but of choice.

Half a year before he left the University, I accompanied him in the vacation to his father's house. The elder Morn was banker to the Court, and lived in great splendor in the electoral city of Cassel, where he was visited by what are called the first people in the city.

Near Morn's house, or rather palace, stood an old, dilapidated, gloomy-looking house, the abode of one Romanus, a grocer—a miserly old curmudgeon, who had the reputation of possessing the best-filled coffers and the prettiest daughter in the city. He was said to be a millionaire; yet he continued to weigh out coffee, pepper, cheese, and treacle, with his own hand—nay, if he were disabled, the fair fingers of the fair Caroline were pressed into the service, for a shopman had never been admitted behind the counter of Herr Romanus.

Casimir Morn and the pretty groceress had played together as neighbors' children, and seemed by no means inclined to drop the acquaintance, now that they had ceased to be children. The banker, however, began to make somewhat of a wry face at the familiar tone of the young people towards each other. He was aspiring in his views, and thought of purchasing a patent of nobility; and then, with the magic *Von* before his name, and his own handsome face and figure, his son might look for a better quartering in his escutcheon than a sugar loaf and Swiss cheese parted per pale. The grocer, on the other hand, might perhaps have held it expedient to keep the flies from buzzing too near his sweets; and, no doubt, it was with this view that he always charged

Casimir treble the usual price, whenever he made the purchase of any of the other's wares the pretence for entering the shop. But Casimir, who was honestly and seriously in love, had no intention that affairs should remain on this ambiguous footing. On the contrary, he gravely assured his father that if ever he brought home a wife it must be Caroline Romanus, and Caroline assured *her* father that no young man was endurable to her eyes saving and excepting Casimir Morn. The banker loved his only son. He had nothing personally to object to the roses and the lilies, forget-me-not eyes and raven curls of Caroline, and saw something greatly to admire in her father's million. Finding his son resolute, he was inclined to give way. Herr Romanus had, on his side, nothing to say against the banker's son. His father carried on the first business in the electorate; and when, to these considerations, was added, that the lovers had already sworn fidelity to all eternity and beyond, it must be confessed that the marriage was highly expedient. Who would have guessed that we were all reckoning without our host?

The unlooked-for obstacle arose in the shape of a grave proposal of Herr Romanus, that his future son-in-law—the handsome, graceful Casimir, the darling of the fair, with all his university honors blushing thick upon him—should forthwith renounce the flowery paths of literature, forsake the thornier crown awaiting the successful pursuit of severer science, and, donning a white apron, serve sugar and snuff for the remainder of his days! Herr Romanus had no faith in any pursuit above or below a counter. Learning was nothing in his eyes; “the service,” no better than legalized thieving; banking, gambling according to law.

The banker was furious. His son, to whom his natural and acquired advantages, and his own connexions with the Court, opened the way to the first employments in the State, who had already been named Referendary to the High Court of something or other—for the first six months without salary certainly, but with the positive assurance of speedy advancement;—and now came this ridiculous old grocer, with the preposterous demand that he should renounce all these splendid prospects (the patent of nobility included), and sell treacle and herrings at three farthings a-piece to the worthy burghers of ——. Was ever a lover reduced to such an absurd dilemma

before ! At three-and-twenty it is hard to say what would not be undertaken for a fair and beloved maiden ; batteries might be stormed, wounds and death defied, a desert held as a paradise, Satan himself dared to mortal combat ; all might be borne ;—but to sink from a minister of state in expectation, to a seller of tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff, was worse than battery, desert, death, and the duel !

It struck me as somewhat odd, that instead of breaking off at once with the absurd old humorist, the proud banker should in private counsel his son to capitulate. Caroline, however, opposed her father's whim. It was agreed that Casimir should return to the University for half a year ; and, in the meantime, every engine should be set to work to soften the heart of Herr Romanus, including tears, fainting, and threats of going into a consumption.

CHAPTER II.

THE GROCER RISES IN THE SCALE—THE BANKER KICKS THE BEAM.

Caroline Romanus was a diligent correspondent. Casimir was informed of everything that happened in the good city of —, except what he most desired to know—viz. that Herr Romanus had changed his mind. But no ; the old man was immovable as the wooden negro at his own door. His son-in-law must be a grocer : he had said it, and he stuck to it. The only consolatory part of Caroline's letter was the concluding paragraph—"After all, we can wait a little ; I am only sixteen, and you three-and-twenty."

Four months had thus passed away, when one morning Casimir burst into my room with an open letter in his hand, and consternation in his countenance. It was from the banker Morn, and contained this laconic and astounding information :—"I am a bankrupt and a fugitive : I must leave—directly. I am going to England, and thence to the West Indies. The ten thousand florins, secured to you by the enclosed paper, you will receive on application. It is all I have been able to save for you from the wreck."

Very naturally, such an unexpected blow of fate had a tendency to lengthen the visage even of a lover of three-and-twenty. The sum transmitted was not a third part

of his mother's fortune, which had been secured to Casimir. I attempted some words of consolation. He made a sign to me to be silent, and passing his hand rapidly over his brow—"Do not you mistake me," said he, faltering ; "it is not the poverty I feel, but the disgrace. And do not attempt to console me for either : for one there is no consolation, and for the other no need of it. I should despise myself if the mere loss of wealth could sadden the future to me. Help to divert my thoughts for to-day, if you can ; to-morrow I shall not need your help."

On the morrow, I had invited a few of our common friends to drink a glass of punch in my rooms : Casimir was of the party ; and one of the most cheerful. He related his misfortune himself ; and if pity and vows of friendship till death could console one for unmerited ill-luck, he had plenty of it. Only one of the company, Engelbert, one of the best heads amongst us, came up to him, laughing. "You are all fools together," said he. "For my part, I congratulate you that you are rid of your cumbersome money. You will find out now what you are really good for, which you never would have done had you remained the rich banker's son ; and I know you are sterling ! A millionaire, a prince, and a pretty girl, are three things of which one can never say whether, setting aside the strong box, the tinsel, and the fair face, they have any intrinsic value or not."

There was a general outcry against Engelbert's opinions. I myself saw only a sort of crazy enthusiasm in the doctrine he here advanced, particularly when he went on to say—

"If I had the formation of society, only born blockheads, those crippled in body or in mind, and old people, should receive money from the State ; and when they died, it should return to the State. On the other hand, those young and vigorous in mind and in body should not have a farthing. They should feed themselves by the sweat of their brow. We should then see real greatness, instead of the tawdry trumpery that goes by the name amongst us. The servants of the State—generals, priests, and the rest—should be simply clad, live on simple food, and dwell in modest houses, that the real value of the men might be understood, and the people no longer misled by the tags and frippery now used to disguise their moral poverty. The wisest, the bravest, the most active, the most virtuous,

should be called the richest, for they *are* so. In my Utopia, the poor in spirit should be the millionaires. But we live in a perverted world. It is said that Fortune is blind in her gifts. But I say that what we call her blindness is Divine wisdom: to the blockhead is given wealth; to talent and merit, the beggar's staff—only as a due adjustment of the balance."

"What," cried one of the auditors, "shall I then labor for nothing? I rejoice in my powers of mind and body, because, by their exertion, I may acquire power and wealth."

"That," replied Engelbert, "is to dig for sand with a spade of pure gold. You will end by sending a bullet through your own head."

"I care little for power or wealth," said Casimir. "I am quite of Engelbert's opinion. I will be of some worth by myself, and am content if my merit be acknowledged."

"You are not at all of my opinion," cried Engelbert. "How acknowledged? What is it to me if I shine like the sun, and the world maintain I am as black as a coal? Men are self-seekers through feebleness of mind; and none troubles himself really much about the other. We must love them but out of compassion."

"No, no," exclaimed Casimir; "man is naturally good and noble, and, therefore, my fellow-men are dear to me. I should not like to live in a world, such as it appears to you."

"Poor Casimir Morn, you are born to misanthropy," was Engelbert's reply.

"You are all dreaming together," said I, interposing. "The world is neither so good nor so evil as you make it out. Everything has its light and dark side; rain to-day, sunshine to-morrow. Take, like reasonable people, the life as it is, not as you wish it to be, and learn moderation in all things. The middle path is the best."

Engelbert laughed, and patted me on the cheek, as one does to a child who talks with an affectation of prudence unsuited to its years, raised his glass, and, clinking it against mine, "Rödern," said he, "you are a capital fellow; you will get on famously with your moderate plan, and always swim with the tide; rejoice in clean swaddling clothes, and cry over broken soap bubbles. You will find things neither too right nor too wrong."

I relate this conversation because the result made it remarkable. Engelbert, as it

turned out, had spoken like one inspired, and prophesied to us all round.

Casimir returned to ———. His father's splendid house, with all belonging to it, had been already sold. The whole city cried out upon the runaway banker, and pitied the son, except the old grocer. He had lost eight thousand dollars by Morn's bankruptcy. At first, he had comforted himself with the hope that Casimir would be able to make it up to him out of his mother's fortune; but, when the young man frankly confessed that the same cause had deprived him of the greater part of this fortune, the old man laughed deridingly. "Whistle me another tune from that, young man," said he, twirling his queer-looking wig round and round upon his head, as he was wont on similar occasions. "Your father, Herr Casimir, is a clever fellow! He would make a capital Finance Minister! What would you wager, now, that he has brought his sheep to dry land in time?" and here Romanus dropped the fingers of his right hand into the hollow of his left, with a significant look, as if counting money. "How long is it to be before he makes his appearance amongst us again as a rich man?"

Casimir colored deeply. "His father," he said, "had been unfortunate—thoughtless, perhaps—but he was no deliberate deceiver."

When Romanus saw that Casimir was really unable to pay the eight thousand dollars, he demanded, without ceremony, all he had, in part payment at least.

"How, then, am I to live?" asked the young man. "As yet I receive no salary from my appointment."

"My heavens!" whined the miser, "you are a learned man, Herr Casimir. You may be secretary to somebody; but what is to become of me? Oh! I am a poor, ruined old man, driven out of house and home. If I am to lose all this monstrous sum, I and my poor child must beg from door to door."

"Indeed, are you really poor?" cried Morn. "No, you shall not beg. Take my little capital into your trade, and give me Caroline's hand. Make of me what you will. Industry and economy will soon make up for the past. We shall be the happiest people in the world."

Casimir said this with so much warmth and evident sincerity, that the old grocer was, to use a homely phrase, fairly dumb-founded.

"What," said he at length in his harshest tone, "is it a matter of rejoicing that your honorable papa then has cheated me out of my whole property? And, to reward such honest dealing, I shall give you my daughter, shall I? Your humble servant! If your worthy father has made me a beggar, I will hold no beggar's wedding in my house, I promise you. Be so good as to take yourself off, will you? And, if I may be so bold as to ask a favor, I would beg that you may never darken my doors again. I wash my hands of you. I have not brought up my girl to fling her into the arms of the first fellow without a penny in his pocket that has the impudence to ask her."

And this was the result of poor Casimir's interview with Herr Romanus.

CHAPTER III.

HOPE AND CONSOLATION.

Whichever way the unfortunate young man turned, he heard execrations on his father's name. Those who, during the banker's prosperity, had been his basest flatterers, now distinguished themselves by the bitterness and violence of their reproaches. In consequence, the news of his father's death, which reached Casimir a few months after, brought with it a kind of melancholy consolation, notwithstanding his unfeigned sorrow. The unfortunate banker died at Antwerp of inflammation of the lungs, which had been neglected probably in the overwhelming griefs and vexations consequent on his bankruptcy. The death of Morn at least put an end to the storm of hostility, and the worthy people of — even found some expressions of pity for the son at last.

Casimir's courage rose again, after the first stunning effects of the blow, with that elastic vigor natural to his age. When the storm had somewhat blown over, he addressed himself for employment to some former friends of his family, and met with a civil reception from all. His appointment as Referendary to the Electoral Chamber was confirmed.

"You may study at the law, Roman and financial," said the Minister, "and I will think of you in time. Of course, as youngest in the office, you must work without salary. But, in a year or two, I hope we shall be able to do something for you. You

are still very young; one cannot expect much at four-and-twenty!"

Morn was well contented for the time. He fixed himself in a respectable citizen's house, right opposite the once splendid dwelling of his family—less haunted by the memory of former magnificence than allured by the vision of Caroline's blue eyes and rose-tinted cheek; for, although the old chandler had prohibited him from crossing his threshold, he could not prevent eyes from visiting as they listed.

Casimir's sitting-room and that used by Caroline Romanus were, by good fortune, exactly opposite, and when the sun shone, not a corner of either was invisible to the other. Each knew when the other came in or went out, how they were employed, when they were glad, when they were sorry. After the fashion of maidens of her class in Germany, Caroline's constant seat, when not employed in household duties, was perched at the window; so there was nothing very remarkable in her preferring her knitting needles to all other employment. Never, even among her country-women, was there such an indefatigable knitter.

Within a year's time, the language of looks and signs had been brought to such perfection that all they thought, wished, hoped, or feared, was mutually understood, without exchanging a word.

Cheered by the glad eye and radiant smile of the fair and faithful Caroline, young Morn labored with unwearied diligence, not only in his own peculiar vocation, but was always ready to assist the superiors in office, who having easier employment and more pay, found, of course, less leisure, with their accounts, memorials, minutes, &c. &c. He stood, therefore, high in the good graces of his colleagues, every one eulogised his talents and acquirements, asked his advice, and accepted his services; and, in return, no one in the city received more invitations to balls, soirées, and pic-nics.

The fathers praised his ready head and ready hand, the daughters declared that he sang admirably, waltzed divinely, and declaimed like an angel, in their private theatricals; but alas! in spite of this universal favor, Casimir Morn remained, at six-and-twenty, the generally-esteemed but unpaid junior Referendary of the Electoral Chamber of —.

"Never mind," was Caroline's unfailing topic of consolation; "you are *but* six-and-twenty, and I am just nineteen." The lovely Caroline was now in the full bloom,

and beyond dispute the fairest maiden in the city. The fame of her beauty and her probable wealth even reached the Court. Princes and Counts, with unimpeachable quarterings, condescended to press with their noble feet the very dirty pavement before the low, dark, strong-flavored shop of grocer Romanus; and what was more, to shed the light of their countenance on the cunning, miserly, old curmudgeon himself. A beauty like Caroline, and the heiress of a million, was well worth the sacrifice of all the genealogies, orders, and diplomas in —. Yet, neither counts, barons, knights, state, war, court, chamber, justice (civil and criminal), finance, police, church, or public instruction—privy or public counsellor, could touch the heart of the old grocer, or his charming heiress. On the one hand, Herr Romanus adhered with the obstinacy of a whole herd of mules to his resolution of finding or making his future son-in-law a grocer; and on the other, the damsel herself was as indifferent to the galaxy of stars in the Court firmament as if they had been so many farthing rushlights in her papa's shop.

All her pretty coquetries, her winning glances, and gracious smiles—for which counts and counsellors looked and sighed in vain—were lavished, unasked for and by the dozen, on the honorary junior Referendary of the Electoral Chamber.

This ought to have been consolation enough; but, when two more years had passed over his head, without bringing any alteration in his prospects, Casimir's brow began to cloud sometimes, and other sighs than those of love to steal from his bosom. Old Romanus was as immovable as a rock to lovers' entreaties, and the Minister seemed to have forgotten him altogether. Morn was an admirable laborer in the official vineyard, a man of the strictest honor, of the clearest head—these were facts that no one ventured to gainsay—and yet, when a place became vacant, no one thought any more of the untainted honor, the clear head, and gratuitous labors of the unpaid Referendary, Casimir Morn, than if there had been no such merits in existence, or no need of them in the electoral city of —. People had their sons, or their nephews, or their cousins thirty times removed, to provide for; young men, who had neither served half so long nor deserved half so well, were continually put over his head; and if he made any complaint, he was answered by a silent shrug, or a head-shaking

at the nepotism of some brother-official, or grave exclamations at the ingratitude of great men, sweetened, perhaps, by a vague assurance that although the omission of his name had been unavoidable *this time*, another he might depend, &c., &c.

No sooner, however, was the complainant's back turned, than the *complainee* was amazed at the assurance with which such claims were advanced, as if Mr. Casimir Morn really looked on himself as their equal, as if his pretensions admitted of any comparison with those of Von this, and Von the other! If people of *that class* were wanted they would be called for, and so forth. With all his clear-headedness, Morn was of those thoroughly good-hearted people who forgive as easily as they are injured. In the blind-man's buff game of fortune, somehow they are always buff—are paid for real hard service by a friendly pressure of the hand or a cordial word—and run through fire and water for their friends, to get nothing but the singeing and the sousing for their pains. They cannot comprehend such a thing as smiling treachery; and the astonishing readiness with which some will be guilty of the basest compliances, for the meanest objects, is absolutely incredible to them. Morn looked willingly on the bright side of human life, and would gladly have ignored the existence of the shadow altogether. The belief in the moral purity of his fellow-men was a positive necessity for him.

He bore his lot, therefore, with patience, if not with pleasure—at least so he said himself, "his merit was acknowledged and loved." That it should be so often and so oddly passed over in the distribution of the loaves and fishes of office, did certainly appear to him unjust; yet in his own heart he doubted whether, after all, the fault might not be his own. He thought his services ought to speak for him instead of his lips; he was not fond of showing himself in a great man's antechamber, which, indeed, he seldom or never entered, unless business called him there. Courteous and obliging by nature and habit, he was yet more frank in the exposition of his opinions than beseemed an expectant; and, more than all, he had an honorable reserve in speaking of his circumstances; and if he allowed his acquaintance to think him, or to pretend they thought him much richer than he was, the weakness had its origin in a pardonable, if not a praiseworthy motive. Perhaps others were esteemed more in need

of advancement than himself, and *therefore* he was passed over.—Poor Morn!

He still lived opposite Romanus's house, and the blue heaven of Caroline's eyes still rained on him light and life. One morning in March—it was his birth-day—and she made her appearance early at the window, wearing in her bosom the nosegay of snow-drops, of which she made a yearly imaginary offering to her lover. To-day you are eight and twenty, and I twenty, she telegraphed—the pretty fingers lingered in tracing the last word. Twenty is not a desperate age, certainly; but yet, when a girl has not only made up her mind for the last four years to be married, but actually fixed on the man, to turn her back upon the “teens” is a step in a maiden's life, particularly when we consider that another twenty might pass before Krämer Romanus would alter his mind. In the meantime, Caroline's beauty was at its height; by a necessary deduction, the next step must be downwards, and “I am growing an old bachelor,” sighed Casimir. He turned from the window, and sat down on the sofa with his back to the light.

BETTER PROSPECTS.

Some one knocked at the door. It was a servant of Privy Counsellor Count Von Bitterblott, &c., &c., &c., who brought a gracious intimation that his lord wished to say a few words in private to Referendary Casimir Morn. “A few words in private” from Count Von Bitterblott, the confidential minister of his Highness the Elector, was no small honor. Casimir flew to him on the wings of curiosity and expectation. He was received by the favorite with extraordinary graciousness. The Count had the gift of appearing excessively amiable and condescending towards his inferiors when he wanted to gain a point by them, and as outrageously insolent and arrogant when his point was gained; he not only, like another great man, his countryman, threw away the peel when he had sucked the orange, but kicked it into the gutter.

“It is his Highness's wish, my dear young friend,” began Count Von Bitterblott, “that his newly acquired territory should as much as possible be principally assimilated to the old. In pursuance of this object, there must be a new survey made of the old domain with all its regalities, rights, and privileges, and a certain conformity of administration introduced, and projects for a new system

of taxation, suitable to the nature of the acquired lands, and the exigencies of the State, be drawn up. His Highness has already appointed an extraordinary commission. The affair, my dear Mr. Morn, is a delicate and a difficult one. The two Chamber Counsellors at the head of it, are men advanced in life. They will never bring the business to an end. I have said as much to his Highness. But they are old and faithful servants of the State, and cannot be passed over; though, between ourselves, my dear young friend,” in a charming tone of confidence added the Count, “two more unfit men could scarcely be found. To give perhaps a little more vivacity to their proceedings, it has also pleased his Highness to join my son to the commission, though, I give you my honor, I really opposed the appointment. I thought it my duty to do so. But princes, you know, my dear Sir, do not love contradiction, and our excellent Elector is no exception. Unfortunately, my son's health is exceedingly delicate. I foresee the business will be horribly spun out, and that must not be. I have, therefore, thought of associating you, my dear Referendary, as secretary to the commission. Your expenses, of course, will be paid; and if my son, with your assistance, accomplishes his task, as I have no doubt he will, to the satisfaction of his Highness, it will create a most admirable opportunity for bringing your uncommon merit to the observation of his Highness. I have already proposed to myself the pleasure of conferring on you the first vacant office in the newly-acquired domain.”

Morn, as may well be supposed, readily closed with the offer, the motives of which he perceived easily enough. The two elderly gentlemen were a couple of superannuated old blockheads, only thrust in to give a color to the appointment of the young Von Bitterblott, a raw youth not long from the University, totally ignorant of that or any other business. From these premises might be deduced the very obvious conclusion, that the whole weight of the employment must fall on the shoulders of Mr. Secretary Morn. No matter, he was not afraid of labor; no doubt the Minister must feel the weight of his services, and would reward them accordingly! The exceeding liberality of the Count in paying his expenses, was not at present a matter of indifference to him. As he had served the State for four years without fee or reward, the interest of his little capital had been insufficient even for

his moderate expenses. Every year saw consequently a portion of the capital itself sunk, which again diminished the interest, which tended further to the impoverishment of Mr. Casimir Morn.

He took a tender leave of his Caroline, and left ——— with the noble Commissioners, full of the most animating hopes. It will be taken for granted that he had previously arranged a plan of correspondence with his beloved, and even this was not so simple a matter as it may at first appear, since the cunning old millionaire, by way of teaching his daughter the right value of money, had hit upon the admirable plan of never giving her a farthing; consequently, the cost of the correspondence fell wholly upon Morn. Casimir's life in the capital of the new province was pretty much what it had been at the Electoral. He labored hard at his vocation, made few acquaintances, that he might avoid useless expense, refreshed himself by a walk in the evening, and finished the day by reading a letter from, or writing one to his second self.

An accidental circumstance procured him another amusement shortly after. The rooms next to his in the hotel where he had taken up his abode, were occupied by a foreigner, whom he usually encountered at the *table d'hôte*, where he never spoke; and after retiring for the night, Casimir used to hear him walking up and down his bed-chamber for hours together. The stranger was a pale, elegant young man, apparently about Morn's own age, was attended by two servants, and had lived nearly three weeks in the town, where, however, he seemed neither to know nor to wish to know a single individual. He bore the name of Devereux—an Englishman, therefore, Morn concluded, and, one fine day, addressed him in his native language, partly out of a good desire to enliven the melancholy-looking stranger, and partly because he was glad of an opportunity to practise his English.

The Briton looked at him with surprise and some appearance of pleasure, and answered courteously but briefly, and then fell back into his former silence. During the dinner, Casimir observed the stranger casting penetrating glances towards him, and, when it was over, he came suddenly up to him, saying, "Will you allow me to speak with you a moment alone?"

Casimir took him immediately to his own room.

"I am about to make a very odd request to a stranger," began the Englishman, ab-

ruptly; "but it will not be mended by circumlocution. A letter of credit I expected to find here, has been delayed by some strange accident. I have a pressing necessity to set out immediately for Amsterdam, and I am without money. Can you, or will you, lend a hundred louis d'ors? On my arrival at Amsterdam, you shall receive it again directly, with what interest you please."

Casimir was taken somewhat by surprise. He expressed none, however; but, after a short pause, said—"I have not so much about me; but I could procure it within fourteen days."

"You will oblige me more than I can express; you save me from a most unpleasant embarrassment," returned the Englishman, who shook Morn heartily by the hand, and left him. The whole affair had scarcely occupied five minutes. When he was alone, Casimir began to feel he had been a little over-hasty in his promise. A hundred louis d'ors were neither more nor less than the fourth part of his whole property. He shook his head. The Englishman's face announced honesty; he looked like anything but an adventurer; still, a hundred louis were the fourth part of his capital, and to put it at once in the power of a total stranger, on the strength of a pleasing countenance, was rather a thoughtless proceeding.—"Well," was the conclusion of Morn's soliloquy, "well, my opinion is that he will *not* deceive me; and if he should?—well, it is the first time in my life, and the last."

Apparently this was not the only grief the stranger had on his mind; for, notwithstanding the promised assistance, Morn heard him at night again pacing his chamber in the same unquiet manner, and uttering heavy sighs, almost groans.

"The man is very unhappy; he must be worse off than I am," thought Morn. "A mere money embarrassment can never cause such heavy sorrow. He shall have the louis, however."

The next day, Devereux appeared at table as usual, his countenance overshadowed with a yet deeper melancholy, and he was as silent as before. Morn, who felt unaccountably attached to him, endeavored, by everything in his power, to enliven him. When he could be induced to talk, Devereux seemed quite a different person—his features brightened, his whole deportment became attractive in no common degree. The two young men went out after dinner to walk together, and Morn was still more

charmed with his new acquaintance. Devereux was more than an agreeable companion; his mental powers, considerable in themselves, had received every advantage from cultivation. The stores of ancient and modern literature were familiar to both, and formed, with the fate and laws of nations, their chief topics of discourse. When Casimir had finished his day's task, Devereux came constantly to his room, and remained, till deep in the night, in conversation with him. Of the promised loan, not a syllable was said on either side. Morn spoke openly of himself, of his past and present hopes and prospects. His companion was less communicative; but he learned so much, in return, that Devereux had left his native land in consequence of a tragical occurrence, deeply affecting his future life, and was travelling in the hope of dissipating a heavy sorrow!

The intercourse of the two young men taught Morn, for the first time, the value of a friend. His letters to the fair Romanus were almost as full of praises of his Devereux as of love for herself. His pretty mistress was half jealous of the agreeable stranger. In the meantime, Morn's *louis d'ors* came to hand, and were immediately carried by him into Devereux's room. The latter gave him, in return, a written acknowledgment of the obligation, and the address of his family in England.

"If I die before I can repay you," said he, "that is, within a few weeks, forward the paper, with this letter, directly."

He put a sealed letter into Morn's hands as he spoke, and then turned the conversation to some indifferent subject. They parted shortly after, almost in silence, with a fervent pressure of the hand, and carrying with them remembrances and feelings beneficial alike to both.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ELECTORAL BIRTH-DAY.

The loss of Devereux's society was more felt by Morn than he thought possible after so short an acquaintance. He had parted with a companion whom he really loved—a friend, whose views and sentiments harmonized so admirably with his own, that in losing him he seemed to lose the better half of himself. His official labors became more than ever a necessity to him; they served

to divert and calm his thoughts. Devereux and Caroline filled his heart entirely. "I am really a most fortunate man," cried he, in his enthusiasm of love and friendship. "I love, and am loved by two of the noblest beings in the world."

After the lapse of seven busy months, the report of Cabinet and Privy Counsellor Von Bitterblott, was ended, and the Commissioners returned to the electoral residence. His Highness, the Elector, was so well content with the work that he bestowed heaven knows what order on the young Count Heinrich Von Bitterblott, and made an addition to the pension of the two reverend seniors who had served as ballast to the official vessel. Secretary Morn was the only person forgotten; he had done nothing for a recompense, but deserved it. The Counts of Bitterblott, indeed, father and son, were profuse in expressions of gratitude, and to prove it, invited him to dinner. *Fraülein* Von Bitterblott also found the Secretary exceedingly agreeable; if he had been of noble, instead of plebeian origin, he might, perhaps, have found the daughter more grateful than the father. So soon, however, as the Cabinet Counsellor remarked the interest the young lady took in the handsome Secretary, he held it advisable to invite him seldomer, and gradually not at all. Morn found it necessary to put the Minister modestly in mind of his promise of an appointment in the newly-acquired province, whereupon his Excellency clapped him on the shoulder in the most friendly manner in the world, and assured him he would take care of him.

"I have spoken of your talents and services more than once to his Highness," said he. "Wait till the birth-day, when the greatest number of advancements are made; I make no doubt your name will stand first on the list."

How could Morn feel less than satisfied? He looked upon his patent as good as made out, particularly when the Minister proceeded to ask him what kind of place would be most agreeable to him. He thought of Caroline, and replied with great frankness that he would certainly prefer remaining in the residence. "It shall be thought further of," said his Excellency. "I should gladly have seen a man like you, my dear Mr. Morn, in one of the first posts in the new province; but if you prefer remaining with us, I am afraid it will be rather more difficult to provide for you suitably in the capital. However, we shall see. The

old Chamber Counsellor, Balder, might, indeed, be pensioned off. Would that suit you?"

"I would not wish for more," returned Morn, his face glowing with pleasure.

"Excellent," said the Minister, and dismissed him with the best grace in the world.

Gilded by such hopes, the winter glided away. Caroline was as faithful and fair as ever; and if ever mistrust found entrance in Casimir's heart, a look or smile from the opposite window made it summer again. At length came March, the long-looked-for month that had given his Highness, the Elector, to an admiring world. The list of promotions was published; patents for new appointments made out; the streets were full of people riding and driving about to congratulate or be congratulated. Morn made a point of remaining at home, that he might not miss the messenger from the Electoral Chancery. The customary "compliment" for the bearer of the princely graces lay wrapt in paper ready on the table. Noon, evening; still no messenger. His servant was dispatched to the court printer for the list—no such name as Morn was to be found, and no messenger came to correct an error of the press. Dinners and balls in honor of the day were given in all parts of the city; the streets were gay with lights and music; nobody troubled themselves about poor Morn and his frustrated hopes. He sat down in the pouting corner of his sofa, and groaned from the bottom of his heart.

Morn had not passed a more unhappy night since his father's death. Six long years had he served the State faithfully and diligently, fed only on the thinnest of all diets, hope; through his silent help, others, with not half his talents or acquirements, had gained credit and substantial reward; young Von Bitterblolt had been made Chamber President for the very service Morn had performed. He saw that his industry, his talents, his knowledge, availed him nothing. Men who were not only ignorant and incapable, but known to be so, passed him everywhere in the race, if they had "connexions," or had found some surer way of recommending themselves than by merit and service.

To Caroline's hand he must renounce all pretension. By the perversest of all destinies, her constancy and unswerving faith but added to his sorrow. His social creed had received a cruel shock. The egotism

of the greater part of mankind, the want of integrity in their relations with each other, appeared in their full hatefulness. The recollection of all the promises made but to be broken, the hollow professions, the false smiles, all the spoken and acted lies of the last six years, made him sick at heart. All that he had hitherto labored to excuse in others—their prejudice, their rapacity, their paltry pride, their envy, their shameful blackening all better and purer than themselves, now shone out in all their native ugliness. He could no longer deceive himself; the greater part of the employés of — looked on their offices and emoluments but as the means of indulging their arrogance, their ambition, and animal excesses.

With respect to his plans for the future, all was uncertainty. Even had he been so inclined, it was no longer in his power, with his diminished resources, to labor gratuitously in his present employment; and it was repugnant to him to seek any other in this city. He longed to flee far away to seek some distant village, where none knew him, and earn a living by the labor of his hands. It was sweet to dream of shunning all mankind as long as life should last, and think only of Devereux and Caroline, as of two nobler spirits among thousands of miserable creatures, all so many willing sacrifices to the meanest passions. According to the custom of the place, and the people amongst whom he had lived, Morn ought to have put a good, or at least a smiling face, upon his disappointment, congratulated others on their better fortune, and tried to knit up again the ravelled skein of his claims and expectations; instead of this, he wrote a laconic note to the head of his department to signify his renunciation of the office he held in the service of his Highness, the Elector of —, endorsed all the documents relating to it in his possession, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

The next morning, the servant of the house brought him two notes and a bouquet of snow-drops. He now recollected that it was his birth-day, and breathed a heavy sigh. One of the notes was from Caroline, the other from President Von Bitterblolt. Morn knew the handwriting of both. "First for the bitters," said he, and opened the President's billet. Almost unconsciously to himself, a secret hope had found a corner of his breast to nestle in, that his loss would be regretted, that he would be

entreated to do nothing hastily, that he would try to retain him by giving new and surer expectations: he had half forgiven him already. Nothing of the sort. His Excellency the President "regretted, in courteous terms, that Mr. Morn had taken such a resolution, acknowledged the receipt of the documents, and remained his humble servant." "So that is the reward of six years' gratuitous service," said he, bitterly, and he flung the President's official verbiage aside. Caroline's note accompanying the bouquet was kind as ever, but there was a tone of sadness in it. The same topic of consolation had been so often repeated! He went to the window, Caroline was already at hers: Casimir pressed the flowers to his lips and his heart, and retreated to his musing corner again. This city he must, and would leave, and try his fortune elsewhere. Many were the projects he revolved in his mind. His only grief would be the parting from the angel of his childhood—the tenderly-beloved Caroline. He was still engaged in a long and most touching conversation with her in imagination, when a loud knock at his door, and the voices of several persons without, aroused him from his reverie. The door opened, and four men stumbled in, bearing between them two large and apparently very heavy chests. To the question of where were they to put down their burden, Morn answered by another—where did they get it from? It belonged to the gentleman who had just come post to —. Morn's first thought was of Devereux; and Devereux himself it was, who entered in his travelling dress, just as the porters left the room.

"I have been long enough away to learn your full value," was Devereux's exclamation, when the first greetings were over; "let me take up my abode with you at once; you will find room for a friend."

Devereux's sudden appearance was balm to the wounded heart of Casimir: joy almost deprived him of speech. "I have but this room and a bed-room," said he; "if you can find accommodation on so small a scale, I shall be but too happy to share them with you."

"But how is it you confine yourself within such narrow limits?" asked the Englishman, greatly astonished.

"They are quite as extensive as my means permit," answered Morn, smiling.

"But I have been greatly deceived. I thought you must be rich, as you parted so readily with a hundred Louis d'ors."

"A friendly heart is always rich to a friend. It was a fourth of my whole property. If you had asked for more you should have had it. You wanted it."

Devereux looked at him for some time in silence, and then advancing, grasped his hand with an earnest cordiality more expressive than words. "My servants I will dispatch to the next house," said he, "but I remain with you in any corner you can spare. Had I been aware how you were situated, I should not have come upon you so suddenly."

The matter was soon arranged, a bed prepared by the side of Morn's, and a supper bespoken from the next tavern. Before the night was passed, the hearts of both were freely poured out to each other. Devereux related his own history. He had been passionately in love with a young lady who returned his love, but whose family, from some causes too long to explain here, were on the worst terms with his own. A mutual friend of the families, Devereux's oldest and best beloved companion, had offered his mediation; and Devereux himself, in the unsuspecting confidence of friendship, had done everything in his power to facilitate his meetings with his mistress. The lady's charms had proved too powerful for the friend's faith; he sought her for himself, and won so far upon her relations, that the unhappy girl had only escaped their persecutions by her sudden death. Whisper of suicide got about. The betrayed and wretched lover forced his treacherous friend into a duel; they fought at Calais, where Devereux had been left for dead upon the field. Many months elapsed before his outward wounds were healed; those of the mind were incurable. His physicians had recommended travelling; all places had become alike to him; and, unable to find rest in any, he had wandered almost all over Europe, when an accidental delay in his remittances had detained him in the town where he had encountered Morn.

It was now Casimir's turn to relate what had befallen him since their meeting, and he had now, at least, the satisfaction of detailing his wrongs to a sympathizing ear.

"You have been deceived only by the common herd of egotists, the rabble of humanity, but I by the friend of my infancy. Your beloved yet lives, and lives for you—the silent grave hides mine; you may find a remedy, I never can. You would gladly renounce the world you say—do so, but let

me share your solitude. But, I repeat, your case admits of remedy."

"Remedy, what remedy?" echoed Morn. "Good heaven, my dear Devereux, how little you know of people in this country!"

"The people in this country are very like the people in every other country," replied Devereux. "I can put it in your power to take a revenge worthy of them at least," added he, after a pause, and with a bitter smile.

"How so?"

"Only give me your word to throw no obstacle in my way, and I will bring the whole pack on all fours in a very short time. The old miser shall give you his daughter, the Minister shall offer you all the ribbons and trumpery in his gift, and that without witchcraft. Fair and virtuous maidens may be won by other qualifications than beauty or honesty; honors and dignities are not always, or often, the reward of talents, or knowledge, or industry."

"But explain yourself a little—what is it you propose to do?"

"Oh, the means will be very simple. Come, your word that you will not thwart me in my project of making fools of the dignitaries in this good and electoral city. I will use no dishonest means."

"Well, be it as you will, I have little reason to spare them, heaven knows! What is your plan of operations?"

"I must first know my men. Let me become acquainted with the field before I show my line of battle. As a preliminary, however, you will do me the favor to make use of my new carriage; I shall put another pair of horses to it to-morrow; you must drive about, while I keep in the background, and draw the public attention on you as much as possible. As to your lovely neighbor, give her to understand that you have had a large sum bequeathed to you in England."

Morn shook his head, not altogether pleased, and yet unable to restrain his laughter. He had given his word to humor Devereux's whim, and as to the sentence of the "residence," when the hoax should be known, he troubled himself little about that. Whatever were the results, he had made up his mind to leave the dominions of his Highness the Elector. Perhaps the punch, which had served as a supplement to their repast, might have had something to do, both with the proposal, and its acceptance.

THE EQUIPAGE.

On the following morning Devereux was up early and dressed.

"We will begin operations this morning," said he. "Ah, Morn, you may be happy again, but I"—his brow clouded, and he was silent for some minutes. "Well, I must look for consolation in the happiness of my friends henceforth. With you and your Caroline I will hope at least for peace."

Morn would have obtained some further explanation of his strange freak, but Devereux was immovable—vanished, he knew not whither, shortly after, and appeared no more for the greater part of the day. Instead of Devereux came his German servant, Felix, to present himself to his new master, and set forth his new qualifications.

"Do not forget the principles, faith and honesty," said Morn, when he had listened to the enunciation of his valet's capabilities.

"Honesty, I can promise you, Sir," was the answer, "and fidelity you will inspire me with."

The answer pleased, and Felix was installed with Morn under the same conditions as those agreed upon with Devereux.

Towards noon Count Von Krebs's name was announced. The young courtier advanced to Morn with open arms. "My dear fellow, how are you?—It is a whole century since we met. First let me congratulate you on your acquisition, though it is my own loss. Ah! my two glorious bays. But your *Homme d'Affaires* is a clever fellow—up to every point about a horse; you have a glorious purchase. Upon my soul I loved these two creatures as my heart's blood; if I had not outrun my income confoundedly of late, the Elector himself should not have had them for his whole stud."

"Have you been paid, my lord count," stammered Morn, his face flushing scarlet, "or must I—"

"All right, my dear friend, not a word of that," cried the count; "I came with a very different purpose. Baron Von Wolpern would insist upon my recommending his place, Dreileben, to you, as your agent there says you are on the look out for an investment; but, on my honor, though I could not refuse one friend, it goes against my conscience to palm off such a desert on another. It will not bring one-and-a-

half per cent., and he asks a hundred and fifty thousand guilders for it. Do you know the place at all?"

"No," said Morn, curious to hear what would come next.

"I entreat you, then, by all that is sacred, to go and look at the wilderness; not a hamlet to be seen for some miles round, nothing under your windows in front but the Rhine, nothing behind but mountain and forest. One look will be enough to frighten you off the bargain, unless you have a mind to send a bullet through your head from sheer ennui, before you have lived there a month; then, indeed, you could not do better than buy Dreileben. Now, with the property dame Fortune has flung into your lap, you are entitled to look for something better. There is my estate, for instance, a real principality you must admit—a splendid locale, in the midst of corn fields, a soil like a garden, right of forest, vineyards, meadows, territorial jurisdiction, and you shall have it for a hundred and ninety thousand, cash down. Just reflect a little, and only three quarters of an hour's drive from the residence. Heavens, what sums it has cost me in improvements! I have an account here—ah, no, confound it, I have the worst memory, I must have left it in my desk; but, my dear fellow, why not come and see for yourself—come, give me your promise—name your time."

Much in the same style did the noble count run on for some time longer. Morn perceived that Devereux had really commenced operations, as he said. He promised gravely to come and look at the estate at his earliest convenience, and Count Krebs took leave with the most lavish assurances of regard. At dinner time, Devereux made his appearance, evidently extremely diverted with the farce he was acting. Morn, on the contrary, was more depressed. "You will make mankind yet more contemptible in my eyes," said he. "Not a week ago, this very Count Krebs held me unworthy of a look. I was never more surprised than when I saw him enter my room."

"If men seem more contemptible to you, my friend," answered Devereux, "the fault is theirs, not mine. The witty count was pointed out to me by the master of the hotel where I sent my servants, as having horses which he was desirous of parting with, and the animals are really worth what I gave for them. When the hotel-keeper heard that they were for you, and that you

had become a rich man, he praised you up to the skies. When I inquired about an estate, a broker made his bow in less than a quarter of an hour, and offered me ten, at least, every one being, as he swore, a perfect paradise. Count Krebs swore, by all his gods, that you were neither more nor less than a saint; that you deserved, years ago, to be made Prime Minister; that things would have looked very different in the Electorate, and nobody knows what besides. It is long since I have been so much amused. Come, my friend, cheer up, and play out the play. We must make all the puppets dance to the same tune."

In due time, Devereux's splendid new equipage drove up to the door, with Felix behind, in a rich livery. Count Krebs's horses really merited his eulogium; they were superb animals. The whole street was in commotion, almost every inhabitant loitering about the causeway, or standing at their windows, to discover the owner of so magnificent a "turn-out." But, when Morn appeared, and was assisted in by his gaily-attired servant, there was no end of the conjectures and inquiries. It will be easily supposed that the fair Caroline was neither the least anxious nor the least interested.

"I'd give these six kreutzers, aye, that I would, the whole six, to know whom that carriage belongs to," said old Romanus, jingling in his hand the kreutzers he had just received for a red herring.

"That is easily learnt," replied his daughter. "Frau Weber (Morn's landlady) must know."

"To be sure she must, my child," said the old gentleman, buttoning up his coat in a great hurry, as if he feared to be taken at his word,—and I'll go and ask her—that costs nothing."

"O, my heavens, who should it belong to but to the Referendary! Well, I don't begrudge it him, for he is really an angel of a man, and has just got a whole wagonful of gold from England. They say he's now the richest man in the dominions of our gracious Elector. His servant told me so himself, and he had it from the English merchant who is stopping in the house."

The old miser stared with leaden eye and open mouth, as if suddenly afflicted with lock-jaw, and without another word, went home again, and sat himself down in silence in the grimy leather-bottomed chair in the back of his shop. Caroline came dancing down to hear the news. For a long time,

her father gave her no answer. He had made it a law to himself never to mention Morn's name.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned he, at last, "to think of such a piece of luck befalling a paltry, lounging, good-for-nothing son of a good-for-nothing father, who has cheated me out of my whole property; while a poor old honest man like me must toil and moil night and day to scrape a few pence together. Is that justice, is that the reward of honesty?" and he looked ready to cry.

"But who knows whether it's true or no?" said the worthy elder, brightening with the thought. "Wagon full of money? pooh!—from England? pooh!—by a lucky speculation? pooh, pooh, pooh! I was not born yesterday, Frau Weba." And Herr Romanus plucked off his queer-looking little jasey, twirled it about, as in great mental agitation he was wont, and rubbed his hands together till the dry, withered members threatened to ignite.

Many were the conjectures and remarks to which Morn's gay equipage gave rise that day. It had even excited the notice of the Elector, as Morn drove past the palace. On the two succeeding days, the "excitement" increased. Devereux had given out that his friend had gained a considerable sum in England; and when he began to inquire about an estate, the word considerable acquired a more "considerable" meaning. Count Krebs, who always dealt in superlatives, swore by all the saints in the calendar, that Morn was become the richest individual in that part of Germany; he played with his hundred thousands; he must own whole provinces in the East and West Indies, &c., &c. There is nothing to which people like better to give credit than to the incredible. It is no uncommon thing to see an upright, simple-minded man, held very cheap; but to take a fool or lunatic for a saint, is the easiest thing in the world. People can find absurdity in the wisest man, with all the facility imaginable; but let a Cagliostro undertake to work a miracle, and he is run after by high and low. If it had been said Morn had got a hundred thousand guilders, people would have doubted—but millions, that produced conviction at once.

"It is intelligible enough now why Morn gave up his place as Referendary," said the President Von Bitterblott, to his father, the Privy Counsellor. "I thought at first that he had taken offence at the omission of his name among the promotions."

"In fact, it is awkward enough that he was passed over," returned the Privy Counsellor; "but who can always tell how things may turn out? We might have made room for him well enough. There's your sister too. I really think the girl has taken a fancy to him, and, as the matter now stands, she could hardly do better for herself."

"Nor for any of us, papa. Could we not find some excuse for the past?"

The father and son laid their heads together. The Privy Counsellor took the first opportunity of praising the rare talents and services of the ex-Referendary to his Highness the Elector. Such a man must, by all means, remain in the service of the state, particularly as Morn had lately gained a large fortune by some fortunate speculations in England. It would be a shame if so much wealth should be squandered out of the country, &c., &c.

"Hum," said the Elector, "I was wondering what made you all so suddenly zealous in Morn's favor. The Finance Minister, Rabe, was quite eloquent in his praise but a little while ago."

This speech went like an arrow to the Privy Counsellor's heart; for the Baron Von Rabe had also a daughter to marry, and he, too, wanted money.

"Rabe even maintained," continued his Highness, "that Morn, as secretary to the commission of survey in the new territory, had done the whole work, while others pocketed the reward and the credit."

The Privy Counsellor smiled with affected indifference, while turning sick with fear and rage; and swore in his heart of hearts, war to the knife to the Finance Minister Von Rabe. Morn, in the meantime, had received an invitation to pay the Finance Minister a visit.

"I am delighted, my dear sir, that my heartfelt wishes for your advantage seem likely at last to be fulfilled," said the Minister, with his most gracious smile. "There was a strong opposition *somewhere*. I was never more surprised than when I heard you had been so unaccountably passed over. I felt it my duty to make a representation on the subject to his Highness the Elector himself; in fact, I told him frankly that the post of President of the Chamber, which Von Bitterblott contrived to appropriate to himself, was yours by every rule of justice. In consequence of my remonstrance, his Highness has been graciously pleased to fix you in my department; and

I have now the honor to present Privy Finance Counsellor Morn with the diploma of his appointment."

Morn laid the diploma on a table near him without opening it; thanked the Minister for his condescension; and with a smile, that was bitter in spite of himself, begged leave respectfully to decline all and every appointment of the kind.

He was scarcely at home again before the carriage of Count Von Bitterblot stopped at his door.

"You see I have come in search of you myself at last," said the Count, bestowing a paternal embrace on Casimir. "Where have you hidden yourself this century? We must not forget each other in this way. Von Rabe has played me a shameful trick in getting you appointed in his department instead of mine. I shall never forgive him for it. Apropos, my daughter will never forgive me, if I forget her message. She gives a ball on Wednesday, and charged me to give you a special invitation. You will not fail her, I hope; ladies, you know, will not hear of disappointments on these occasions."

Countess Ida Von Bitterblot met with one this time, however. Casimir Morn met the Privy Counsellor's superabundant courtesies with cold politeness; and his Excellency was beaten out of the field for the present, though not absolutely deprived of hope for the future. Morn's misanthropy was on the increase: he despised alike their present flattery, and their former scorn; of the two, the flattery was the more offensive, and the more his would-be friends endeavored to exalt him, the more deeply humiliated he felt. He longed for nothing so much as for solitude, that he might escape the sight and hearing of their sickening baseness.

"The miserable wretches," he exclaimed, "do they take me for one of themselves? My six years' service availed me nothing, but the mere report of wealth brings them about me like crows scenting at a carrion. I might be a fool—a villain—no matter, I am supposed to be a millionaire, and there is not a quality of heart or mind which they are not willing to give me credit for. The comedy is too disgusting, Devereux."

"It is capital sport," replied Devereux. "But the master stroke is still to be played. The conquest of the fair Romanus is yet to be achieved."

CHAPTER V.

THE VICTORY.

The conquest was already half made before the friends began the attack. Old Romanus, who had hitherto made it a rule to avoid all mention of Morn's name, had it now on his lips from morning till night. There could be no doubt of the million any longer; the whole city rung with the news—he had refused an appointment in the Ministry, and the Minister of Finance, von Rabe, and his Excellency Count von Bitterblot, were ready politely to cut each other's throats, to obtain Casimir Morn for a son-in-law.

"They say he will choose Countess Ida," said Caroline, slyly affecting an air of dejection, and glancing her bright blue eyes on her father.

The old gentleman made no answer, but nodded his head with a cunning look, and reckoned some imaginary sum with his fingers. "Pah, pah, all stuff—nonsense—what has she got, I ask; what has she got? Nothing! a ruined family, root and branch! How that pleases me in the lad Morn; he has got his money by honest trade, but his father was a rogue, an arrant rogue, and has made me as poor as Job, my girl. I shall never get a penny of all he owed me."

There was a knock at the door, and the well-known stranger, the Englishman Devereux, entered. Caroline blushed like a carnation, and Herr Romanus opened his eyes and mouth.

"I have a little business to transact with you, Herr Romanus, if you have no objection," said the stranger, with a courteous bow. "You might find it highly advantageous."

"Business; I am at your Lordship's service. Do me the great honor to sit down."

"Mr. Casimir Morn, whose affairs in England I have had the honor of managing, wishing to retire from business, as he finds his income amply sufficient ('So, so, so,' muttered Romanus), has been to view the estate of Dreileben, which is understood to be for sale; he seems inclined to purchase it."

"How, he indeed!—Dreileben!—but why Dreileben?—it's a large purchase, ticklish speculation, very: they will ask a confounded price, eh?"

"Mr. Morn has taken a fancy to it, and

the name pleases him. He has often said it would be a Paradise for two, or perhaps three friends, who would desire to pass their lives together. By the three he means himself, his future wife, and one esteemed friend, under which appellation he is good enough to understand me."

Caroline's blood mounted again to her temples; what could be the matter with her?

"But you are perfectly right about the price, Mr. Romanus. Baron Von Wolpern demands no less a sum than a hundred and fifty thousand guilders; or, ready money, a hundred and thirty thousand. Mr. Morn will pay ready money, but,"—

"Ready money, a hundred and thirty thousand! so, so! an excellent young—an excellent young man."

"Still the price seems enormous. He wishes that the bargain should be concluded by some one who understands the business better than he does. He would be willing to reward the trouble of any person inclined to act as his agent in this matter, by a gratification of a hundred guilders for every thousand abated in the purchase-money. Now, he maintains that there is not a man in the city so well qualified to transact business of this nature as Mr. Romanus."

"Your humble servant," said the old man, glancing suspiciously at his visitor. He could not understand any one *giving* away even civility for nothing.

"Now, if you would have the goodness to take this commission on yourself."

"Hundred for every thousand: I am at your Lordship's command."

"It is a matter of extreme vexation to Mr. Morn that he has not been on such good terms with you of late years as formerly."

"Trifles, tut—mere trifles, mere trifles."

"He told me, that at first it was his intention to have put his little capital in your hands instead of employing it in England; and indeed, after that he would have proposed a speculation in the English funds, but your coldness towards him—"

"Trifles, I tell you, thunder and lightning!—mere trifles; and how should I know what he meant?" said the old man, half crying. "Why was he so hard-hearted to a poor man like me, as not to say a word about it when he was rolling in gold?"

"But, to return to this affair of Dreileben; are you inclined to undertake it?"

Romanus walked up and down the room with his hands behind him, muttering and grumbling to himself for some minutes. "I'll do it," said he, at length; "the profit is small, very small, but times are bad, very bad: an honest tradesman must not let anything slip through his fingers."

In eight days the purchase was completed. Herr Romanus made a snug little profit of a thousand guilders, and went quite cheerfully to Casimir to announce the conclusion of the business, and congratulate him on his acquisition.

"And we may be good friends again, my worthy Mr. Casimir," said the old man with a smile, yet somewhat embarrassed.

"I desire nothing more earnestly, Mr. Romanus," said Casimir, warmly. "Grant me but one favor—make me and your daughter happy at once."

"It can't be, Mr. Morn. Haven't I told you over and over again, that the money I lost through your father has made me as poor as a church mouse."

"Not so very poor, I should hope," said Morn, smiling.

"A beggar, Sir; I tell you, a downright beggar. Ah, worthy Mr. Casimir, you are a rich man now, and you are an honorable man; you won't let a poor old man like me suffer; you'll make up my loss to me?"

"Well, and if I do—then?"

"Then I'll thank you on my knees."

"But, your daughter?"

"And the interest for seven years?"

"Well, and the interest—then?"

"Then the whole city will say, what a worthy, honest, excellent, upright man you are."

"But Caroline?"

"And you must not forget that I gave your father the eight thousand dollars in gold. Oh, Mr. Casimir, louis d'ors and carolines, all gold, all full weight. If you had seen them. Heaven forgive me my sins! I would not swear, Mr. Casimir, but it makes my old eyes run over to think of it!"

"But if I give you fifteen hundred carolines for one Caroline? For your daughter, Caroline?"

"I beg your pardon, but, with the interest, it would be above two thousand!"

"And if I did not hesitate to give you the two thousand, as soon as your daughter—"

"You are jesting with me, Mr. Morn. You see what little I have I want myself. I have been obliged to run in debt. Your

father's bankruptcy was the ruin of me. I can give the girl nothing but what she carries on her back."

"Be it so, I will take her on your own terms."

"Why then I—I must ask the girl herself."

Herr Romanus betook himself to his daughter. Morn was ready to dance for joy. He flew like one beside himself to Devereux, to relate his success, and ask his sympathy, and Devereux gave it heartily.

Within eight days, the marriage contract was drawn out and signed, and the lovely Caroline Romanus became a yet lovelier Caroline Morn. Till Dreileben was ready for their reception, Devereux had taken care to provide a suitable residence in the town.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

"The joke must be carried through," said the Englishman. "The whole city bows down before you, dear Morn; even the Court itself courts your friendship. We will turn over a new leaf now. I shall give you out for poor, and see what sort of a grimace your dear friends will make then. And when the contemptible crew have sunk themselves as low as possible, we will turn our backs upon them for ever. I have let Baron Von Wolpern into the secret, for I must chastise the old curmudgeon, your father-in-law, for the Jew's bargain he has driven with you. No remonstrance—he deserves it."

Devereux told the simple truth. The whole town were bowing to the ground before the supposed Millionaire. And how should people, accustomed from their very childhood to value wealth, show, luxury, above all other earthly good, do otherwise?—how feel anything but admiration and reverence for the amiable young man, who possessed the prettiest wife, the finest estate in the territory, and a million? The noblest and stiffest backs in the city bent in homage to this new luminary. Every one was solicitous for the notice of Herr Von Morn; every lip instinctively uttered the noble prefix, without asking for the patent. Ministers, Grand everythings, and Count everybodies, loaded him with invitations. At some of the fêtes where he was most pressingly invited, the electoral

family were present; the noble hosts were solicitous to present Herr Von Morn to their Highness, and their Highnesses' reception was most gracious; but, strange to say, the object of all these flattering attentions felt anything but flattered. Not for what he *was*, but for what he *had*, were all these caresses lavished; and it was with no small violence to his feelings that he constrained himself to go through the disgusting farce.

"I can bear it no longer," said Morn on one occasion, when a stronger dose of incense than ordinary had been offered up; and Devereux in reply said, "We must carry it through; I shall give you out for poor."

Towards the latter end of March, Devereux had gone about with a look of affected anxiety, and dropped mysterious hints of bad news from England. He spoke of certain speculations being subject to enormous losses, as well as enormous gains. "It was fortunate he had so many powerful friends in —," and so forth. Baron Von Wolpern was seen to shake his head and look thoughtful, when the sale of Dreileben was talked of—"the purchase-money was not *yet* paid down." It was whispered that Morn's splendid new equipage would be disposed of *privately*: the town-house was announced to be let. The news flew like wildfire through the town, with a thousand additions. On the *first of April* the matter was placed beyond a doubt, by Morn's driving about to all his new friends, among whom it became known with wonderful rapidity, that from some he had requested *loans*, from others securities, or their good offices with the Elector for an appointment, &c. All those who, but four and twenty hours before, had overwhelmed him with offers of service, and half-stifled him with embraces, were in consternation at this new state of affairs. Some were "grieved beyond measure," in proper courtly phrase, others excused themselves coldly—"they made it a rule never to be surety for any one;" they had no interest; some smiled with scarcely concealed malicious pleasure at the sudden vanishing of the fairy treasure. One thing was evident, there was neither credit, money, nor interest, left in the whole city.

A splendid ball and supper at the house of his Excellency Count Von Bitterblott, at which Herr and Frau Von Morn were to have been present, was, for some unexplained cause, adjourned *sine die*. With

old Romanus the result of all this was rather more serious than was intended. To him came Baron Von Wolpern one fine morning, accompanied by a lawyer of eminence, and politely requested of him, as negotiator in the purchase of Dreileben, security for the payment of the sum agreed on.

Romanus had certainly given no written surety for his son-in-law; but in his eagerness to gripe the proffered gain, he had verbally, and pretty plainly given it to be understood, that to hasten the purchase, he was ready to make advances; but nothing was further from his thoughts than to be taken at his word. The evil reports that had been before flying about town had sorely disquieted him, and Morn's evasive answers to the questions he put to him had by no means tended to still the perturbation of his spirit. But when the Baron and his lawyer made their appearance, he was driven well-nigh crazy! In a few hours after the Baron's visit, he had a fit of apoplexy—the very mention of a physician made him furious, and the evening saw the end of his cares and his life together.

CHAPTER VII.

DREILEBEN.

This sudden death changed the whole aspect of affairs. Romanus left enormous wealth behind him, much more than had been expected. Casimir Morn had now really become the Millionaire for which his rich and whimsical friend had compelled him to pass. Dreileben had been bought in Morn's name, but the money had been furnished by Devereux, to whom, by an agreement between him and Morn, it had been immediately conveyed. Almost as much disgusted with the world as his friend, Devereux had resolved to end his days in some agreeable solitude. The charge of overlooking the estate was to be Morn's; he had positively refused to accept any gift from his English friend. Both were now nearly equally wealthy, but their plan of life remained the same. On the other hand, the worthy citizens of — faced about with as much rapidity as if struck by a conjuror's wand:—"It was the first of April when we heard of this sudden loss; ah! the arch jester, it was really too bad, but admirably done too!" High and low

enjoyed the joke alike; Morn's doors were again besieged with visitors; wealth and credit returned in a wonderfully short time; the acceptance of securities and recommendations was pressed as the greatest possible favour to the givers; and as to dinners, balls, concerts, &c., &c., there was no end of them.

"I am heart-sick at all this," said Morn. "Come, Caroline, come, Devereux, let us to Dreileben, and forget these whited mockeries. I have been long enough a dupe. What more have I to do in the world, as it is called? Why should I be any longer a witness of these hollow juggleries, the sport of their false smiles? Be wise as Solomon; pure as an angel; sacrifice yourself for society; be a model of disinterestedness and beneficence—but poor in this world's goods, and you are nothing, or worse than nothing! Every blockhead will be exalted above you—every cold-hearted egotist sneer you down—every, even acknowledged scoundrel, be honored and caressed before you, if he but possess that mightiest of talismans—wealth."

As soon as the business of the inheritance was arranged, and the house and business of old Romanus disposed of, Morn left the city in company with his wife and his friend, and has never since been known to enter it.

About six years after these occurrences, I had occasion to pay a visit to the electoral city. I knew that my old university friend, Casimir Morn, had formerly held some appointment there, and was rejoicing in the prospect of renewing my acquaintance with him. My earliest inquiries were concerning him. Few knew anything about him; at last I learnt that he was living at Dreileben, brooding over his money-bags, as his father-in-law had done before him, and keeping up no intercourse whatever with his neighbors. As soon as I had gathered these particulars, I got into a chaise one fine morning, and drove to Dreileben, musing and lamenting by the way on the perverse accident that could have changed my open-hearted, open-handed school friend, into that most pitiful of created beings—a miser.

The road lay through a succession of richly-cultivated fields to a forest, where, as the peasants informed us, the mansion was situated—on the banks of the Rhine. When I entered the forest, however, I found it no forest, but a delightful compromise between park and garden, adorned on every

side with graceful temples, the rarest plants, and exquisite groups of statuary in the purest marble. The expense of creating such a place must have been enormous. A spacious and magnificent house, with extensive out-buildings for agricultural purposes, stood before me, approached over a wide lawn smooth as velvet, and skirted by a magnificent orangery. Everywhere I saw traces of an almost royal outlay; guided, however, by a noble taste: none whatever of the avarice attributed to the possessor.

As I was getting out of the carriage a servant in a rich livery advanced to meet me, and, in answer to my inquiries for his master, was—"Very sorry, but the family had left Dreileben that morning early, and were not expected back for some days." As there was no help for it I returned to town; in another week I repeated the attempt, but with no better success; the family were still absent. As my stay in the city was limited, I felt greatly vexed at my failure, and could not help expressing it in the circle I joined in the evening. I was answered by a general laugh.

"If you were to go twenty times to Dreileben," said one of the party to me, "you would get the same reception. You might have been spared the trouble of going if you had mentioned your intention beforehand. No one, be he who he may, is ever admitted within their doors. They have telescopes planted at certain points commanding the road, so that they are never to be taken by surprise. All the servants are previously instructed, and as soon as any one of them spies a visitor he runs in to warn his misanthropical masters."

Thus informed I wrote to Morn, expressing my desire to see him once more, and entreating that he would make me an exception to his general rule. I received a courteous answer, and the assurance that for me he would be at home; the day and hour when I should be expected were punctually named.

When I came within sight of the house, Morn advanced to meet me, with his beautiful wife on his arm. Both received me with a kindness and cordiality I had little expected after all I had heard, and presented me to their friend Devereux; he was a young man about Morn's own age, of a graceful and highly prepossessing exterior, and anything but *cynical* in appearance. In a quarter of an hour we were the best friends in the world. I was entertained with a magnificence that I have not always found even in

princely palaces. The interior of the house corresponded with the costliness of the arrangements without. The library was splendid; the walls of all the larger rooms adorned with masterpieces of the greatest painters; and a music-room furnished with the finest instruments. In my honor there was a concert such as I have seldom heard from amateurs. The upper servants were all musical, and the heads of the family performers of no ordinary pretensions.

Morn had two lovely children; Devereux was still a bachelor, and announced his determination of dying one. "And you are really happy here in your beautiful retirement?" said I, inquiringly, when we were sitting in a pavilion in the garden, overlooking the lordly Rhine.

Morn smiled. "Why not? We form our own world here, and it is our happiness to know nothing of the other by experience. If we feel any curiosity about the proceedings of the fools, there are the newspapers to inform us. We prefer, however, to learn what the nobler spirits of other times have thought, or invented, or done; to learn it in the immortal legacy of works they have bequeathed us. All that Nature, Art, and Science afford of fairest and noblest surrounds us here. What is wanting to our Heaven? Intercourse with the rapacious, mentally crippled, corrupt, self-seeking herd without, would sully its purity, and make us partakers in their well-deserved misery. Well is it for those who can free themselves from the coil, and living with and for themselves, look on the sayings and doings of what you call the world, as on a theatrical spectacle, in which they are spectators, not actors."

These expressions led to a conversation on the true social relations of the wise; and it was then that Morn related his own and Devereux's stories, as I have repeated them to you.

"But with such ample means as you possess," said I, "what beneficent influence might you not exercise within your sphere! Would it not be a nobler happiness to use the abundance of your wealth in creating a paradise for others, instead of lavishing it on your own?"

Morn's brow clouded, and he shook his head. "What would you have?" said he. "Men are to be rendered happy by thought and action, not by money; but how many seek happiness thus? who honor the search in others? Did I not waste the fairest years of my life in the vain hope of thus

winning men's love and respect? Are not voluptuousness, avarice, vanity, and vulgar riot, alike predominant, from the palace to the cottage? In great or in little states, is it the ablest, the most honest, that are found at the head of affairs, or the richest, or best connected, as it is called? Are not the highest offices, affecting the weal or woe of millions, invariably the apanage of the latter, or the prey of the vilest intrigantes? Does not the history of all times and nations teach us that hatred and persecution have been the invariable portion dealt out to the most virtuous and disinterested, by the rabble, in purple and fine linen, who rule the destinies of nations? And is it for such miserable wretches as these you would have me sacrifice my peace, and give up my tranquil bliss for the vain dream of making them wiser or better? No! I can love a *man*, but I despise *men* with my whole heart and soul."

Morn was evidently highly excited on this subject. His wife and Devereux joined chorus.

What could I do against this triple alliance, but—hold my tongue? The good people were not altogether in the wrong, and hence made the not very uncommon mistake of fancying themselves entirely in the right. I saw that by debating the point, though I might chagrin, I should not convert them. The trio were extremely susceptible by nature, and the life they were leading tended to nourish the defect. If Rousseau had been a Millionaire like Morn, with his lacerated heart and his gloomy views of life, he would have led the same life in France as Morn did on the banks of the Rhine; and opulence would have been, in his hands, but a means of indulging his egotistical dreams on a larger scale.

When the Counsellor had concluded the history of his first Millionaire, Morn's conduct was warmly discussed and variously commented on. All agreed that his scorn of the world and absolute seclusion must be looked upon as a *revenge* taken for its previous neglect, when the chances turned in his favor; but, while some of the circle held him perfectly justifiable, if not praiseworthy, in such indulgence of his feelings, others censured him loudly; had his circumstances been different, he might have been excused; but the withdrawal from all intercourse with his fellows, pardonable as self-defence in a poor man, was sheer egotism and narrow-heartedness in a rich one."

"Rich or poor," said one, "every man

has a right to seek his own happiness in his own way, provided he injure no one in the means selected."

"Will you tell us how a man, gifted alike by nature and fortune, can withdraw himself from the active duties of life, *without* injuring a great many?" retorted an anti-Mornite.

"It is easy to be philanthropic in theory," said another, "but, honestly speaking, which of us would be inclined to sacrifice himself for the good of society, supposing his own views of happiness to consist in the renunciation of it? Would you; or you; or you?"

"Besides, Morn did not reject the world till the world rejected him," added the first speaker.

"That is, he was cheated by a few knaves, from whom no one in their senses would have expected anything else, and he did not find everybody ready to make prompt acknowledgment of his merits and services, some of them being, by the by, known only to those interested in concealing them."

THE FATHER OF COLERIDGE, THE POET.—Coleridge used to relate many instances of his father's absence of mind, one or two of which we may quote. On one occasion, having to breakfast with his bishop, he went, as was the practice of that day, into a barber's shop to have his head shaved, wigs being then in common use. Just as the operation was completed, the clock struck nine, the hour at which the bishop punctually breakfasted. Roused as from a reverie, he instantly left the barber's shop, and in his haste forgetting his wig, appeared at the breakfast table, where the bishop and his party had assembled. The bishop, well acquainted with his absent manners, courteously and playfully requested him to walk into an adjoining room, and give his opinion of a mirror which had arrived from London a few days previously, and which disclosed to his astonished guest the consequence of his haste and forgetfulness. The old gentleman, Coleridge also related, had to take a journey on some professional business, which would detain him from home for three or four days; his good wife, in her care and watchfulness, had packed a few things in a small trunk, and gave them in charge to her husband, with strong injunctions that he was to put on a clean shirt every day. On his return home, his wife went to search for his linen, when, to her dismay, it was not in the trunk. A closer search, however, discovered that the vicar had strictly obeyed her injunctions, and had daily put on a clean shirt, but had forgotten to remove the one underneath. This might have been the most pleasant and portable way of carrying half a dozen shirts in winter, but not so in the dog-days.

From the Court Journal.

LIFE AND PROFESSIONAL CAREER OF JENNY LIND.

"That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."—SHAKESPEARE.

JENNY LIND was born at Stockholm on the 6th of October, 1821. Her mother had established a preparatory school there, in which her father, skilled in languages, assisted. As her parents possessed no independent property, they were compelled to exercise unremitting industry in their profession.

The childhood of Jenny, passed amidst the dry routine of serious studies, received no impulse from surrounding circumstances to the early development of her taste for music, which displayed itself in her third year. Whenever by chance a melody attracted her attention, she repeated it with such precision as to astonish and excite general admiration. This musical talent increased with her years, and unconsciously to herself, or parents, her future destiny declared itself in every action of life. She performed no task without the outpouring of her clear and melodious voice; no sickness afflicted the oft-suffering being so completely as to stop her occasional warbling. Song was the solace of an otherwise joyless existence. Naturally reserved and thoughtful, music seemed the only means Providence had bestowed on the pale, plain child, to attract the sympathy of her fellow creatures. Thus, Jenny attained her ninth year; precocious in mind, and far beyond her age in observation and sensibility, but backward in physical growth.

A Swedish actress, the late Madame Lundberg, accidentally heard the extraordinary child. Astonished at the voice, execution, and taste of the embryo artiste, she called on Jenny's parents to awaken them to a sense of her vocation, and to conjure them not to neglect the treasure in their possession, but to dedicate her to the stage. Like many citizens' wives, the mother was governed by a prejudice against anything theatrical, and was at first shocked at the idea; but the resolute actress combated every objection on the part of the parents, and finally induced them to trust to the sharp intellect and early decision of character in the child for the choice of her future career. The actress, however, doubt-

ed whether the quiet and reserved little maiden had energy and courage sufficient to devote herself to the task. Jenny listened to the proposal eagerly, and declared her willingness to be brought up to the stage. Madame Lundberg, whose penetration thus paved the way to Jenny's fortune, took her to Croelius, an old man, famous as a music-master in Stockholm. Delighted at the wonderful facility she displayed in learning, he took her to Count Pucke, then director of the Court Theatre, and requested him to hear her, and, if approved of, to bring her out. The Count regarded the insignificant, almost awkward little creature with surprise, and asked Croelius drily, what he expected him to do with such a child, who appeared not to possess a single requisite for the stage? The worthy teacher was not to be deterred; he begged the Count would at least hear her, and if he found her unworthy his consideration, he himself would instruct her at his own expense, for he held it a sin, where genius manifested itself so distinctly, not to foster and protect it. This induced the Count at length to hear the child, whose voice possessed then the peculiar charm and heart-winning sweetness now matured in its fascination. He listened attentively, and all his prejudices vanished; scarcely had she finished, when he exclaimed, with delight, "She shall have all the advantages of the pupils in the Stockholm Academy."

Shortly after, Jenny appeared in juvenile parts at the theatre, and produced an enthusiasm similar to the sensation Leontine Fay once excited at Paris. Vaudevilles were written for the genial little actress; her rich humor, fresh conception, and surprising originality, constituted a youthful prodigy well deserving the title. In about a year, the aged Croelius resigned his pupil to the care of the more vigorous Berg, who undertook Jenny's instructions with equal zeal, and to those excellent elementary studies may be attributed the perfection of her peculiar style. Restlessly striving forward, borne up by the applause lavished on her representations, welcomed

in the first society for the unpretending amiability of her character, Jenny reached her twelfth year, and with it, alas, expired the rosy dream of youth, and she awoke to the sad reality that she had grown out of her juvenile parts, and was not yet considered fit for the higher ones. In addition to this chagrin, she suddenly lost her delightful upper notes; the voice that remained was tuneless; her worthy master strove in vain to revive the silver tones of his favorite; apparently they had departed for ever; the hope of preparing her for the Grand Opera was abandoned. She appeared but seldom in trifling soubrette parts, and as it often occurs with infant phenomena, the public soon forgot the impression previously made, and regretted only that such expectations had been blighted.

The maiden, whose light of life was song, bore her sudden deprivation with silent resignation. To appear as *Agatha* in Weber's "*Freischütz*" had been the ideal of her youthful ambition, the crowning point to which her soul aspired—it vanished from her ardent gaze into the heavy clouds of despair—she remained hopeless, the elevation of her spirit fled—she sang no more, though continuing her musical studies. Four long years passed so, when it happened, at a concert in which the fourth act of Meyerbeer's "*Robert the Devil*" was announced, a singer for the part of Alice was required, who has only a solo in the act, at that time little known in Germany. No one would accept the unimportant solo, when Berg thought of his unhappy pupil as a "*pis aller*," and determined to hazard its total failure in her hands.

Jenny undertook it with anxious heart, and devoted her powers to the accomplishment of the seemingly insurmountable task.

On the evening of the performance, to the astonishment of all, the long-departed voice returned. The wonder-stricken public hailed at once the almost miraculous recovery, and enthusiastic applause pealed and repeated at the conclusion of the solo, which the established vocalists had refused with contempt. Who can describe the emotions, the thrilling sensation of genius so long depressed—restored to hope—the grateful joy of the patient pupil, when the delighted master told her to get ready the part of *Agatha*, for an early appearance in opera—her oft dreamed of, despaired of *Agatha*! There was a bright flash of the expressive eye, extinguished by a twinkling

pearly drop. Eureka! she had gained it, and the quiet maiden resumed her usual tranquil demeanor.

She had not yet performed any parts of a serious description, or received any instructions for tragic impersonations, and consequently betrayed at rehearsals all the ignorance of the novice in what is professionally termed "*stage business*." At first, she stood motionless, without any attempt at action, paying deep attention to the directions, however, of what should be done in the different scenes. By degrees, she entered a little into the acting of the part, and the evening at length arrived, her friends almost hopeless, and trembling for the result.

Jenny Lind's first appearance as *Agatha* was one of those extraordinary exhibitions of the power of genius in surmounting ordinary difficulties—she surprised the best actors by her exquisite acting, astonished her friends by the perfect ease with which she went through the part, and drew the refractory orchestra, who had commenced the allegro too slowly, into her own time. There was a general buzz of amazement behind the scenes (possibly like that which rose at the conclusion of the celebrated scene in the third act of the "*Merchant of Venice*," when Edmund Kean made his *début* at Drury Lane), and a tumult of rapturous delight before the curtain. Universal approbation crowned the entrance of the talented girl of sixteen on her career of fame.

Jenny Lind speaks of Weber's '*Agatha*' at the present day with unaffected veneration as the foundation-stone of her fortune. She was immediately engaged for the principal parts;—opera succeeded opera with increased attraction—*Alice*, *Euryanthe*, the *Vestal*, were great efforts at her age! Become now the darling of her native city, something whispered that all was not achieved—she felt that her excellent master had done all in his power, yet the finishing hand to the work was wanting, if she meant to ascend the lofty professional height an innate sense pointed out as her sphere. Garcia had been long considered the best singing-master in Europe, and an uncontrollable desire impelled her to seek him out at Paris. But how to accomplish it?—where the means, on resigning her engagement, to live one or two years in a foreign country? She treasured the sweet aspiration in her heart—the means should be provided by her own exertions. Turn-

ing to account the vacation at the theatre, she travelled with her father through all the great and small towns of Norway and Sweden, arranged concerts with indefatigable energy, gaining everywhere admiration and the pecuniary supplies for the completion of her project. On returning to Stockholm, she made known to the management her determination, enforcing it with such good reasons, that they could not refuse the request; and the resolute girl obtained the required leave of absence. Her parents did not attempt to dissuade her from the step—they knew the purity and strength of her character, and resigned her to the stirring impulse of her genius. They could not accompany her during this long absence without abandoning their own means of existence, and so, though scarcely eighteen years old, she set out alone for the great city with no protector, but an exalted love for her art, and an incessant watchfulness over her self-respect. Arrived at Paris, she hastened to Garcia, to whom she had brought the most earnest and favorable recommendation. The long journey, the separation from those who till now had been her protectors and companions, the engrossing thought of home which preyed upon her, like the agony of the Swiss, “when far away from his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,” did not delay the important visit; with feverish anxiety, she passed the threshold of his door, and stood before the master, upon whose decision her future prosperity rested. Garcia received her kindly, and listened to her singing without any sign of approbation or disapproval; when she had finished, he said, calmly, “My child, you have no voice! or you had a voice, and are on the point of losing it; you have sung too much, or too early, for the organ is thoroughly worn out. I can give you no instructions at present; do not sing a note for three months, and then come and see me again.” With this overwhelming farewell, the humiliated aspirant left the man on whom she had set all her hopes of future pre-eminence.

Jenny Lind passed three months in deep retirement, counting the tedious days, till the period of the second probation arrived. Garcia again listened with deep interest and attention; on concluding the piece, he replied to the expressive look bent on him for judgment in these words, “My child, you can begin your lessons immediately.” Jenny returned from the second

visit with a bright eye and elastic step—she might sing again; and anon, the sweet tones of her native melodies came carolling forth upon the raptured heart and ear. Time galloped now; the genius exulted in her growing strength, overcoming, daily, deficiencies pointed out and eradicated by the consummate experience of Garcia. After remaining a year at Paris, absorbed in unremitting study and improvement, one of her countrymen, a talented composer, came to remind her of the promised return to Stockholm, and took the opportunity of introducing her to Meyerbeer, then at Paris, whose experienced ear caught the magic sweetness of her voice with delight. To try its strength, he appointed a rehearsal with full orchestra at the Opera House, and Jenny Lind sang, and performed three of the principal scenes from “Robert,” “Norma,” and “Der Freischütz” with such complete success, that Meyerbeer immediately offered her an engagement for Berlin; but she had given her word to return to Stockholm, and shortly after, re-appeared there with immense success. The favorite had now become the pride of her native city, enthusiastically admired for brilliant talents, and respected by all for her spotless character.

In the following spring, Meyerbeer renewed his offers for the opening of the new Opera House at Berlin, and after some hesitation, arising from reluctance to quit her native city, she accepted the conditions, with the understanding that she might return to Stockholm for the celebration of the King’s coronation. In August, Jenny Lind left for Dresden, where Meyerbeer then was, partly to conclude the necessary arrangements, and also to acquire a requisite knowledge of the German language.

In the latter part of October, 1844, she arrived at Berlin, and on her appearance in public fully realized the expectations of the great composer, creating at once the same enthusiasm as in her native land, which continued unabated till her departure in March. Before returning home, she visited several of the cities and larger towns of Germany with triumphant success; at Hamburg, a superb silver laurel wreath was presented at her departure. In the summer of this year, 1845, she was invited by the King of Prussia to sing at the festival prepared on the banks of the Rhine, in honor of the Queen of England, on which occasion she appeared also at Frankfort, and

Cologne, when the Countess Rossi (Henrietta Sontag) named her the first vocal actress of the day.

From November, 1845, to the end of March, 1846, she fulfilled another engagement at Berlin, and on the 22d April made her first appearance at Vienna in "*Norma*." The expectations of a critical public were raised to an extraordinary pitch. Seats were sought for at any price; every nook and cranny of the largest theatre of Vienna was occupied, and from each and all, one unanimous salvo of applause greeted the magnificent execution of the first aria, the acclamations increasing, if possible, to the end of the opera. She appeared eleven times at the theatre and twice at concerts for charitable purposes, when she sang her enchanting melodies. Jenny Lind

left Vienna to assist at the musical festival of Aix la Chapelle, from thence to Hanover, then to Bremen, Hamburg, Stutgardt, Munich, and thence again to Vienna, where she re-appeared on Thursday, 7th Jan., 1847, in Donizetti's opera, of the "*Daughter of the Regiment*," which has been repeated several times to overflowing houses.

No portrait can give an accurate idea of Jenny Lind, the whole expression of the features changing at the control of a lofty genius. In *Norma*, the wildly flashing eye strikes the spectator with awe; as *Amina*, in the "*Somnambulist*," it beams with tenderness and love. The impersonation of opposite characters presents a refined delicacy of conception, seconded by an indescribable grace.

From the Literary Gazette.

MADAGASCAR AND ITS QUEEN.

MADAGASCAR, PAST AND PRESENT. BY A RESIDENT.

By his own account, a residency in Madagascar is no very enviable or desirable position; for the author paints the island and its sovereign queen in most horrible colors. The object of the work is to evoke the interference of England—we do not see clearly by what right or title—with the barbarous despotism of the usurping successor of Radama; and he says:

"No more fitting opportunity can ever await the mother-country to insist upon an interference in the present scheme of government in Madagascar than now presents itself. Whilst we refuse to suffer France to aggrandize herself by the occupation of that island, let us meet her more than half way in endeavoring to remove Ranavalona and her chiefs from the authority which they have usurped, and in substituting such an one in her place as shall be a guarantee for the future interests and protection of the people; and which, above all, shall engage to receive an accredited British agent at the capital, together with a missionary body proportioned in extent to the capabilities of the island. Whether the British government will be ready to avail itself of the present opening to render this measure of good to the country, we have yet to learn; and whether, in the case of her willingness to do so, that of France will consent to sink those pretensions so speciously set forth by Laverdant for an object so praiseworthy, is a question of still greater moment to

determine. But, be the issue of the present crisis what it may, no indirect interference in the affairs of Madagascar can be productive of any benefit beyond the moment, unless it be based on the primary removal of Ranavalona and her party from power."

And again:

"If Great Britain should now feel determined to enter in earnest upon the task of rescuing the Malagasy people from their present deplorable condition, the first step of such a policy must be the removal of Ranavalona and her satellites from power, and the reorganization of authority upon a new and more natural basis. That such an undertaking would be attended by no extraordinary difficulties, may, we think, be presumed from the fact, that many thousands of her subjects prefer to drag on a precarious existence in the forests (to which they have fled, with a view to escaping the terrible feudal service she has imposed upon them), rather than continue to live under her yoke, and who would hail the appearance of any foreign power which offered them protection and support. To this fact may be added another, that the extensive Sakalave tribes, which people the western coast of the island, are at open war with the Hova power; and, it is generally believed, would welcome an European armament, if only that it afforded them the means of beridding themselves of the presence of such an enemy; a fact sufficiently proved by the good understanding they have al-

ways kept up with the French at Nos-Beh and St. Mary's Island. Let France only drop her tinsel pretensions to the possession of Madagascar, and co-operate, on principles of humanity alone, with Great Britain for the realization of this great end, and the attainment of the object before us will not be difficult. On the other hand, should M. Guizot be overruled in the line of policy to which he has hitherto expressed himself determined to adhere in connexion with Madagascar, and have to witness France's appropriation of what, in the French Chambers, has been well defined as 'une Algérie à quatre mille lieues,' adieu, then, to the prospects of Madagascar, for the present century at least; although the exchange from a native to a French government would at least give them the advantage of a greater security to life, whilst their present feudal servitude would probably undergo an amelioration by passing into the form of Gallic slavery.

"Should the Malagasy people be fortunate enough to excite in Europe an active and disinterested sympathy in their future condition, we earnestly hope that the feeling will not be allowed to cool before a demonstration be made by England or France, or by both, in their favor. We do not pretend to dictate to those powers the line of conduct to be pursued towards Ranavalona and her supporters; but we may venture to intrude an opinion, that the marching an army to the seat of government, although perhaps the most expeditious, would by no means constitute a necessary step for the accomplishment of the object they had in view. By occupying Tamatave and Foulle-Pointe ourselves, or by replacing the present Hova authorities at those ports by such other native officers as would consent to govern the people (under European influence) with equity and kindness, we should strike a serious blow at the very spring of Ranavalona's resources; whilst these ports themselves might be held by a comparatively insignificant land-force, provided they were supported by a man-of-war, so situated as to command the shore. In addition to the above, it would be necessary to blockade the few remaining points on the coast at which supplies are occasionally received from without. By organizing, in the next place, a native soldiery for the protection of the several points we might decide upon occupying, we should be enabled to withdraw our European land-forces, and leave them after a while to the protection of their own hearths, with the strongest incentives by which men can be actuated to defend themselves, viz. the preservation of liberty and life. By such a line of policy (cementing it yet more strongly by an offer of protection and employment to all who might resort to us with a view to escape the iron yoke of Ranavalona), the Hova power would quickly, we are convinced, decline; and if her sceptre were not speedily torn from her by such united agency, it would fall of itself at length from her enervated grasp, and await the occupation of such power as we might determine to invest with it."

To this scheme her Malay Majesty replies :

"Madagascar and its productions are mine; and I am as much the Sovereign of that island as Victoria is of England. I do not interfere with what the Queen of England chooses to do in her country; and on the same principle I will not suffer any foreign interference with my policy or actions!"

Like Japan, she is resolute in excluding foreigners; and, to say the truth, we do not wonder at it.

But to leave the political bearings of the book,—which press most upon the necessity of Protestant proselytism by means of Missionary labors, upon the loss to the Mauritius from our being shut out from Madagascar trade and supplies of provisions, and upon the expediency of England proceeding at least on equal steps with France* in extending her influence in these seas,—we will run through the volume, in order to draw some examples from it (premising that the style is very indifferent) which may possess novelty and interest after the histories by Ellis and Copland, and other writers who have published their remarks on this quarter of the globe.

It appears that the island of Madagascar is occupied by two distinct races of inhabitants, the one Malay and the other African, of the Caffre and not of the Negro species. Some of its districts are so unhealthy that a few hours spent in them is almost certain death. Idolatry, Superstition, and Infanticide of the most atrocious nature, pervade the land; and the author says :

"The *sikidy*, or divination, is unceasingly in requisition, and is regarded as infallible amongst the miserable dupes upon whom it is practised; and the belief in its infallibility is the more incomprehensible, inasmuch as the several impotent contrivances which are resorted to, in order to the working of it, are so indifferently disguised, that it seems as though a child might detect the fact, that the materials are designedly disposed in order to bring about the result which the diviner himself desires. But our surprise at this seeming incongruity is lessened when we revert to the celebrated *sikidy* of one of the most wonderful people of an-

* Of the projects of this power, it is stated: "Already have they opened an active commerce along the Mozambique and Zanguebar coasts, and have located a resident, or envoy, in Abyssinia; and that their occupation of Nosibé and Mayotta are but preparatory measures to their possessing themselves of 'la grande île Africaine'—Madagascar, appears to have been openly asserted by more than one of the French ministry itself, and strongly advanced besides by the most recent French writer upon Madagascar." Their late occupation of Islands is also inveighed against.

tiquity, the Delphian Apollo, a specimen of imposture which supported its reputation so uninterruptedly through ages, and with such unquestioned success. The worthies in Madagascar who practise the thriving trade of divination and astrology, contribute, as we above remarked, in a fearful degree to the destruction of life. Some check had begun to be put upon this wholesale system of murder by Radama; nay, that prince had, we believe, successfully put a stop to it in the immediate vicinity of the seat of government; but it has since been re-introduced, and is now, perhaps, resorted to even more than at any former period; for her majesty Ranavalona is, in her own person, wedded to the particular species of superstition we are speaking of, namely, that of soothsaying and divination.*

"The contrivances resorted to for the destruction of infants,† when once doomed by the astrologers to die, are not the least atrocious features distinguishing this dark page in the history of the people under our notice. Thus a common *modus operandi* for the attainment of this end is that of exposing the unconscious babe in a narrow passage, through which a herd of cattle is furiously driven, and by the feet of which it is scarcely possible to avoid being mangled and tortured by a gradual death; at other times it is suspended by the heels, whilst its face is held downwards in a pan of water until suffocation ensues!—or, still more horrible to relate, it is sometimes buried alive, with the head downwards, in a pit especially dug for the occasion. And this atrocious murder is in regular order commanded under the Queen's authority to be perpetrated by the *father* or *nearest relative* of the infant!"

According to the same authority, it appears that, on succeeding to the throne, the Queen resolved to rid the island of all foreign presence, and especially of the missionaries, against whom she proceeded with intense vigor and cruelty, in 1835–6, till she drove the last out. Other acts of violence brought on the united French and English attack, which destroyed Tamatave and other places on the coast. On the negotiation preparatory to this rupture, we have an amusing anecdote:—

"We cannot (says the writer) resist acquainting the reader with a ludicrous illustration of the ad-

vances which the Hova army have effected in the European science of 'soldiering.' Upon Captain Kelly's approaching the guard of honor, the officer in command vociferated, in broken English, 'Rear rank, taken open order!' We have remarked in the text that the guard consisted but of a single line! Some other equally laughable words of command were issued in English, which the very organization of the force rendered it incapable of obeying, had the same commands been even understood."

A fierce tirade against the Romish Church is added to illustrate this story; for it is said:—

"This system of manœuvring might be likened to the tactics of the Roman Church, one admirable manœuvre of which is, the inculcation of their blasphemous mummery through a language which is about as intelligible to four-fifths of its disciples as though their pastors were to address them in Cherokee."

Let us pass, however, from such indecorous and irrelevant matter to two further quotations of a more appropriate description. The first is a great fact, namely, that "already in Mauritius have many of the necessities of life been *trebled* in cost since Madagascar closed her ports against us."

The next is an historical passage belonging to the recent annals of Madagascar; for the exact truth of which the writer, however, does not seem disposed to vouch. We give it as we find it:—

"Here, we think, it will not be out of place with such a view of the subject, if we put the reader in possession of one of the most recent instances of the Queen of Madagascar's sanguinary exploits, that is to say, recent in comparison of any others which have made their way to our knowledge; although it is not to be supposed that the cravings of such an appetite for blood could be long sated by the extent even of the present sacrifice. Occupying the entire western side of Madagascar, we meet with a race quite distinct in themselves, and between whom and the Hovas there has ever existed a reciprocal hatred. This people are well known to those acquainted with the modern history of Madagascar, under the name of the Sakalava or Sakalave tribe; or, as some early writers (Copland, for instance) denominate them, the Seclave tribe. 'They are pastoral tribes (to take our account from the source alluded to), living on the milk and flesh of their domestic herds, and on the chase of the blue or wild cattle, and wild hogs; on arrowroot, arum, and many other roots and esculents of spontaneous growth. They are an athletic, bold, and hardy race, and numerous compared with any other tribe of common origin in Madagascar; although few compared with the vast territory they occupy, extending full 900 miles in length, and on an average 100 in

* "The divination seems to be in constant requisition by the Queen. She could scarcely venture to take even an ordinary meal of rice without having it worked ten or a dozen times."—*Note to Narrative of Persecutions in Madagascar*, p. 60.

† "In Williams's 'Narrative of Missionary Enterprise,' it is stated, that on questioning three native women at the Tahitian and Society Islands as to the number of infants which they had respectively murdered, the first said, 'I have destroyed *nine*;' the second, 'I have destroyed *seven*;' and a third admitted that she had destroyed '*five*.' Thus three individuals, casually selected, had killed one-and-twenty children!"

breadth. In the opinion of the best informed French authorities, they are destined to become, sooner or later, the dominant power in the island. The eastern coast, in about three-fourths of its length, from the north point, where the widely spread Sakalaves are found lying westward, to within a few hundred miles of the southern extremity, is occupied by the Betsimisaraka (the inseparable multitude, or united people), the only tribe with which we are acquainted at Mauritius. They are an agricultural people, cultivating rice extensively for exportation as well as consumption; notwithstanding which, they also during a part of the year subsist on bananas, yams, and such spontaneous roots and fruits as the herds of wild hogs, monkeys, squirrels, and lemurs, think proper to leave for the human aborigines. They are an inoffensive and unwarlike people, great part of them having submitted to the Hova government without a blow about twenty-five years ago; and to this they have proved useful, and indeed indispensable auxiliaries. A large tribe which formerly occupied the north-east shore of Antongil Bay, refused to submit; and have been exterminated by devastating wars, selling about 300,000 of them into slavery, and destroying an equal number by outlawry, rewards offered for their heads, and such other diabolical means as the Hovas could devise. At length the Hova government, wasted in its limited resources by the death of its soldiers, is unable to defend the eastern provinces against the more vigorous Sakalavas, who, nevertheless, prior to the Hova dominion, were always kept off by the Betsimisaraka themselves. For about five years past annual invasions have been carried on by the north-west Sakalavas against the north-east districts of the Betsimisaraka, destroying the Hova fortresses, and carrying off as booty the cattle of the Betsimisaraka for food, and their mothers, wives, and children, into slavery. Before last year they had destroyed every fortress of the Hovas, and devastated the whole country from Diego Saurez to Angontsy, excepting the impregnable peninsula of Diego. They have repeatedly declared their intention of not ceasing these invasions till Tamatave, the last port of the Hova Queen, is destroyed.

“Last year they invested Angontsy with a large army, when the Hova troops, throwing up the best defence they could, and pointing several cannons at the enemy, shut themselves up in the village and fortress with their cattle and property. The Sakalavas beat the Queen's troops, boldly approached the fortifications, and seized and spiked the cannon. Affairs now went very hard against the Hovas, and they expected to be all cut off. But when they drove out the rich booty of cattle to the assailants, the Sakalava were content with such an acquisition, and took their leave, promising to repeat their visit the following season. During this period, the native Betsimisaraka, not being allowed to keep fire-arms, with which the Sakalavas were well provided, had fled with their wives and children into the woods, to seek a refuge amongst the serpents and other denizens of the forest. The way being again clear, they now began to creep back into their villages. The Hova

officers, mortified at their disgraceful defeat and dishonorable capitulation, and fearing the consequences of their Queen's anger, determined to cloak their disgrace by wreaking their cowardly fury upon the defenceless Betsimisaraka, the *éclat* of which should serve to eclipse the infamy of their defeat. They, therefore, collected as many of the returning villagers as they could at Angontsy, and formally accused them of cowardice and treason for not coming to the help of the Queen's troops. Accusations of this nature are soon ended in Madagascar. The wretched people were all seized and handcuffed, including the women and the circumcised boys, comprehending generally all above seven years of age.

“The preceding explanatory detail we have deemed necessary, in order both to make the particular circumstances (giving rise to this transaction) intelligible to the reader, as well as that he may be able to form an idea of the sort of motives which are sufficient at the present day in Madagascar to instigate those in authority to the wholesale destruction of life. We now come to the very gist of the matter, which the writer of the preceding narrative informs us he has published in the unadulterated language of the native who (through an almost miraculous incident) has been preserved to put on record what we are about to transcribe, and who cannot but be looked upon with a degree of additional interest from the *quorum pars magna fui* associations which attend him.

“‘I was amongst the number,’ says the individual in question, ‘who were seized and handcuffed. We were all ordered to be slaughtered in a general massacre, beginning with the women and children. I was sitting on the ground by the side of my brother. The soldiers came and cut down and pierced the victims with swords and spears. I saw eighty-nine women slaughtered, and a great number of men; I cannot tell how many. At length it came to our turn. I and my brother stood up, when he being killed with a sword fell dead on the ground, knocking me down in his fall. I lay a few seconds, when a Hova officer pulled me up by the arm to be killed; but, looking at me, said, ‘This is a good-looking youngster, I will take him for my slave, and pay his redemption-money.’ Thus I alone was saved from death, and went home to the officer's premises.’ (The poor fellow's lament reminds one of the language of Job's messengers on recounting the successive calamities of the patriarch, ‘And I only am escaped alone to tell thee.’) ‘I took an early opportunity of running away, having the fear of death continually before me; and reaching a near port, I contrived to get on board a ship and escape. After the horrible massacre was completed, the heads of the victims were all cut off and put into canoes, the men's heads being below and the women's and children's above. They completely filled seven large canoes! They were sent coastwise, north and south, to be stuck on poles along the shore. The line of human heads extends as far as from Port Louis to Pamplemousses, about seven miles. They are now bleached by the sun and rain, and present to the ships which

approach the coast of Angontsy the appearance of lumps of chalk or lime, glistening in the rays of the sun as far as the eye can reach!"

With this tragedy we conclude. We regret to add, that the tone in which the work is penned is not of the kind to inspire us

with perfect confidence; but still we trust our extracts will show that it is not without interesting points to attract readers, and perhaps merit the attention of the British Government.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LITERARY LEGISLATORS.—No. IV.

LORD MAHON.

To whom to intrust power has always been the great difficulty in the science of government. It is a problem that has never been solved, and one, the solution of which becomes still more difficult the more our experience becomes enlarged. Society has ever been prone to run into extremes in its delegation of political power. Sometimes, it has exhibited a weak and rash abandonment of its natural privileges; at others, a jealousy equally unwise and inexplicable. Alternately, the despot by divine right, the military despot, the oligarchy, the democracy, the constitutional monarch, has assumed power for the best objects, and perverted it to the basest purposes. Mankind have passed through successive cycles of disappointment, until from having had, at one time or another, faith in every principle of government, they have at last been reduced to the condition of fully relying on none. The worst result, next to this constant disappointment, is the mutual jealousy which it has engendered,—jealousy by the people towards their natural rulers, fear and suspicion on the part of those upper, and, except in moral force, weaker classes towards the people.

Here, in England, after having passed through every phase of this drama of fatality, we have been, for some century and a half, striving to effect a compromise. Purposely blind to the theoretical inconsistencies of our system, we have consoled ourselves with its practical benefits. From the history of mankind's disappointments, we have drawn the moral neither to hope too much from human virtue, nor to rely too much on human reason. Facts have been our laws, whilst our laws have stood as facts. We have abstained from striving after much that might, perhaps, have been attainable, because we were content with

that for the possession of which no one would quarrel with us. We could afford to be laughed at by theorists and political philosophers for being, constitutionally speaking, a sort of mongrel—neither monarchical, oligarchical, nor democratic—because we contrived to secure many of the advantages of each form of government, while we avoided that great evil of all, the depositing of power without responsibility. It is true that, until within a comparatively recent period, our representative system was, in some of its most essential respects, a fiction. But it was a fiction to which the people, by long use, had become reconciled. Until they experienced evils which the abuse of even the best institutions will produce, that fiction was to them a reality, and as it appeared to bring them benefits, they regarded it as a blessing. At length, however, they swept away the fiction, and replaced it by a reality; but by a reality which appeared at the time so formidable an innovation, that even the most sanguine regarded it as a desperate plunge into an unfathomable future, while the timid and the forecasting did not hesitate to denounce it as the precursor of struggles in which even mighty England would fall. It was supposed that the political world would be revolutionized; that the conditions of society would be disregarded, and its position reversed; that the mere delegates of mob influence would obtain substantial power; and that all those who had held influence by their talents and social position, would in future be superseded. It was said that, in spite of the lessons of experience, we were committing the fault against which history warned us—that of giving to a democracy too much unchecked power.

And, indeed, if we forget the present, and transport ourselves again into the past

of fifteen years ago, even the most sanguine of optimists must admit that there existed ample justification for such fears. That they have not been realized does not prove that they were groundless. It only proves that the character of the British people was not then sufficiently understood. The prophets of evil, whose warnings cast a shadow over the future at the era of the Reform-bill, were perhaps justified in supposing that those who had been in their own belief wrongfully deprived of power would, when they obtained it, run riot in its exercise. They could not be blamed for preferring the certainties of the past to the promises of the future; and it is due to them to say, that those among them (and they are the vast majority) who have since discovered the error into which they were led by their exaggerated fear, have done their utmost to make atonement to the objects of their censure. They have hastened to place themselves again in relations with their fellow-subjects—too much despised in a moral point view, politically, too much dreaded. Yet it did seem at that time almost impossible to reconcile the possible future with the past. How were those who were promised absolute electoral power to be induced to abstain from making what seemed so natural a use of it? how were they to be restrained from displacing the natural heads of society in the political world? how was a parallel to be kept up between the political and social state? how were those gradations of rank, which are so necessary in private life, to be kept up in public life? what was to prevent the delegate of a popular constituency, elected to express the popular will, from superseding the recognised leaders of parties? in short, what natural reason was there why the new political power, which was supposed to have been created, should not take its natural place in public affairs, and thus a revolution in men as well as in policy be effected? At the present day, when the danger is seen to have been exaggerated, we can afford to smile at these fears and prophecies of evil. But a very slight consideration will suffice to remind the reader that the forebodings which we have selected, because they bear on our present purpose, are amongst the least serious of those in which the alarmists of that day dealt.

The non-fulfilment of these prophecies may be attributed to many causes—all more or less connected with the solid virtues and qualifications for citizenship inherent in the

English character. That we are experiencing serious evils in the paralysis of legislative power caused by the unwieldy organization of our governmental system, even the most uncompromising supporter of the Reform-bill must be ready to admit. But in one most essential respect the expectations of those who were terrified at the prospect of sweeping change have been falsified. We do not find, as they predicted we should, that the dregs of society have come uppermost; that the leading men of the day have been displaced by mob delegates; or that education, experience, historical association, or high cultivation of intellect, have any less weight now in either branch of the senate than they had before the passing of the Reform-bill. On the contrary, it is to be regarded as one of the great guarantees of constitutional liberty in this country, that such a leading part is taken in public affairs by the young nobility, and more especially by those whose ancestors, from time to time, have been engaged in the service of the State. It is not in the fact of their being nobles that the advantage consists, any more than that it is an advantage to the people to be represented by men of plebeian origin because they are plebeians. On the contrary, nothing can be more dangerous than government by a privileged order, who have no claims to take the lead but their privileges. The advantage we ascribe to our system consists in the free choice by which these men of rank are selected for the posts which they fill, not merely because they are men of rank, but because they are men of superior talents also. There is no reason why we should look with suspicion upon a public servant because he happens to be a lord; nay, there are reasons why we should be more ready to cherish talent and public spirit, when they spring up spontaneously among the nobility, than even when they are developed in those to whom life is a struggle. But it were well if we could guard against the superiority of rank being used to afford to young noblemen too great a priority of opportunity.

It is not surprising that we should have so many noblemen taking a distinguished part in public affairs, because, from the very nature of things, they have better opportunities; but it is a strong proof of the healthy condition of our institutions that they should take the lead, not by accident of birth alone, but also by intellectual superiority, and that, coming into contact as they do with the selected men of other

classes of society, including the professions, they should, when placed in competition with them, show to such positive advantage. We are so accustomed to recognise them at the head of affairs, that we forget to notice by what a singular coincidence it is that the living scions of those noble houses that have most figured in our history should, in these days of greater freedom and equality, in like manner eclipse their contemporaries. So long as such men as Lord Stanley, Lord John Russell, Lord George Bentinck, Lord Grey, and a host of others of less renown, are found, in virtue of their talents alone, eclipsing their political contemporaries, we need not fear any of that social disorganization which the opponents of the Reform-bill so lavishly predicted. We know that all their acts and all their words are subjected to the most rigid scrutiny by every rank and grade of their countrymen, and that when they are allowed to hold, by common consent, the leadership, on whichever side of politics it may be, there is provided as complete a check against oligarchical ascendancy on the one hand, as there is against democratic dictation on the other.

Lord Mahon is one of those whom we would signalize as noblemen who voluntarily deny themselves the exclusive advantage given to them by their birth, and who enter the arena, face to face, and foot to foot, with the general competitors for fame and power. Fortunately for society, the day is gone by when any exclusive class or section can confer either the one or the other. He who would be great must, like him who would be famous, appeal to the public, to mankind at large, for the sources of his influence and the credentials of his success. Some thinkers—those who violently force an association between the merits or demerits of an individual and the principles he professes—who praise or blame, not according to his personal deserts, but in proportion as his opinions square with theirs—will dispute this assumption, and declare that Lord Mahon, from his first entrance upon public life, has been engaged in a crusade against liberal principles; that he has been a too consistent, if not a bigoted worshipper of the past, and has always arrayed himself against the political, and therefore, as they believe, the social advancement of the people. But this is not the question. We are considering, not the particular opinions which a man advocates, but the circumstances of

his advocacy; and must concede to the advocate of absolutism, or divine right, or spiritual supremacy, the same fair freedom to express his opinions, the same respectful consideration of them, that we would willingly grant to the most enthusiastic apostle of popular rights. So, therefore, in dealing with Lord Mahon, we shall not adopt the enmities or the predilections of any political party, but shall deal with him as a nobleman who has done his utmost to divest himself of any unfair advantages of position, and has come forward in the literary, as well as in the political world, resting solely on his own personal powers, and achieving his success solely by his own personal merits. He is one of a large and yearly increasing class who, by breaking down factitious distinctions, and mixing ranks by making pursuits common to all, are doing much to guard us, hereafter, against those evils which the growing power of the middle and lower classes might produce, were they placed in antagonism with the aristocracy.

Lord Mahon entered parliament at a time which was unfavorable to the attainment of distinction by a man holding his opinions. It was at the commencement of that period of excitement in which we approached, as nearly as it seems likely this country ever will, to civil commotion; when, in the violent struggle to wrest from the aristocracy the power of controlling the representation, the people lost for a time all moderation, all sense of justice, all respect for authority, all veneration for constitutional forms. He was himself returned for a rotten borough at the election which followed the accession of William the Fourth to the throne; and he was in his political principles, from sincere conviction, and as much reflection as is given to a young man of twenty-five, a Tory. Inheriting from his father an ardent temperament, and inspired by the example of his sincerity and moral earnestness, he plunged at once into the great contest which soon afterwards commenced, with a passionate vehemence scarcely surpassed by any advocate of the old system. And yet, his was not the blind, unreasoning opposition of a Winchelsea, nor the more elaborately sophisticated advocacy of a Croker. He rather took a high constitutional view of the question. He was no insane enemy of popular rights. He was prepared to admit that, in the working out of the old system of representation by nomination, great

abuses had crept in; that, on the other hand, there were great and glaring instances of popular rights withheld without adequate reason. But the sweeping nature of Lord John Russell's bill filled him with alarm. He could not see by what agency the government was to be carried on. He thought he perceived in the future only a perpetual and hopeless effort to unite the governing power with an irresponsible dictatorship by the popular will. He believed, also, that the Whig party, having enjoyed so large a proportion of power from the Revolution of 1688 until the reign of George the Third, had determined to recover by this grand *coup d'état* what from that date had been wrenched from them. He therefore suspected the intention of the new measure as much as he deprecated its tendency, and his indignation at what he conceived to be an innovation of the most dangerous kind, attempted for factious purposes—an innovation not merely against his own order (for of such narrow views we believe Lord Mahon to have been incapable) but also against the best and most substantial privileges of the whole people—the most sacred guarantees of general liberty—broke out on various occasions in a manner that drew upon him considerable attention, even among the distinguished men of that time. But, on the other hand, he would have been prepared from the first, unlike most of his party, to assent to a measure of moderate and, at the same time, effectual reform. It was what he believed to be the unnecessary violence and magnitude of the Reform-bill that so frightened him. Accordingly, he offered a manful and persevering resistance to the bill; and when, on the introduction of the final measure, others who had opposed the former ones gave way, he, although the friend of moderate reform, stepped forward and moved the negative to the third reading in a speech of lofty and concentrated indignation, which drew upon him the regards, and almost secured the admiration, even of his political opponents. One passage in his maiden speech embodied a general prediction which has since been remarkably fulfilled. He foresaw that the representative influence given to particular interests in the community would be used for mutual conflict, and, therefore, for general injury. Those who were elected under the close-borough system formed, he considered, a useful counterpoise in the management of separate interests. But that advantage

would be lost when members became more directly the representatives of class interests. For instance, "the agricultural members would strive to retain the Corn-laws; the Newcastle members would be for protecting the coal interest; the Kidderminster members would call for a high duty on Turkey carpets; and the representatives of Brighton would protest against the introduction of medicated vapor-baths. All interests would be alike active against each other; and each having its representatives, there would be much contention and confusion, much difficulty in obtaining a harmonious action." Of course this illustration was put ironically; but it embodied one of the strongest arguments against the bill, and it certainly, also, had a prophetic truth; for the great complaint now made by statesmen of the working of our system is, that the power is so divided as to render it impossible to secure a general or harmonious action in favor of any disputed proposition, without a resort to agitation. Lord Mahon's political life was soon after brought to a rather abrupt termination by an event which, in those days, was not uncommon. Those who had protested in vain against the greater infusion of the popular principle in the representation, now sought to neutralize its influence by various means which wealth and organization have at command. Lord Mahon, like many other zealous champions of the old system, was again returned to parliament; but this time it was for Hertford. A petition was presented against his return, and the result of a Committee of Inquiry was, that his election was declared void by bribery and intimidation. In those days the decision of an election committee was anything but proof; and therefore it does not follow that the noble lord was really guilty of the offences ascribed to him. But still, happily for public morals, the stigma of such proceedings is always sufficient to cast a shadow over even the most unsullied reputation. Lord Mahon remained out of parliament for nearly two years. Previously, however, to his being deprived of his seat, he spoke and voted on the first great measure introduced into the Reformed Parliament. In speaking on the Whig Coercion-bill for Ireland, he put the pith of his argument very tersely in a sentence, where he said, that military law was bad, but mob law was worse. Maxims and apothegms are frequently to be found scattered through his speeches; as his eminently thoughtful

and philosophical mind pauses from time to time in his consideration of a subject, and drops reflections, the result of great insight and sagacity.

The interval during which Lord Mahon suspended his political activity affords us a convenient opportunity, although it may be somewhat out of the order of dates, for briefly noticing his literary productions. Of course, we do not attempt here any critical analysis of those works. They are open to all, and every well-informed reader is able to draw conclusions as to their merits. They have attracted so much attention from their intrinsic value, that any extended notice of them here is the more unnecessary. We merely glance at them as bearing upon the character and position of Lord Mahon as a statesman. No one who has read either his *History of the War of the Succession in Spain*, or his *History of England, from the Treaty of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle*, but must have been struck with his dignity as a historian, and the extent of his knowledge and research. Not satisfied to take those traditional facts and views which are the common stock of historians, he sought out his materials from unaccustomed sources; and his labors, dictated by a strict impartiality, and animated by a noble loftiness of sentiment, have resulted in an originality and truthful insight into the characters that pass under his pen, rare, indeed, in these days of hasty and superficial judgment. His books tell what he is better than his public life, which has been more or less distorted by political passion, and a disposition to exaggerate the moral evils of such legislation as he disliked. They are pregnant with enlarged and sagacious views of individual character as well as of human nature in the abstract, and he shows, throughout, a power of weighing the value of the little springs of action, without compromising the importance or the dignity of the great facts and movements in his history. Not a little weight attaches to his deductions, from the resources placed at his command by the records of his family; nor should we despise that species of tradition which becomes transmitted, almost insensibly, from generation to generation of distinguished men in any family; which is often the very essence of contemporary experience, and which only finds its way to the knowledge of the world when, by a happy union between rank and intellect, the pen of the historian is wielded by him who is

also the depository of the secrets of history. Lord Mahon is the living link of a long ancestral chain, and each great deed his pen records awakens the noblest sympathies and sentiments, till his own predecessors and their contemporaries seem to live again under his pen.

One fault has been found with his style, which is said to be too flat and unpretending. But there is a quiet, unassuming dignity about it, which, to our mind, compensates for the want of brilliancy and luminous effect; and it is certain that his characters and portraits of distinguished men of past times are remarkable for their power and verisimilitude. Besides these historical works, Lord Mahon wrote a life of Belisarius. This was a very early production, and it brought its author much praise, and a consideration disproportioned to its pretensions, on account of the extensive learning and research it exhibited, and the critical ability with which he exposed some errors of Gibbon.

Lord Mahon returned to parliament in 1835, and such was the reputation he had in the interval acquired, that Sir Robert Peel at once made him Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In all his official displays that were more especially connected with foreign policy, he shone to great advantage, more especially as the leading topics of that day happened to be those with which he was most intimately connected. Always the advocate of legitimacy, he did not scruple to persist in that advocacy, even while under the responsibilities of office; and this involved him in some difficulties and inconsistencies. It was unlucky for him, that almost his first official duty in parliament was to defend the appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry as Ambassador to St. Petersburg—a task which the peculiar prejudices of the English people rendered an invidious one. But, generally speaking, Lord Mahon was not an efficient organ of the government in parliament. He was not a “safe” man. There was always a risk that he might say too much. Of too high an order of mind to condescend to be a hack, he had not, as yet, learned that self-command and abstinence from personal feeling which would have raised him above his office. He was not a good subordinate, yet lacked the qualities of a leader. A constitutional warmth of temperament, and a seeming techiness and irritability, involved him in some unworthy squabbles. The dignity which so impresses you in his

historical writings, you looked for in vain in his parliamentary career. Some passages in his public conduct while in office were almost incomprehensible, when the elevation of his general character was considered. On one occasion, Mr. Ward, the present Secretary to the Admiralty, had alluded to him as the author of a particular pamphlet, in which some views were expressed differing from those he usually avowed. This was taken by Lord Mahon to be intended as an attack on his consistency and character. He spoke intemperately in resenting it, and finished by reminding Mr. Ward that a former mission of his to Mexico in the public service had given rise to serious charges against him. This was altogether undignified as well as wrong. Mr. Ward repelled the insinuation indignantly, and declared that Mr. Canning, immediately before his death, had expressly absolved him from all blame with respect to the matter in question. The end of it was, that Lord Mahon, as a gentleman who had been betrayed into passion, was placed in the position, very embarrassing to a minister, of having to apologise for introducing such a subject. Several times in the course of his public life he has betrayed the same infirmity of temper. His father, Earl Stanhope, has the same failing; but Lord Mahon has of late years acquired more self-possession and self-command. His later speeches have been chiefly on the subject of Foreign policy, which he thoroughly understands, although his legitimist predilections cause him to take a one-sided view. He had so far advanced in the opinion of the House of Commons, and in self-training, that in July, 1845, when Sir Robert Peel meditated his final step with respect to free trade, he appointed Lord Mahon to the office of Secretary to the Board of Control, as being a nobleman of high Conservative principles, and yet the avowed supporter of a repeal of the Corn-laws.

Upon one question, Lord Mahon has established an unassailable character—has earned the gratitude of all whose high mission it is to instruct mankind. All true friends of literature had witnessed with shame the conduct of shopkeeping England towards men of acknowledged genius. They saw that every kind of property which could protect itself met with protection from the law, but that the only property which could have no protection, from the very conditions of its existence, was abandoned to chance. He saw that the greatest pro-

ductions of human genius had, by this perversion of the functions of the legislature, enriched all but those who were entitled to derive profit from them—that princely fortunes had been made by the sale of works whose authors and their descendants had been steeped in poverty and degradation. This was just the theme to enlist all the generous sympathies of his noble nature. Here enthusiasm, intemperance even, would be a virtue; because what was wanted was a tocsin to the slumbering justice of the British nation. It was not surprising that he threw himself, with all the ardor of an interested party, into the great struggle which was so long, to the disgrace of the House of Commons, carried on by the advocates of unprotected genius against the apologist of ungenerous capital. Not all the eloquent fervor of a Talfourd, nor the brilliant rhetoric of a Macaulay, stirred that impassible audience as did the simple, manly, dignified appeals of Lord Mahon. It was felt that his very position, by showing his support to be disinterested, lent it weight and impressiveness. Indignant at the low, calculating arguments of Mr. Warburton, who, like too many of his class, would sacrifice the dearest interests of humanity to get a yard of cloth a shilling cheaper, or a book, enshrining the thoughts of genius, for the price of a pint of wine, Lord Mahon broke out in a strain of eloquence worthy of his race. He found himself, he said, born to an inheritance, while he saw others below him in the gifts of fortune, although men immeasurably his superiors in industry, merit, and reputation. This he could not endure. The injustice of the legislature to men of genius in literature was the more striking, from the lavishness of its rewards to genius when developed in other more favored pursuits. He instanced the case of Marlborough, rewarded with princely honors and a still more princely fortune; of Arkwright, founding a new power in the State—the first of a dynasty of manufacturing kings; of Canning, rewarded, by the posthumous gratitude of his countrymen, with both honor and wealth. And then he drew a parallel between their position and their rewards, and those of men of the highest genius in literature—men who were as much conquerors in the field of mind as Marlborough in the field of glory—who were as much the founders of new states of things as an Arkwright—who were as completely the rulers of their fellow-men as a Canning—but who yet were

denied that right to property in their own absolute creation which would at once have elevated them to a rank with the world's other heroes, while, at the same time, it would have provided them with the means, to a still greater extent, of instructing and delighting their fellow-creatures. His speech was ably argued, as well as high-toned, and he rested his case, not merely on the private interests involved, but also on the most liberal and public grounds. He called upon the House to pass the bill, not only that they might reward by-gone laborers, but also that they might foster future genius. Nothing could exceed the eloquence and perseverance of his advocacy of this question. He had already taken that position in literature which entitled him to speak with authority; and his social rank lent a weight to his support with those who would have been dead to every higher influence.

Lord Mahon is more fitted to be of service in council than to shine in debate. The tendency to intemperance we have complained of has become diminished as years have passed over him. His appearance generally impresses one with the belief that he is a very grave, thoughtful man; but appearances often deceive, when there is great earnestness of disposition. He has reached the mature age of two-and-forty, and has therefore no longer the excuse of youthful ardor. Now, however, it is not required; for there are few men in the House more sedate than he, or who have accumulated so much of that store of silent respect which, as with such men as Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Inglis, so outweighs mere popular applause. His mind is of a superior and very valuable order. Without being bigoted in his admiration of the past, he never forgets to bring the light of history to his view of the present. And he is at the same time sufficiently liberal in his views to form rational, and sometimes enthusiastic, expectations for the future. He looks at politics with the eye of an historian, not through the distorted medium of a partisan. His mind is eminently philosophical; and although, as must always be the case with men of high principle, he has fixed ideas on some of the greatest questions that can agitate mankind, yet he is sufficiently practical, sufficiently in active relation with the immediate events of the hour, to be able to give them a consideration such as is not ordinarily bestowed on

them by those whose passions alone are mixed up in the strife, and whose limited experience disentitles them, while it disables them, from forming a philosophical opinion. On the foreign policy of the country he frequently addresses the House. He is one of those who, on that subject, are "expected" to speak. His speeches are brief, high-toned, full of facts and historical illustrations, but, at the same time, modest and unpretending. He carries the more weight because he does not affect to speak with authority.

As a speaker, Lord Mahon does not take high rank. His speeches, delivered by a man of greater oratorical power, would be highly effective. They always read much better than they tell when heard. Yet, at times, the fervor and enthusiasm of his nature has enabled Lord Mahon to conquer his natural disadvantages; and he has risen to the height of that eloquence which at once communicates itself from the soul of the speaker to the sympathies of his audience, and which is above all forms, all artificial graces. But this is not the general characteristic of Lord Mahon's parliamentary speaking. Nature has not specially designed him to shine as an orator. He wants dignity of manner; his mode of delivery is feeble, confused, unemphatic; his voice wants tone and pliability; and there is a slight indistinctness in his utterance which impairs the effect of the most dignified sentiments, of the most choice language. The expression of his face is deeply thoughtful, and he has a student-like air and manner. But the countenance is not in his case a faithful index to the character; for you do not see any traits of that loftiness of sentiment and generosity of spirit which we have seen are the characteristics of his mind, as developed in his works and his public career. In his gait and general bearing he reminds one of Mr. Gladstone; but there is no resemblance in the face, which is sharp in features. His being near-sighted also prevents the full play of his countenance.

Sir Robert Peel, as we have seen, long since recognised Lord Mahon's value as a minister. Uniting, as he does, an admirably organized mind with the most liberal spirit, he is eminently adapted for a period when the object of statesmen is to effect substantial reforms, without increasing the popular power. He will no doubt fill much higher posts than any he has yet held.

From the Quarterly Review.

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

1. *Gallus, oder Römische Scenen aus der Zeit Augusts Zur Erläuterung der wesentlichsten Gegenstände aus dem häuslichen Leben der Römer.* Von Wilh. Adolph Becker, Prof. a. d. U. Leipzig. 2 t. 8vo. Leipzig. 1838.
2. *Charikles: Bilder altgriechischer Sitte. Zur genaueren Kenntniss des Griechischen Privatlebens.* Von W. A. Becker. 2 t. 8vo. Leipzig. 1840.
3. *Gallus; or Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus. With Notes and Excursus, illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans.* Translated from the German by Frederick Metcalfe, B. A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. 12mo. London. 1845.
4. *Charicles; or Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. With Notes and Excursus.* Translated from the German by the Rev. F. Metcalfe, M. A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. 12mo. London. 1846.

FROM very childhood we have been accustomed to look up with admiring wonder at the mighty nations of Greece and Rome, as exhibited in pages of history or blazoned by the poet. We there behold the hero in his battle-field or his triumphal procession; the statesman in the senate; the orator in the forum; the philosopher in his school, his portico, or his garden. But in these volumes we track the actors home—get a pleasant peep into their retired vales of life—where every one alike is engaged in that round of small concerns which, with some curious modifications and varieties, constitute the every-day existence of us all. We may hope here to contemplate the *People* generally in their domestic habits, their social circles, their private amusements; to find materials for judging of the individual relations of man to man, and how woman fared among them.

Through such scenes we could not have a more agreeable or more faithful guide than Professor Becker. To a very extensive research he has brought the most patient industry and minute observation; compelling every collateral matter and every incidental expression to converge for the elucidation of any given point—

“Nec desinit unquam
Secum Graia loqui, secum Latina vetustas.”

But he has by no means contented himself with the written records of antiquity. He has ransacked the ruins of empires, and rummaged the museums of existing governments; where monumental inscriptions and bas-reliefs, statues, paintings, fictile vases with their encaustic figures, coins, gems, and medals, are often made to speak

more plainly than the most luminous descriptions found in books.

Others, from the like sources, had endeavored to investigate similar subjects; and their labors are noticed in the preface, and occasionally, in elaborate discussion, throughout the notes: sometimes with merited commendation—but often also with unmerited censure. For it is admitted, as a reason for undertaking the work—we consider *Gallus* and *Charicles* as parts of one production—that its object has not been made the especial purpose of any preceding author. Those, therefore, whose professed design embraced only a part of M. Becker's—and those again of whose professed design *his* only included a portion—should not be rudely censured for deficiency, where completeness was never pretended. And such strictures are less excusable in one who, professing at the outset to give a complete view of his subject, yet acknowledges having left some matters imperfectly treated, because elaborately discussed by former writers; and confesses to have omitted altogether, as of too wide a scope for his undertaking, the public games and festivals of Greece—the shows, circus, and amphitheatre of Rome—and the theatres and drama of both countries—though these respectively exercised, in each, the most powerful influence on their moral and physical condition; no small part in the “*private life*” of a people. M. Becker, in short, has as much need, as any whom he censures, of Columella's very pertinent apology:—“*Neque enim est ulla disciplina aut ars quæ singulari consummata sit ingenio: quapropter, ut in magnâ silvâ boni venatoris est feras quamplurimas capere,*

nec cuiquam culpæ fuit non omnes cepisse : ita nobis satis abundeque est tam diffusæ materiæ quam suscepimus maximam partem tradidisse, quippe cum in eâ velut ommissa desiderentur quæ non sunt propria nostræ professionis."—*De Re Rust.*, 5, 1, *ap. init.*

In the plan of the Professor all idea of a romance is anxiously disclaimed : only so much fiction being employed as to give a pleasant personal interest to details which, as isolated facts, would weary any but the most dogged antiquary. Both stories are simple in their structure ; but ingeniously devised to collect in clusters, like crystals round salient points, the particulars required for illustration ; which is effected with considerable elegance both of fancy and expression ; forming as his preface to Gallus characterizes it, a piece of *marquetry* [*Zusammensetzung eines Mosaikgemäldes*], the fiction being the plain ground, serving to connect and give relief to the colored pieces of the picture. This is said of what may be called the text of the work, independent of the multitudinous and proportionately voluminous digressions ; which prove the impracticability of involving in a narration—without smothering its interest and deforming its beauty—the mass of minutiae required for critical disquisition. Readers, therefore, who seek only amusement, must fix their eyes on what we have called the text of the tales, and never advert to the notes or the digressions (*excursus*, as they are somewhat pedantically called) : and this the German reader will more easily do than the English ; for the translator has placed the notes in the same page with the text.

For the purpose of the author, Gallus is a personage well selected. There is a halo of celebrity about his name, which gives the interest of reality ; whilst there is an obscurity with regard to the details of his life, leaving a license to fiction without the risk of historic incongruity. Gallus was a favorite of Augustus, and one in that poetical constellation which illustrated his reign ; but, like one of those stars whose disappearance from the firmament puzzles philosophers, his splendor is now only heard of ; his works have perished. He was the admired friend of Virgil (whose celebrated *Eclogue* bears his name) ; noticed with honor by Horace, Cicero, Pollio, Propertius ; and Ovid, in allusion probably to his military and political importance as well as to his poetical fame, thus characterizes him and his mistress :—

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"Gallus et Hesperis et Gallus notus Eois,
Et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit."

These lines have furnished an appropriate motto to the German edition of the Gallus ; but the few words of Plutarch prefixed to Charicles would have served equally well for either story :—"A slight circumstance, or expression, or joke even, will often convey a clearer idea of national character and manners, than the account of a battle where ten thousand men have perished."*

The Roman narrative opens with Gallus (such as we have described him) returning home late at night from a party. Of his family, his was only the third generation who enjoyed the honor of Roman citizenship, and they had, according to usual practice, assumed the name of Cornelius, as that of the patron to whose influence they were indebted for the franchise. Yet his mansion exhibits all the external insignia and internal decoration that would seem to indicate an ancient and illustrious descent : just as we see our upstarts assuming the armorial bearings of any noble family whose patronymic happens in whatever way to be also theirs. Gallus, however, has distinguished himself both in warfare and civil administration ; and in these, and especially in his prefecture of Egypt, had amassed a princely property.

This minion of fortune was attended, as usual, by a train of adulatory friends and envious maligners ; as usual, too, in this latter class the bitterest was a brother poet.

Τεκτόνουν θ' ὕμνοις ἐργάτειν δοιοῖν
Ἔριν μοῦσαι φιλοῦσι κραίνειν. (*Eurip. Androm.*, 475.)

This man, Largus,† observing some interchange of tart expressions between Augustus and Gallus, conspired with others to excite the despot to further proofs of displeasure ; and aware of Gallus' impatience of injustice, of the generous impetuosity of his character, and especially of the failing which Ovid imputes to him—

"Lingua nimio non tenuisse mero" (*Trist.* ii., 446)—

cunningly draws him on at a festive board to a treasonable defiance, and even menacing, of Augustus. Gallus is condemned by the servile Senate, and dies what is called a "Roman death ;"—that is, one in

* Προῶγμα βραχὺ πολλάκις καὶ ῥῆμα καὶ παιδιὰ τὶς Ἰμ-
φασιν ἤθους ἐποίησε μᾶλλον ἢ μάχαι μυριότατοι.—*Plu-
tarch, Alexand. ap. init.*

† Celebrated by Ovid, *Epist. Pont.*, iv 16, 17

which a pusillanimous anticipation of prolonged suffering inspires the coward with a momentary courage.

Such is the tragedy of Gallus; which is followed by Charicles, we will not say like the farce, but like the "entertainment" in a modern theatre; for the story is of the very simplest construction. That period is chosen when, Greece being under Macedonian domination, and men less occupied in public affairs, the characteristics of domestic life became more prominently distinguishable: and this forms the author's very sufficient reason for selecting a private individual to give name and personality to his work. The hero is introduced as travelling (about midsummer of the year 329 B.C.) from Argos to Corinth, on his way, after six years' absence, to Athens for claiming his inheritance there. He has just emerged from the class of ephebi, and attained his legal majority of twenty years. He is of powerfully active form, of gallant bearing, with amiable and refined physiognomy. He is mounted on a noble steed, and followed by a running footman,—a slave of about thirty years of age, sweating under a carpet-bag (*στρωματεῖς*), supplementary to the horseman's portmanteau (*πήρα*). They stop at a pleasant spot (pleasantly described) to breakfast; and are joined by an unattended pedestrian traveller who recognises Charicles as an old schoolfellow—if fellows they could be called, one of whom was the son of a high-born burgher, while the other earned his instruction in the school by performing menial offices for keeping it in order. Charicles, however, by what Sir Thomas Browne calls "reminiscential evocations," is delighted to acknowledge Ctesiphon, the friend of his boyhood; who, though by two years his senior, had been a good-natured playmate and often assisted him in his lessons.

The friends proceed to Corinth, where they part for a while; Ctesiphon going to a friend's house and Charicles to that of Sotades, to whom he had been recommended as a respectable person willing to accept money for accommodating a stranger.

Venus, as all know, had one of her grandest temples at Corinth; and the city, so lauded by lascivious poets, became in plain English the brothel of Greece. Hence, M. Becker represents the elder of the youths as cautioning the younger in what some construe the true sense of the proverb—

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthon."*

But the character of Corinth does not depend on the construction of a proverb: it is wrought into the very language of Greece, in which the debauched were said *Κορινθιάζεσθαι*. Here, then, Charicles finds his "respectable" host is the pander to his own daughters, by whose wiles the youth is snared, and from whose bullies he is rescued by Ctesiphon. They proceed by sea to Athens, where Charicles finds Phorion, his father's friend and depositary, faithfully ready to surrender his trust: and the young Athenian citizen is soon established in his family mansion. He falls in love at first sight with a lady dabbling her feet in a brook, and grows very moody on discovering her to be married. Polycles, an old friend of his father, has been struck by apoplexy on the very day of his nuptials with Cleobule, a beautiful girl of sixteen: hearing, however, that the son of his old friend had arrived in Athens, he wishes for an interview before he dies. Charicles finds him nursed by the lovely bride, whom, at the first glance, he recognises as his nymph of the brook; and her present perturbation convinces him that she had been no less impressed than himself at their former meeting. The husband leaves his wealth to the virgin widow. In the meantime, by the common trick of tokens left with an exposed infant, Charicles is discovered to have been a supposititious child, palmed by a barren wife on a credulous husband. The real father, as the executor of Polycles, has the disposal in marriage of Cleobule, and, of course, bestows her on Charicles.

* Strabo, 8. 6. 20, is here cited by M. Becker. Some, however, apply the proverb to elucidate the difficulty of attaining any object, in allusion to the notorious difficulty noticed by Suidas of navigating the approaches to Corinth. So Horace in *Epist. i.*, 17, 36—for the whole epistle is a lesson to Scævola how to work his way into the harbour of court favour. Gellius, on the contrary, says the proverb originated in the price at which Lais, the Corinthian courtesan, sold her favours. Others, again, derive the proverb from the general luxury and extravagance of Corinthian life. It is odd that Erasmus, in his *Adagia*, has not noticed the proverb at all. Luxury and effeminacy, however, were the general character of the Greeks, long before they came into national contact with the Romans, except from acquaintance with the Sybarites and other Greek colonies in Southern Italy. And the reproach continued long after the Romans were only less refined, and not less luxurious, than the Greeks—'Dies noctesque bibite, pergræcamini,' &c. *Plut. Most.*, i. 1. 21; and *Cic. Ver.* 1. 26, 'Invitatio ut Græco more biberetur.'

The reader will readily imagine that the circumstances constituting even this very general outline of the two stories must afford many opportunities of exhibiting the private life of the respective nations: and the ingenuity of the Professor is most successfully exerted in filling up the pictures with various and interesting details, dexterously dovetailed into the narratives. After all, however, we do not become acquainted with the *national* private life of either Greeks or Romans, but with that only of their higher classes. Nor is the author at all in fault. The remains of classical antiquity, literary, numismatic, or monumental, reflect hardly a gleam of light into that deep obscurity, where unheeded millions, from generation to generation, passed away; whether in comfort or in misery excited no inquiry. Philanthropy, in its extended sense, formed no part of heathen virtue—and no question in the schools of heathen philosophy. The Christian revelation was required to teach men that all are fellow creatures of one God—all children of one father. The heathen substitute for this sublime principle was patriotism; a contracted kind of virtue at best, and upon which (especially with regard to classical ages) a most undue meed has been conferred. It is quite true that our active duties are first required for those with whom the laws of nature and of society have more immediately connected us: for if *we* do not serve them, *who* will? and, besides, we can in that limited sphere best judge of the requirements for good, and of the means of effecting them; therefore true patriotism, where selfish interest is sacrificed to public weal, is a noble virtue. But the question arises, what is the good contemplated? Is it the happiness of the general mass of the society, or only the prosperity of that dominant portion of it which monopolizes political power?

The patriotism of antiquity was exclusively of this latter description—and though, by gusts in the same direction, modern patriots may be warped from the right track, still they have a star in Heaven, by which all are agreed they *ought* to steer: even self-interest, therefore, will prevent a total aberration.

How wide the occasional divergence may be, is seen in the long prevalence and unquestioned toleration, in modern times, of public and domestic slavery. But the principle of Christianity, not based like heathenism on the shifting sand of tradi-

tion, but on imperishable Scripture, proclaiming the filial equality of men in the sight of God, gradually wrought upon the human heart, till slavery became first modified, and at length, in the most enlightened part of Christendom, wholly abolished.

Various have been the definitions given of slavery, and Cicero's has been often cited as the best. "Servitude," he says, "is the subjection of a broken-down and abject spirit deprived of the exercise of its own will." The feeling with which this is obviously written seems to have procured it acceptance.* But it is a mere euphemism for heathen slavery, where the master could with impunity torture or kill, or, in his tenderest mercy, sell the slave at his pleasure:—in brief, that state of social relation in which a man became the *chattel* of his owner, who might use or abuse, sell or destroy his property, and exclaim without any to gainsay him, "I do as I will with my own." The amount of misery which under such license furious or malignant tempers might produce, cannot be calculated, but imagination can hardly overrate it; and even the indirect influence of habitually unbridled passions must have been painfully felt in all the relations of domestic life and of social intercourse.

The system, however, was considerably modified by the characters and institutions of different nations, or peoples (like the Grecian states) of the same nation. In barbarous countries, as in the barbarous times of the Greeks themselves, slavery generally prevailed with all its atrocities; and these were exhibited in the most exaggerated form at Sparta, where Lysurgus (or the system bearing that name) had strained every string of human nature to the utmost, and had succeeded in denaturalizing the people to a degree which, but for the consentient voice of history, would have been deemed an incredible fiction. Under this happily anomalous system a whole race—men, women, and children—were reduced to a slavery unequalled even

* *Servitus est obedientia fracti animi et abjecti, et arbitrio carentis suo. (Parad. 5. l. ap. fin.)* It may be well to take this early opportunity of stating that we shall cite, especially, any authority on which we found our own observations or assertions: but for the authorities cited by Becker we must refer to his work, for they are far too numerous to be adduced here. Whenever we have tracked him, we have found him truthful—though occasionally differing from us on the value of the evidence for establishing the point in question.

by that of Israel in Goshen. They who had the charge of Spartan youth, in order to initiate them in stratagem and to flesh them for slaughter, sent them forth to lie hid during day and at night to waylay and murder every Helot they could find. But this was a double policy;* for they not only gave a finish to educational accomplishment, but kept down the numbers of those whom they at once dreaded and despised. The same base principle led to the perpetration of an act exhibiting so flagitious a combination of dastard treachery, of ingratitude, and of cruelty, as is unparalleled even in the polluted pages of history. Thucydides, a contemporary witness, thus records the transaction:—

“The Lacedemonians, dreading the strength and numbers of the Helot youth (for in all times the Helots were to the Lacedemonians a subject of the most anxious apprehension), made a proclamation, that *such as should be deemed to have rendered, during the late extremities of the state, most service in the war, should be made free*; thus obtaining a knowledge of those who, being the most forward to claim the distinction, would be the most likely to be leaders in a revolt. Some two thousand were thus led about to the temples with crowns of liberty; but in a short time all these disappeared, and no one knew how they perished.”†

And Plutarch, near 600 years after, confessing that he knew no more, might well add the common saying—“In Lacedemon the freeman is most free, and the slave most a slave.” (*Lycurg.*, t. i., p. 57.)

Strange that neither of these impressively characteristic circumstances should be noticed by M. Becker, in any of those elaborate notes and excursus, which prove that he by no means intended his work to give a mere description of chairs and tables, of chitons and togas.

Athenian slavery was in the opposite extreme to that of Lacedemon; the other states of Greece probably partaking more or less in the character of the two dominant powers.

The most important advantages of the Athenian slave were, that his life, at least, could be forfeited only by sentence of law; that when cruelly treated he might take refuge in the sanctuary of certain temples; and that then, if his complaint were found just, his master was compelled to sell him. For this, and other extreme cases, there appear to have been judges appointed, simi-

* Vide Plutarch's account of the Κορυττα or Spartan ambushments, in *Lycurg.*, 1, 56 E.

† Thucyd. (Duker), 4. 80.

lar to our protectors of slaves in the West Indies and of natives in Australia. Still, however, even the Athenian slave was in a wretched condition. The pillory (πεντεσυχισμός), scourging, and branding on the forehead, which were the punishments for crimes in the free, were the corrections for common faults in the slave. As preventives, too, of the most frequent fault, that of running away, fetters were imposed, especially on those employed in cultivating the farms and in working the mines; and in Athens as well as in Rome the porter who opened the doors for the admission or retirement of festive parties—such, perhaps, as he had been accustomed to frequent in his own country—was often chained to his cell on one side, as the house-dog to his kennel on the other. M. Becker ridicules Wüstemann and Böttiger for supposing that female slaves were sometimes employed as porters (*Gal.* 1, pp. 34, 35), and perhaps their authorities (*Tibul.* 1. 8, 76, and 1, 6, 61, with *Plaut. Curc.* 1, 1, 76) may admit of some doubt; but that such was the practice in the heroic ages, at least, was certainly the opinion of Euripides and his audiences; for he introduces the captured Hecuba as anticipating, among other probable events, that she might be destined to keep the outer door:—*Παρά προθύροις φυλαχὴν κατέχουσα* (*Troad.*, 194); and again, “*Ἡ θυρῶν λείπην κληῖδας φυλάσσειν τὴν τεκοῦσαν*” *Ἐκτορα* (*Id.*, 492):—though without the previous passage this might have been construed as alluding only to her becoming keeper of the household stores (*ταμια*). How long such barbarities continued is not known; but it is pleasant to contrast with these the chivalrous conduct of Alexander towards the captive widow and daughters of Darius.

How prone slaves were to abscond may be gathered from their being made to precede their master, when attending him in public. Yet, under the much harsher rule of Roman masters, this precaution does not appear to have been taken, as the term *pedissequus* shows; and though that is used as the correlative of ἀκολουθος, this bears no such etymological evidence of sequence to the person it designates.*

* There is a curious etymological indication of an intermediate state of servitude in our olden time, when personal attendants, in public, were called *henchmen*, men at the haunch, or side; in the Scotch dialect lackeys are still called *flunkies*—“And flunkies shall tend you wherever you gae” [*Auld Robin Gray*],—which is from old French, *flanchier*.

M. Becker observes (*Charicles*; t. ii., 51) that no appeal seems to have been made to a sense of disgrace in the punishment of slaves. But this is not consistent with the admission (p. 53) of branding being deemed such, for the hair was arranged to conceal it when on the forehead. The pillory, also, must be considered as adding a painful sense of shame to corporal suffering. And if there were no punishment of a merely ignominious character, like the *furca* of the Romans, what are we to understand by the *χλοῖδς*—which, in the next page, he admits to have been occasionally used simply as a collar round the neck?

M. Becker's observation, too, is hardly consistent with the studied ignominy which various customs stamped on the whole class. Their testimony (except in urgent cases of murder, where other witnesses could not be had) was wholly disregarded, unless extorted on the rack; and the utter worthlessness of such a test of truth, if not suggested by the humanity of the Athenians, was detected by the shrewdness of their lawyers, who, when their case required, often exposed the absurdity of trusting to such evidence, though, on contrary occasions, availing themselves of popular prejudice, they were not ashamed of appealing to it as the most infallible exponent of truth. Nor have we reason to plume ourselves on more enlightened views. The experience of above two thousand years, and the benign influence of Christianity for above seventeen hundred years, were required to abolish the torture in all but some of the benighted nooks of Christendom. And the abolition might have been much longer delayed but for the publication of one little volume, and perhaps of one little sentence in that volume, combining the most mathematically logical precision with the most biting sarcasm:—"Given the strength of the muscles, and the sensibility of the nerves of an innocent person, it is required to find the degree of pain which shall make him confess himself guilty of a given crime."*

* "Data la forza dei muscoli, e la sensibilita delle fibre d' un innocente, trovare il grado di dolore che lo farà confessar reo di un dato delitto." [Beccaria, dei Delitti e delle Pene, sec. 16] The seed fell on good ground, warmed and enlightened by the fostering rays of Gospel benignity. The first edition was printed at Milan [though professedly from the Republican press at Lucca]; and that here cited is the sixth, printed at Harlem, but sold in Paris in 1766, with a commentary by Voltaire. Seventeen hundred years before, the same sentiment had been an-

Slaves were excluded from some of the most venerated temples, as profaning such by their presence. The natural right even of self-defence was denied to the slave, who might not resist personal violence from a stranger. The master could prosecute for the damage done to his property.

There was, however, in the slavery of Athens, a modifying circumstance highly creditable to the character of her legislation, which, though unnoticed by M. Becker, must materially have influenced "private life." The slave was allowed to acquire a *peculium*, or personal property, paying an annual per centage to the master. His savings were principally collected from the allowances which we call board wages; and when the amount was sufficient for the payment of the regulated sum, he could demand his freedom.* Yet still the *lord* kept up an indefinite kind of claim for presents on the birth or marriage of children, &c., like the beggarly "incidental prerogatives" in the old feudal seignories, or the beggarly "Repeal Rent" of modern days extorted from the clutch of the starving Irish peasant—like these, too, called, no doubt, "free gifts," though accompanied, no doubt also, with the same feeling which Terence's Davus expresses with such just bitterness:—

"Nam herilem filium ejus duxisse audio
Uxorem: ei, credo, munus hoc conraditur.
Quam iniquè comparatum est, ii qui minus habent
Ut semper aliquid addant divitiaribus!
Quod ille, unciatim, vix de demenso suo
(Suum defraudans genium), comparsit miser,
Id illa universum abripiet; haud existumans
Quanto labore partum. Porro autem Geta
Ferietur alio munere ubi hera pepererit;
Porro alio autem ubi erit puero natalis dies:
Ubi initiabunt: omne hoc mater auferet:
Puer caussa erit mittundi."—(*Phorm.* l. i.)

What a list of mean exactions is here!—and the *Phormio* is a Grecian story.

nounced, though not in the same pithy form, by Quintilian: "In tormentis—cum pars altera quæstionem vera fatendi necessitatem vocat, altera sæpe etiam causam falsa dicendi; quod aliis patientia facile mendacium faciat, aliis infirmitas necessarium." [Instit. 5. 4. ap. init]. But this fell on stony ground. The effect of Beccaria's book exhibits in a remarkable degree not only the direct but the reflex influence of Christianity. The arch-infidel of France was its first eulogistic commentator; and the first sovereigns adopting its principles, in the reform of their criminal codes, were Frederick of Prussia and Catherine of Russia: two of the least Christianized characters that ever sat upon a Christian throne—and that is saying much.

* *Plaut. Cas.*, 25, 5—for the prologue professes it to be taken from a Grecian drama: vid. also Dion. Chrysost., *Orat.* 15.

The influence of the "wolf's milk" in the moral constitution of the Romans is nowhere more apparent than in the authorized treatment of their slaves and of their children; for these, in fact, were but a class in the slave family—all might be alike sold, lacerated, tortured, killed, at the caprice of the domestic despot. Such a barbarous power was taken from the Athenian parent as early as the time of Solon, by whose code children were considered the property of the state, and a daughter and a sister could only be sold when convicted of incontinence. But the lapse of near six centuries, and the Christian influence of more than one century, were required before Hadrian interposed the shield of the law between the Roman master and the life of his slave.* And still it was only actual murder that was prohibited. After a long course of labor and cruel inflictions had rendered the slave unsalable and unprofitable to keep, his master might turn him adrift—and such was the practice of the elder Cato, the vaunted *censor* of heathen morality.†

The apology made for the dreadful oppression of slaves was that of self-defence from their general vicious character, and their especial malignity towards their masters. But, as the Wife of Bath asks—"Who peinteth the lion?—tell me who?"

And who goaded the lion?—The real cause of the cruelty was its ordinary concomitant, cowardice. The proud indolence, the luxury, and the ostentation of wealth produced in both Greece and Rome such a numerical superiority of the bond over the free, that every man, living in apprehension both of domestic conspiracy and of public revolt, sought to soothe his own fears by inspiring greater. Thus, on the domestic murder of Pedanius Secundus, a man of consular rank, Tacitus tells us 400 of his slaves were executed.—(*Annal.* 14, 43.)

In the archonship of Demetrius Phaleareus (B.C. 317–327) the slaves in Attica amounted to 400,000; the free only to 31,000. Corinth had 460,000; Ægina 470,000 slaves. Among the Romans the disproportion of bond and free was probably still greater, as the numbers in the possession of opulent individuals certainly were. Pliny tells us that Isidorus, though reduced in circumstances by the civil war, left at his death 4116 slaves. This greater excess proceeded from more extensive con-

quests, and the opportunities for individuals to accumulate enormous wealth. But in both nations every family at all above indigence had numbers of slaves; and in the more opulent the difficulty seems to have been how, even with the nicest subdivision of labor, to contrive employment for all. We find the same propensity to be surrounded by supernumerary attendants, whenever, as in some of our colonial possessions, any numbers may be had at the cost of a scanty maintenance. The slaves of antiquity, however, were not the mere appendages of luxury; they were also cultivators of the soil and laborers in the manufacture of its produce—but with this distinction: the Greek proprietor often manufactured for sale—the Roman only for domestic consumption. M. Becker states the difference without observation on the probable cause of it (*Charicles*, t. ii., p. 356). This, perhaps, may be traced, firstly, to the pride of the Roman grandee, not designing to have it supposed that "*Ars illi sua census erat*"—or to be numbered among those who "*sedem animæ in extremis digitis habent*"—those who, as Bacon expresses it, "requiring rather the finger than the arm, have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition." "*Nam ubi cupido divitiarum invasit, neque disciplina, neque artes bonæ, neque ingenium ullum satispollet, quin animus, magis aut minus maturè, postremo tamen succumbit.*" (*Sallust. de Repub. Ordinand.*) The Roman historian had here, no doubt, Tyre and Carthage in his mind, as old John Perin had when he exclaimed with better reason than rhythm:

"England, take heade! To thee such chaunce may come;

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

Another reason for the difference may have been, that strangers exercising trades or manufactures in Athens were subjected to a tax, which whosoever failed to pay was sold as a slave—and the exemption from which operated as a premium to encourage industry in the citizen; whilst Rome was a mart open to the competition of all comers—"Mundi fæce repleta"—and these dregs of foreigners were contented, like our mediæval Jews, from love of lucre, to suffer numerous indignities and even occasional temporary expulsion.†

* *Serpent of Division*, by J. Perin. London, 1590.

† By the Junian law, A.U.C. 627; the Papian, 688 (*exceptis medicis et præceptoribus*); even so late as Augustus. *Sueton Aug.*, 42.

* Ælius Spartanus, Hadrian, 18.

† Plutarch, Cato Maj. t. i., 338, F.

Becker's assertion, however, that the Roman grandees did not manufacture for sale, should have been qualified by one singular exception. Crassus (one of the wealthiest unthroned individuals on record) owed his greatest riches to his *manufacture* of highly accomplished slaves, to whose education in various arts he sedulously and even personally attended (*Plutarch*, Crass. ap. init., t. i., 543-4); and such, we find, were sold at enormous prices. Seneca tells us of a pretender to literature keeping many learned slaves, for each of which he had given above 800*l*.^{*}—the cost of a mere laborer varying from about 3*l*. to 32*l*. Suetonius says Cæsar gave prices of which himself was ashamed. (*Jul*. 47.) But the Greeks were much less extravagant in this, as in other articles of luxury: for (as we have before observed) in their small States, individuals had no opportunity of amassing inordinate wealth.

The influence of this was apparent in the uses to which slaves were applied in the respective countries. During their early intercourse the Romans were as much imitators of the Greeks, as the Greeks afterwards became of them. The delicate plants of literature and of the fine arts were not indigenous to the Latian soil: but its inhabitants soon learned to covet the fruit; and Rome became a mart for the books, the pictures, the statues, and the educated slaves of Greece, literate and artistic. Yet for a length of time the wealthy Roman aspired to the possession of these, only in deference to the taste of the distinguished few, and as insignia of emulative opulence; but with an ignorantly latent contempt for the accomplishments of what he deemed an inferior people—somewhat in the spirit of Lord Chesterfield's instruction to his son: "If you are fond of music, it is all well; get a Frenchman or Italian to twang and whistle to you; but never let me see you with a pipe in your mouth or a fiddle under your chin." Accordingly the Roman host provided hireling ministers for the gratification of his guests, and so exhibited

* Centenis millibus sibi constare singulos servos. (*Epist*. 27.) This expensive pretension to literature reminds us of having seen an order to a London bookseller, sent by a West Indian proprietor, who had fitted book-cases to his apartment and only wanted books to possess a library. The order, therefore, specified folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos; on divinity, history, philosophy, and the belles-lettres; so many feet and inches, of each size, for each class.

"a modish feast,
With amorous song and wanton dances graced;"

—whereas the Grecian entertainer would have been thought inferior in accomplishments, if, however eminent as a warrior and a statesman, he could not take a distinguished part in the exercise of those festive arts which at once animated and graced society. Epaminondas, in Cicero's opinion the most illustrious character in Greece,

"Where every power benign
Conspired to blow the flower of human kind,"

was celebrated for singing and playing on the harp (*Tusc. Quæst.*, 1, 2). Pelopidas was distinguished by his elegance in dancing and his skill as a musician; and when Themistocles was ridiculed, even in maturity of life and fame, for his deficiency in such points, he thought it necessary to urge as a compensating talent, his ability to render great and celebrated the state which at first had come under his administration small and inglorious.*

In the festive parties of Rome money commanded alike the exertion of talents exquisitely refined, or grossly lascivious—in these respects the pupils rivalled the masters; but according to the inborn ferocity of the Roman character, they surpassed them by the introduction of gladiatorial fights at private banquets.†

In their public games the Romans followed the Greeks in a like apish spirit; in a like vicarious exhibition, a like savage rage for witnessing dangers and sufferings which they did not share. And when corruption had reduced the Roman populace to a rabble retaining all the blood-thirstiness without the courage of the wild beast which had always been its type, this vile passion was pandered (as all vile passions ever are) by the sycophantic meanness of political ambition. Hence, in the public shows multitudes of beasts and men were mutilated and murdered by each other, for "a rascal rout" of dastardly spectators to gloat upon. The extent of these enormities may be imagined from the single fact, that they continued one hundred and twenty-three days on the celebration of Trajan's triumph over the Daci, during which 11,000 beasts were killed, and 10,000 gladiators were engaged in mutual wounds and slaughter (*Dio*. 48, 15). Well might the historian ascribe to the witnessing of

* Plutarch, Themist., t. i., p. 112, C.

† Capitolin, in Ver. 4, fin., and Max. Tyr., 12.

such exhibitions the perversion to barbarity of the natural mansuetude of the first Claudius (40. 14).

The mania for such shows raged as much in the highest ranks as in the very *quisquilie* of Rome. Senators, and their wives too, even without the apology of a despot's command, "nullo cogente Nerone,"* merely from low ambition, or the still baser love of lucre, incurred the defilement of the arena: "per arenam foedati sunt" (*Tacit. An.* 15. 32). Yet such may be deemed only the foibles of individuals, compared with the horribly depraved state of the public mind, when the thousands and tens of thousands assembled in their vast amphitheatres compelled, by their clamors, the wretched prostitutes performing in the arena to be stripped naked for their brutal gaze. This is heathen civilization in its most polished age. Even Cato, though aware of the practice, could enter the theatre, and being told the people, out of reverence for him, abstained from their wonted demand, he left the assembly; upon which Martial, with shrewd propriety, asks,

"Knowing the usage of the bestial rout,
Why did you come there?—only to go out?"†

It is to be hoped, as much respect as for Cato was shown to the Roman ladies, for whom Augustus provided seats at the public shows (*Sueton. Aug.* 44). But perhaps they had the decency to absent themselves from the Floralia and Saturnalia, when lasciviousness was thought more peculiarly acceptable to their obscene deities, and all kinds of riotous luxury and debauchery had the sanction of the laws.‡

Our readers will remember those terrible lines in *The Castle of Indolence*—

* Juvenal, viii., 193, and vi., 257, and *Tacit. An.* xiv., 14: Exhibuit autem ad ferrum etiam 400 Senatores, 600 [quære 40 and 60] equites Romanos, &c. *Sueton. Nero*, 12.

† Epig., i., 3, Ad Catonem: to which title "*nimis severum*" is added in the edition "*Jussu Christianissimi Regis in usum Serenissimi Delphini.*"

‡ Jus luxuriæ publicè datum est ebrio ac vomitanti populo. *Senec. Epist.* 18. It is mortifying to remark a kindred spirit of irreverence in the celebration of Christian festivals. Such seasons, it is true, are eminently calculated to excite a gratefully cheerful remembrance of benefits conferred and of hopes assured; and therefore are fitting occasions for a moderate enjoyment, that may animate our thankfulness for the blessings we possess. But how grossly are such occasions perverted into apology for every species of excess, and oblivion of all reverential feelings! Too often the riotous festivities of a Protestant Christmas are only exceeded by the licentiousness of a Popish Carnival.

"Now must I mark the villany we found;
But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when displeasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven they languish'd
there:
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses
were."

Close by the amphitheatre was the place called Spoliarium, whither were dragged by hooks the bodies of the slaughtered; and where those who were only desperately wounded had their throats cut.* It might be thought that the door leading from the arena to this charnel-house would operate as the skeleton was intended to do at an Egyptian feast; but with the gay Greek and the sensually savage Roman it only strengthened the voluptuary's maxim—and they shouted the louder "Dum vivimus vivamus."

The Greeks, however, in *their* own national games, though thoughtless, were not cruel; and since the foremost men, in every department of life, frequently appeared as competitors, a certain dignity was imparted, and moderation and propriety imposed: somewhat in degree, and from like causes, as in the tournaments of our days of chivalry.

One remarkable exception occurs: the shameless nudity of the contending parties in the common gymnasia and the public shows. Such a practice originated with the Lacedæmonians†—who in this as in so many of their customs outbarbarized barbarians: for these, and the Romans, and the early Greeks, had the decency in their gymnasia to wear a kind of napkin answering the purpose of drawers‡—whilst the Spartan *virgins* ("Prosit mihi vos dixisse puellas"), "armed cap-à-pie in nakedness," sang and danced in rings formed by the young men, as spectators.§

* Senec., Epistle 93, ap. fin.; and Lamprid. *Commod.*, 18.

† Thucyd. i., 6, ap. fin.

‡ S. August. de Civitate Dei, l. xiv., c. 17, ap. fin. With regard to the Romans "a vetere disciplina," consult Cicero de Off., i., 35, ap. fin.

§ Plutarch, *Lycurg.*, i., 47 F., 48 A.; and Plato (de Repub., l. v.), near 500 years afterwards, in the most refined period of Grecian society, could imagine nothing more excellent for his Utopian Republic—happily still the "*Kennaquhair*" of modern geography.

This humorous and accurate translation of *Utopia* by Scott, reminds us of a mistaken one in Richardson's admirable addition to our lexicography, his "New Dictionary of the English Language;" new, indeed, and supplying a great desideratum—as ex-

Compared with the lash of the heathen satirist, how light is that which the Christian is called upon to wield, notwithstanding the standard of purity to which modern manners must be referred! It was this standard which directed public *opinion* at least, and thereby preventing the open exhibition of indecencies, made even such flagitious courts as those of Charles the Second and Louis the Fifteenth leprosy-houses, where the lepers were confined, while the nations were saved from universal pollution. Instead of any such control in the heathen world, every iniquity had a god or goddess to sanction it by example and protect it by patronage, till the most refined societies of both Greece and Rome not only tolerated but gloried in abominations which we cannot even execrate by name.

Vice, therefore, revelled, in Greece at least, without restraint divine or human; for moral satire never dignified *her* muse, from the personal invectives of Archilochus to the farcical lampoons of Aristophanes. But Rome, it is urged, had her satirists for two hundred and fifty years (from Lucilius to Juvenal), and what was her moral superiority to Greece? This is like inferring the inutility of medicine from the continued existence of disease. Though the prevention of crime may not be distinctly traceable to satire, there can be no doubt that public opinion restrains vice; or that a satire, by its popularity, proves that it has influenced public opinion.

The comparative *general* decency of the actors in the Roman games probably originated in the more advanced stage of society at the period of their institution: for assuredly, the regal times of Rome were much more civilized than those of the wandering "Giant Killers" of primeval Greece. The indecencies and cruelties subsequently introduced at Rome were the result of that public profligacy which ensued on political corruption. The violation of decorum was long, no doubt, repressed by the presence

hibiting the biography of each word, its birth, parentage, and education, the changes that have befallen it, the company it has kept, and the connexions it has formed, by a rich series of citations—all in *chronological order*. As to the word *Utopia*, however, he, in common with Johnson and Todd, begins with a mistake; deriving it from *eu* and *topos*, as instead of *eu* and *topos*, as explained by Plato himself at the conclusion of his ninth book; and as Sir Thomas More says of his *Utopia*, "*Regio quæ nusquam est.*" Plato's *Utopia* was probably taken from Homer's venerable conceit in the *Odyssey* [ix. 366, &c.].

of women in the theatres; as that custom had at first been favored by decency in the exhibitions, and by that general indulgence and reverence towards the sex which constituted so remarkable a contrast with the harsh seclusion and almost servile state to which the Grecian women were condemned.

In the actual formation, as well as in the estimate when formed, of the private life and character of a nation, the most important element is the relation which woman bears to man, both in her strictly domestic connexion, and in general social intercourse. The contrast between Greece and Rome on this head may, perhaps, be traceable to the *immediately* aboriginal sources of the respective populations, their eastern and northern ancestry. We use the word "*immediately*," because the inferences drawn from Scriptural narration have now by philological investigation and historical research been sufficiently established; and northern Europe and Asia Minor must be considered as alike *originally* deriving their population from the regions on the south and west of the Caspian. But the streams of emigration early overflowed, and settled on the rich soil of that long and far-famed Asiatic peninsula, the western shores of which abut on the Mediterranean. Here atmospheric amenity fostered the sensual passions, and the fertility of the land required little labor in its culture; so that women were sought, and considered, only as objects of luxurious indulgence, and guarded as such in a monopolizing spirit—of little account in domestic companionship, and wholly excluded from general society. In the rude spirit of early ages (which with Oriental nations has been continued to all times), the affections of woman were never sought to be conciliated: sufficient to the petty autocrat of every domicile, if he could coerce her will, and confine her person. The same influences of soil and climate operated on the political condition of the people, producing a general listless inactivity; whilst the strong incentives of ambition urged a despot and his minions to avail themselves of this—and the multitude were driven to war, as beasts to slaughter, by the dread of imminent suffering and the habit of servile obedience.

Very different was the result where the streams of early emigration were directed to the northern parts of Europe. The grosser passions were less excited by the climate; and, for the support of life, more labor was required in the cultivation of

the soil and the manufacture of its produce. Woman therefore became not merely the toy but the helpmate of man; and as such acquired a proportionate respect and influence both in domestic and general society. Under such circumstances corporeal activity and mental energy were fostered; the many were indisposed to submit to the domination of the few; political liberty was asserted, a spirit of patriotism generated, and national independence maintained.*

It may seem indeed at first sight like a paradox to say that in countries where the hardest labor is required, the weaker sex shall be most valued; but on looking to the circumstances this will be found to be the natural result. Where virtue thrives best, woman will be most cherished; and industry is the nurse of virtue. So clearly was this seen by the most clear-sighted of all politicians, that he suggests the planting of colonies preferably in sterile situations: "Perche gli huomini operano ò per necessità ò per elettione, et perche si vede quivi essere maggiore virtù dove la elettione hà meno autorità, e da considerare se sarebbe meglio eleggere per la edificatione della cittadi, *luoghi sterili*, acciò che gli huomini, costretti ad industriarsi, meno occupati dall' otio, vivessino più uniti."—Machiavelli, *Discorsi*, l. i., c. 1. If there be added to sterility of soil the element of a moderately severe winter, the influence over the character of a race will be found to be still more favorable both as regards morality and respect for woman. For it is winter which teaches a people foresight and frugality, and the sacrifice of present indulgence to future need; and along with winter and these its attendants comes the importance of household virtues and in-door life, and of woman as thereto ministering. And hence we may learn, what Machivael was not likely to teach, the wisdom of that Divine ordinance which imposed on fallen man the necessity of labor, as the best means for fostering those virtues which would produce in him the nearest approach

* The excess to which Montesquieu carried his doctrine on the moral and political influence of climate, has brought the consideration of it into unmerited neglect. He did not sufficiently reflect on the composite nature of moral and political influences; whereby each of the constituent agencies is fostered, or controlled, by its concomitants, as circumstances may favor or repress their powers. Thus, though the temperature at any given latitude may be generally stated as proportioned to the distance from the equator, yet that general influence is modified by various circumstances, as exhibited in the Isothermal Lines of modern geography.

to the pristine perfection of his nature. Thus, in the justice of the punishment, is conspicuous the mercy of rendering even that instrumental to ultimate earthly blessings, and to the making man a fit recipient for future happiness.

Greece, holding an intermediate position between the northern and Oriental nations, partook of the characteristics of both. Hence, with the republican spirit, the patriotism, and national rivalry which distinguished its states, was combined (in the historic ages at least) an almost Asiatic jealousy, and confinement of their women to the gynæcea—apartments communicating with the rest of the house only by a single guarded door. Here the unmarried were strictly immured; and though the matron passed to other rooms for the superintendence of her household, hither *she* also retired when her husband's visitors were announced; and whenever either matrons or virgins went beyond their own precincts, they walked, never unattended, closely veiled, or were carried in curtained litters. The only public exhibitions which they were permitted to witness were religious processions, and the tragic drama: from the comic they, and generally the youths, were most properly excluded. With such trifling exceptions, female life, from infancy to age, was little removed from mere animal existence. They could not fail, therefore, to be insipid companions, and man fled from domestic dullness of his own creating, to the Agora, or public places commercial and political (for in Athens every citizen was at once statesman and legislator), to the gymnasia, the theatres, the tavern-party, or the private banquet. But all these could not fill up the vacuity which man must ever experience in the absence of female society: and the supply, as in most markets, met the demand. For the cravings of the higher ranks a venal class of women were provided, in whom had been sedulously cultivated precisely those talents and accomplishments which were wanting in the gynæcea of a Grecian's home. Thus educated, they affected the name of friends, companions (*ἑταῖραι*) anything, in fact, but their proper appellation of harlots; and, as in modern times, the euphemismus was adopted by their visitor, partly in compliment to them, and partly as some kind of apology for himself. But indeed much apology was not required where the laxity of morals was such, that even a married man who refrained from fre-

quenting such society was remarked as a rare pattern of purity; and Socrates himself disdained not to seek wisdom in schools where venal beauty was the presiding genius, and a circle of voluptuaries were his fellow auditors.*

Such estrangement from domestic society, and such hindrance to the contraction of domestic ties, by extrinsic inducements to selfish enjoyment, might suggest the consideration of certain unhappy consequences from a rapidly increasing order of establishments among ourselves; not anything so morally offensive, it is true, as the conversazione of a Grecian courtesan; nor yet of so gross a character as those professedly for festive enjoyment—"The Calf's-Head Club," the "Beef-Steak," the "Pork and Peas Club," the "*Daily*," a title assumed originally to signify every-day assemblages, though, from the result, ascribed to the members being every day drunk. But what we mean are the *club-houses* with their ever open doors—

"Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,"

combining the allurements of the book-club, the news-room, and the gossiping shop—like that of the barber in "*Old England*," the *συμπόσιον* of the Greeks, and the Roman *tonstrina*—but not what Theophrastus calls these "wineless symposia" (*ἄλκινα συμπόσια*); for here, too, were found ever ready all appliances of luxurious living: choicest wines, viands delicately prepared, obsequious attendance, every elegant accommodation. Such are the modern temptations that reconcile youth to celibacy, and too often seduce the married from their homes, without the Athenian's apology of want of congenial society.†

The same causes did not operate in Rome, as in Greece, to produce domestic estrangement and eclectic prostitution. Women were allowed to participate in the intercourse of advancing civilization: the accomplished courtesan was known only as a Grecian import, and the Roman matrons by their conduct justified, and by their influence on society, private and public, made ample return for the homage they received. The mother of Coriolanus saved Rome: the daughter of Scipio was not only the

mother but the *educator* of the Gracchi; the daughter of Cato was not merely the wife but the honored confidante of Brutus—"Fæmina fæmineæ nil levitatis habens."* The Grecian wife, on the contrary, is described in the language of Quinctilian:—"Uxor est quam jungit, quam diducit utilitas; ejus hæc sola reverentia est, quod videtur inventa caussa liberorum" (*Declamat. 2*), or as Shakspeare describes her:—

"She was a wight, if ever such wight were,
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer:"

for fools the Greeks (with all their wisdom) were in the treatment of their women.

We have already noticed the wholesome influence exerted by the presence of women in Roman exhibitions; which, till the last stages of political and moral corruption, continued to preserve decency at least, if not decorum; and in dramatic compositions of a comic character, the contrast between Greeks and Romans (comparing respectively the best ages of each) was very striking.

It was in the very meridian blaze of Attic refinement that Aristophanes carried ribaldry, scurrility, and buffoonery, as well as wit, to the acmé, and was unrivalled in popularity on the stage. From a very early period the Roman imitators of the Greek Comedy drew not from the school of Aristophanes, but from that of the chaster Menander; for that he was, comparatively at least, pure and delicate, we have the unexceptionable testimony of Quinctilian (*Instit. 5. 1.*), and of his follower Plutarch (*Comparat. Menand. et Aristophan.*, t. ii., 853); and, better still, we have real translations from him by Terence, to counteract whatever coarser impressions might have been derived from Plautus, who borrowed indeed his plots and characters, but evidently modified both sentiment and expression in accordance with the manners and tastes of his Roman audience.

The proportion of Roman and of Grecian elements in Plautus is a curious question, not yet sufficiently examined: but, if we except him, hardly anything remains to us of the Roman drama that may not be referred distinctly to Greek fountains. Terence is wholly Greek; and the like may be said of the fragmentary comedies. Of the elder tragic authors, Andronicus, Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, Accius, &c., mere scraps survive. But these and the titles of the

* Maximus Tyr., *Dissert. 22*; Xenoph. *Mem. ii., 6*; Plato, *Menexen.*, pp. 235 and 277, Bipont.

† We need not praise the shrewdness and humor of Mr. Thackeray's papers on *Club-Snobs* in the *Punch* of January and February, 1847.

* Laurent. V. et N. Testament, l. 3.

pieces to which they belong (with the titles of many more, of which shadowy names only flit about without voice or substance) prove all to have been of Grecian fabric. Of unmutated Roman tragedies we possess only ten, those by Seneca (whoever that Seneca was)—and of these one only (*Octavia*) has the scene in Rome and the *dramatis personæ* Roman.

That men of genius, such as the Roman Comic Poets indubitably were, would submit to be (with apparently such trivial exceptions) borrowers only, must be accounted for on the general principle, that persons of all classes of intellect are glad to have their wishes gratified with the least possible trouble to themselves: and it was found that the plaudits of audiences, and popular celebrity with the emoluments attending these, could equally be commanded, among a people wholly illiterate, by the translator as by the original poet. A rival of Plautus, or of Terence (and there were many in their own department), or the jealous master of gladiators and rope-dancers, might suggest to an applauder in the theatre, "this poet-fellow is merely giving you a Latin translation of the original Greek author," and would be answered in the spirit of old Barnaby—

"Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Nullum curo unde venit."

Another cause of a person of genius not being at the trouble of original composition was the degrading uncertainty of success, after all his efforts, from the caprice of a Roman audience: not the ordinary caprice only, common to all audiences, of all nations, in all times, but from their decided preference for exhibitions that could excite childish wonder by the display of physical strength and dexterity, or gratify cowardly ferocity,—delighting in the spectacle of physical danger and suffering.* Poor Terence relates that, on the first presentation of one of his best pieces, it had proceeded with applause to the end of the first act, when a rumor spread, that a company of rope-dancers and gladiators was coming: suddenly all was tumult and uproar, and crowds of men and clamoring women drove

* Some brutalities not unlike these in character were recently exhibited in England. An American gladiator entered the cages of the lions and tigers, and fought or wrestled with them; and persons of the highest station in this country dishonoured their country and station by attending the spectacle.

author and actors from the stage, which was immediately occupied by the popular favorites. (*Hecyra*, *Prol.* i., 1—5: and *Prol.* ii. 29—42.)

Men of liberal education and independent circumstances naturally shrank from exposing themselves to such vulgar insult and ridicule. They could not appeal to the press in behalf of an ill-used comedy, like our modern dramatists; they could not "shame the fools and print it," like Pope's friends; or like Ben Jonson, in the case of "The New Inn," when he revenged himself in a title-page by publishing it "As it was never acted, but most negligently played, by some the King's idle servants, and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others the King's foolish subjects." Accordingly the supply of plays fell into the hands of persons of a lower order; and we find, at the extremes of the dramatic list, Livius Andronicus and Terence, who were both freedmen,—that is, just escaped from the class of slaves; whilst Plautus, the next in celebrity to Terence, was son of a freedman, and obliged to support himself by the lowest drudgery. To men so situated (but in whom no poverty could repress the promptings of genius), temptations to try their powers were supplied by high prices offered for any new means of public amusement, by which the ædiles, on their road to the consulship, might court popularity; and such dramatists, in their haste to produce and multiply their pieces, found more than ordinary inducements for having recourse to translation, instead of the slow labor of original composition.

One of the consequences of this imitation, or rather adoption, of the Grecian comedy, was a lamentable poverty and wearysome sameness in the construction of their plots. The principal *dramatis personæ* of the new, or reformed comedy, are summed up by Ovid in two lines (*Amor.* i., 15, 57):—

"Dum fallax Servus, durus Pater, improba Lenz
Vivet, dum Meretrix blanda, Menander erit."

But he has omitted (his verse refused to admit) one important personage, the "*Adolescens*," the scapegrace son; for one of which class Terence has found (probably in Menander) the appropriate name *Æschinus* (*Αἰσχύνη* = opprobrium). The interesting young gentleman is generally desperately in love with some captivating damsel (the meretrix blanda), whom to support in luxury with her *chaperon* (the

lena), by the help of his clever rascally slave (the fallax servus), he plays all manner of tricks to cheat his father (the durus pater), who is at last compelled to consent to the union of the amiable couple. Such is the general staple of the *reformed* Grecian and Roman comedy, with which was now and then interwoven the pattern of a gluttonous parasite, or a braggart soldier.*

This want of variety in fable, where the scene is laid in every-day life, cannot be attributed to poverty of invention in a people so eminently imaginative as the Greeks, but to paucity of elements for the combining powers of imagination to work upon. If comedy be considered as a representation of private life, Lycurgus's prohibition of it† might have been spared; for his code left no private life to the Spartans, except when men stole an interview with their wives, and youths stole occasions for their thieveries.

Of the rest of Greece we must take Athens as the type; and for doing so we have the authority of Plautus:—

"Atque hoc poetæ faciunt in comædiis;
Omnes res gestas esse Athenis autumant,
Quo illud vobis Græcum videatur magis."—*Menæch. Prolog.* 7.

We have, in fact, no detailed records of any other place. In Athens, then, the grand cause of a want of diversity in social life was the banishment of women: "it was like taking the spring from the year;" beauty, grace, with all the various passions and emotions which these are formed to excite, and with all the modifications which their influence produces in the characters of others, and consequently on the everyday incidents of life—which form the main materials for comedy—all were banished, with the women, from Athenian society; and are miserably missed therefore in Athenian comedy; in which nothing is represented but the dry hard intercourse of man with man—and that too under a political constitution which, giving every man the same political privilege, engaged every man in the same pursuit. And all the varieties of other occupations, producing an infinite

diversity of circumstances and characters, humors and manners, were merged in the class of slaves, that like dregs sank to the bottom, and produced only slight changes by partial ebullition on the surface.

One additional element there was in the incidents of private life, which the dramatist could compound with his scanty ingredients, so as to produce some variety of interest and affection: but from what a horrible source is this derived!—from exposure of infants; and that a substitute, by *refined* heathenism, for knocking their brains out, sanctioned by law, and immemorial usage. Among Greeks, the Lacedæmonians took the lead in this, as in every other practice that violated the feelings of humanity. Every child that was born was to be carried to a committee of old men, who, if on inspection they thought it likely to repay the state for its maintenance, ordered it to be taken care of: if otherwise, to be thrown into a public pit provided for the nonce. (*Plutarch, Lycurg.*, t. 1, 49, D & E.) Fortunately for the dramatists, and their successors the Greek romancers (Heliodorus, Achilles Statius, Longus, &c.), this was not the general practice. The amiable sensibility of the polished Athenian merely exposed his new-born infant to perish by cold and hunger, or to be worried by wolves.* A chance indeed there was that some childless stranger might light on the forlorn one to cherish as his own; or some barren wife might rejoice in the treasure-trove, to console a repining husband by imposing on his fond credulity. Occasionally, too, a retributive providence bereaved the selfish parent of his other children, on whom he had relied for present happiness, and through whom he had expected to transmit his property and his name to future times. In anticipation of such possibilities, and perhaps to silence the low whisperings of conscience in the father, or to soothe with faint hope the unsubdued instinct of maternal fondness, the little wretch was frequently wrapped in a mantle of some peculiar description, or a trinket hung round its

* If any of our readers are unacquainted with the series of articles on the ancient dramatists in the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology" now publishing under the care of Dr. William Smith, we are now sure they will thank us for thus calling their attention to those elaborate and most interesting performances.

† Plutarch, *Instit. Lacon.*, t. ii., 239, B.; and Tragedy, too—*Κωμῳδίας καὶ Τραγῳδίας οὐκ ἤκουοντο*.

* The Theban law formed an honorable contrast to such barbarity. They are the first on record, who established a kind of Foundling Hospital; and however politically erroneous such institutions may be considered, the benevolence of the founders cannot be disputed even by the sternest economist. Ælian tells us, that when the indigence of a Theban citizen was such, that he could not maintain his infant, he was required to carry it to the magistrates, who were bound to provide for its nurture, the cost of which was repaid by the child becoming a slave of the state.—(*Var. Hist.*, ii., 7.)

neck as means of future recognition. These, and any particular mark on the body with which the child might have been born, were registered as family memorandums; and in some extraordinary cases did actually conduct to the slenderly anticipated recovery. One such authenticated casualty, however, was quite sufficient for letting loose to a thousand wild inventions the fancies of dramatists and romancers; and their hearers and readers were quite ready to receive possibilities for facts; their high improbability only gratifying the more the prurience of imagination, wearied with the general flatness and sameness of fictitious characters and incidents representing ordinary life in Greece.

The tragedian had less occasion to recur to this source of variety. His range was through every region of space and time: and when earth was exhausted, he could evoke the powers of heaven and hell; and "they would come when he did call for them."

We now recur to M. Becker, whom we had not forgotten; but as he professedly omits any discussion on the public games and theatres of the ancients, we wished, as our space would allow, to supply, in some degree, the deficiency; considering these as importantly influencing, and being modified by, the private life and character of a nation.

We regret to revert to the learned Professor for the purpose of expressing dissent from his opinion. In his cursory notice of the Grecian tragedies (*Charicl.* ii., 252), he has eloquently eulogised their sublimity, their beauty, their purity and general morality: and in all this we cordially concur; but we dissent (with more than ordinary emphasis—"toto celo") when he tells us that the grand truth impressed by the Grecian tragedians was the utter vanity of all mortal concerns and the omnipotence of the Deity—die Nichtigkeit des Sterblichen und die Macht der Gottheit). Nothing can be more certain than that they do inculcate the doctrine of an overruling power, before which it behoves all human creatures submissively to crouch: but this included no idea of a first intelligent cause,—a *causa causarum*,—the creator, governor, providential and retributory, for time, for eternity. All the lesson they taught (and a wise one too), was a patient submission to a power, before which men and gods were nullities alike: an undefined, mysterious agency, without personality or attributes, and conse-

quently without any idea of providence—merely fate, destiny (*Μοῖρα, Εἰμαμένη*)—in short, what Cicero has so accurately defined it to be: 'Fieri igitur omnia Fato, ratio cogit fateri. Fatum, autem, id appello, quod Græci *Εἰμαμένην*, id est, ordinem seriemque causarum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat: ea est ex omni æternitate fluens veritas sempiterna.'* (*Divin.* i., 55.) What is this but anonymous atheism? considering universal existence as the result of an infinite succession of material causes and effects, with the agency of an originating, sustaining, and directing intelligence. And never did the dreams of philosophers imagine anything more contrary to their own great maxim, enounced by their own Grand Master: 'Natural effects of the same kind have the same cause.'† Now, in every instance, without one single exception, wherever effects are produced by an obvious adaptation of means to ends, there is an obvious intervention of mind, as the originating, sustaining, and directing cause. What then but an all-wise and almighty Mind can have devised, and imposed, and maintained the laws which regulate the complicated motions of the spheres (as expounded by one wonderful human mind); together with the multitudinously grand and minute adaptations (obvious to all) for beauty and utility; for adorning and fructifying this earth; and by which all that it inhabit 'do live and move, and have their being?' And what but shipwreck can attend the men, who call themselves philosophers, and welter in a wild sea of conjecture, without any such consultation of the compass below, and without any observation of the heavens?

The gravely chaste, and generally austere character of the great Grecian tragedians, presents a remarkable contrast with the gay wit, the farcical buffoonery, and gross ribaldry of the contemporary favorite comedian. But this was quite in accordance with the singularly mercurial character of the Athenians: sensitive, imaginative, equally alive to the pathetic, the ridiculous, and the witty; to the refined and the sensual. If we sought a personal type of that people, our Sterne would form one. He could exhibit, on the same stage, the finest feelings of our nature, the most deli-

* This is an abstract of the doctrine of the Stoics, derived by them from Democritus and Heraclitus.

† Effectuum Naturalium ejusdem generis eadem sunt causæ. *Newton, Princip.* l. 3, ap. init. *De Mundi Systemate.*

cate sentiments, and the most pathetic situations; with, at the very same time, a studied lewdness, and a coarse, though witty, buffoonery. He could ascend the pulpit, as was well said, "in a harlequin's jacket," and he could write bawdry to his daughter.

It might have been expected that the austere character of the Romans would have led them to transfer to their own stage more of the tragic, than of the comic compositions of the Greeks. And such was the case in earlier and purer times; but during the interval between Livius Andronicus and Plautus, an ominous change was progressing. Ambitious rivals for popular favor had pampered the savage rage for exhibitions of violence and bloodshed; and that superseded all sympathy for mental suffering and moral heroism: and even the milder feelings of surprise and admiration were engrossed by the production of monstrous wild beasts, dragged from the deserts of Africa to worry each other for the amusement of the kindred rabble of Rome. Even comedy, as we have seen, could not always keep the stage against the irruptions of gladiators and mountebanks. Such audiences heeded not the victims of adversity or the voice of profound sympathy; and understood not the language of mental heroism or of exalted sentiment. Hence tragedy ceased to be written; and the productions of previous writers fell into such total neglect that nothing remains of them but numerous titles and scraps; and of these latter, a large portion are not citations met with in the works of philosophers and rhetoricians, or even in the babbling common-place-books of Aulus Gellius, but in the dull tomes of grammarians, quoting passages, not to elucidate a sentiment, but to explain a word.

We have already said that the Tragedy of Rome, like her Comedy, was not only formed of Grecian subjects, but drawn from Grecian dramatists. No doubt indolence, as with the other class of writers, conduced to this practice; but another cause probably operated in preventing their recourse to the rich store of striking events and interesting characters recorded in their own annals, and of which modern masters have so successfully availed themselves. Their annalists, at that period, were little more than the chroniclers of the rival septs into which the ancient nobility were divided. A dramatist, therefore, exhibiting some splendid action of some heroic ancestor of

one sept, would doubtless be well supported by the clansmen of that one; but as probably overborne by the envious jealousy of all the rest. The safe plan, therefore, was to take neutral ground in the history of another nation, and introduce only heroes and gods, who were objects of reverence and adoration to all.

Half a century after the age of Gallus, some tragedies were composed, and their unimpassioned, didactic, and aphoristic style seems to sanction the general opinion which ascribes them to Seneca the philosopher. And though adapted rather for the closet than the stage, so inveterate was the habit of reference to Grecian story, that, as we have before noticed, only one of the ten is of Roman mould. Perhaps recurrence to the grand events of republican Rome would not have been very popular in the Imperial court.

With these rhythmical dialogues (for they are little more) the curtain drops upon the Roman stage. And it is curious to observe within what narrow limits, in the annals of nations, is confined the appearance of great dramatic masters. Like a constellation they rise and set together, preceded and followed only by some scattered stars of inferior magnitude and lustre. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, were strictly contemporaries; about half a century later, a reformed comedy arose, of which the only great masters were the rival contemporaries Menander and Philemon. At Rome the drama flourished from Livius Andronicus to Accius, about fourscore years, during which, with these, were Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, Plautus, and Terence, not strictly all contemporaries, but living in uninterrupted succession. So in the respective ages of our Elizabeth, of Louis XIV. in France, of Charles V. and Philip II. in Spain, and Italy, there arose dramatic writers with a splendor, through which their predecessors and successors are seen "dark with excessive bright."

If the reasons for this partial exhibition of dramatic talent be inquired, it may be remarked that the periods in each country were times of great public excitement, from the character of the sovereigns, the vicissitudes of war, and the momentous changes that were taking place both in politics and religion. In such excitement men of poetic temperament would strongly participate, and have their minds forcibly recalled to the heroic characters, deeds, and sufferings

in the romantic histories of former ages. Dramatic fiction then suggested itself as a mode of presenting to others the stirring scenes which their own beautiful imaginations had conjured up. These productions elicited enthusiastic admiration, and their success excited emulative ambition in kindred minds. But a like ambition being felt by inferior intellects, they swarmed to a trial of their strength, where a comparatively short effort was required, instead of the life-long labor of a historian, an epic poet, or a philosopher. Hence the public became cloyed with theatrical exhibitions; and productions, even of the highest class, fell into temporary neglect.

And this explains another peculiarity in the history of the drama, namely, the multiplicity of productions in that department, and the proportion of them (compared with other classes of literature) which perished before the blessed art of printing; and accounts also for the number of unedited pieces yet buried in those cemeteries called public libraries. Of the Grecian dramatists, Æschylus composed 90 pieces (40 of which were crowned), and we possess but 7. Of Sophocles, also, we have but 7 out of 120. Euripides composed 75 tragedies, of which 19 have come down. The 54 comedies of Aristophanes are reduced to 11. Of Menander's 108 comedies we have only a few fragments, and of Philemon no more. Philemon's son wrote 54 comedies, of which "*etiam periêre ruinæ.*" Of all the innumerable productions of the old Roman tragedians, not one entire scene is left. Plautus has been more fortunate—of his 25 but 5 have perished; but of Terence's 108 only 6 survive.

To the charge of neglect, in modern times, the Italians are obnoxious, from the imperfect collections of their numerous dramatists; but the Spaniards must chiefly plead guilty. Their great boast of the transcendent genius of Lope de Vega and Calderon, and of their unrivalled fecundity in dramatic productions, is in sad contrast with the fact that no complete edition of either of these poets has appeared;—not one either of the 1500 ascribed to Calderon, or of the 2000 ascribed to Lope. The apology for this is that, however brilliant these emanations of genius, they are accompanied with such extravagant coruscations of fancy, and such wild improbabilities of fiction, as would not be tolerated in our age. And this may be so with respect

to general acceptance; but the true worshippers of genius will ever lament that they are not permitted to pay their homage to it even in its aberrations—the effluence of the comet is still a celestial light, and should not be hid under a bushel. These powerful spirits had thrown off the Grecian yoke which Castillejo, De la Cueva, and Cervantes, had sought to impose; and like the German and modern French schools, and like all slaves who have burst their fetters, their liberty became licentiousness. Let the Germans, and the French, take a warning from *their* fate. Let the French especially not exempt themselves from the control of a sober, yet liberal criticism; but let them rend the bonds of a wretched versification, necessitating a mincing gait, incompatible alike with the simplicities and the sublimities of Nature. Let them take courage from the felicitous result of Trissino's first boldly introducing the "*verso sciolto*" into Italian tragedy. Future bards hailed and rallied round his example, as the standard of liberty, and the Italian drama became the admiration of Europe.

Once more we revert to M. Becker, for considering some important particulars influencing, or proceeding from, the private life and character of the two great nations, which constitute the subject of his very curious works. But we are obliged to leave unnoticed the multiplicity of minute objects, to which he applies a microscopic investigation, and which, though we cannot imitate, we by no means intend to censure. It was his purpose not merely to suggest matter of reflection to the philosopher, but also to aid the researches of the antiquary; and both classes will find in him a guide possessing great critical acumen, enlightened by extensive and profound erudition.

Of all the relations influencing the private life and character of a people, the most important are those immediate and contingent on marriage. We have already noticed the slavish condition of the Grecian wife, and the liberal terms on which the Roman matron lived in her family, and in general intercourse. The Greek maintained a lordly distance of manner, and a dignity, which he was careful not to impair by any violation of decorum in the presence of his wife; whilst, abroad, he indemnified himself by frequenting the most dissolute society, and indulged in conjugal infidelities without scruple, and with but slight diminution of public respect.

"Hoc vitium longæ jam consuetudinis usus
Comprobat, et magnum non sinit esse scelus."*

It was otherwise in Rome, where licentiousness, being less common, was less tolerated.

In both nations, the men being the legislators took especial care that the crimes which in them were deemed venial should be made highly penal in their wives. In Greece, everything but death might be inflicted; divorce, with forfeiture of dower, public infamy, even to exclusion from the temples and all religious rites; and whoever married the offender partook of her degradation (*ἀτιμία*). If she appeared with ornaments of dress, any that met her might tear them off, and drive her away with blows, only not kill or maim her. With respect to her paramour, he might, as by English law, be killed by the husband if detected *flagrante delicto*; or he might be beaten, and the most ignominious corporal punishment inflicted, from which, however, the wealthy might purchase exemption; thus fostering licentiousness in the rich and venality in all:—"quod erat publice privatimque dolendum, parentes potioribus qui tamquam peccatis indultâ licentiâ ad labem delictorum immanium consurgebant." (Ammian., xxvii., 9.)

Adultery became, as was reasonable, an all-sufficient plea for divorce; at least it was admitted as such on the part of the husband; and so, after some experience, was barrenness. The wife, also, had her plea for dissolving the marriage contract; and if her plea was admitted she carried her dower with her; a rich wife, therefore, possessed powerful influence, often haughtily asserted, and as bitterly complained of. Thus poor Demetrius in Plautus:—

"Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi."—*Asin.* i., 1, 74.

And again the old man in Menæchmus (v., 2, 15):—

* Dedekindus. Grobianus et Grobiana de Morum Simplicitate Præfat. Dedekindus was one of the swarm of Latin poets, celebrated in the 16th and 17th centuries, now seldom heard of. The first edition of this work was published in 1565; and the author became the Castiglione della Casa of the Dutch. But he tried to teach his countrymen politeness by ironically recommending, in all his details, the very reverse. And this poem, we little doubt, suggested to Swift the design of his 'Advice to Servants,' whereby he labours in vain to make them to be as nasty as himself. The Dutch book was still fresh in fame during Sir William Temple's residence in the Low Countries, and likely therefore to be found in his library when Swift was domesticated with him.

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"Credo cum viro litigium natum esse aliquod;
Ita istæ solent quæ viros subservire
Sibi postulant, dote fretæ, feroces."

Divorces, however, in Greece, were not left to the discretion of the parties, or even, as in Rome, to the arbitration of friends; but were adjudicated by the Thesmothetæ, or supreme magistrates; and, hence, never arrived at that scandalous frequency which in the corrupt ages of Rome (as of late in the raving times of the French Revolution) made the nuptial rite a mere cobweb-bond—

"Sic crescit numerus, sic fiunt octo mariti
Quinque per autumnos; titulo res digna sepulcri."
Juv. vi., 228.

This abuse was attempted to be reformed by Augustus (*Sueton.*, 34); but with a bad grace; for he himself violated one betrothment, repudiated two wives, and married a third when pregnant by the husband whom he had compelled to divorce her.—(*Ibid.*, 64.)

As to the Roman boast that, in their elder purity, divorces had been unknown for more than 500 years, it is only in consonance with the mythic tone of all their early history; according to which Sp. Carvelius Ruga considered himself bound to divorce a wife, of whom he was very fond, because of the oath required by the censors, that he should marry a wife in order to beget children for the state, and his beloved wife was barren (*Aul. Gel.*, 4, 3). But how happens it, that, according to the same veritable history, the Law of the Twelve Tables (promulgated seventy years before) prescribed the exact form of words, which should give legal effect to what was evidently the common process of divorce? The formula, whether founded in law or usage, is remarkable, not only as expressing the rude and peremptory spirit of an early age, but as combining with it a not ungenerous respect for the proprietary rights of the wife: "Tuas res tibi habeto, res tuas tibi agito; exi ocus, ocus; vade foras; i foras, Mulier, cede domo."

If the Roman boast was an empty one, in like manner the vaunt of Geradas—that an adulterer might be found in Sparta, when a bull should be found with a neck long enough for him to reach over the mountain Taygetus and drink of the river Eurotas on the other side—must be regarded as the rhodomontade of a people who lied less neatly than they stole.* But the

* Plutarch, Lycurg., t. i., 49 c.

Greeks indemnified themselves for the difficulties of divorce by an occasional interchange of wives, for the purpose, they alleged, of improving the breed—as we send a favorite cow to a high-bred bull. This was not a mere Spartan grossness, but an Athenian refinement, sanctioned by Socrates' lending the amiable Xantippe to Alcibiades, the most dissolute man of his time. (*Tertullian*, *Apolog.*, 59.)

And something of the same kind was effected by the Roman facility of divorce. Thus Hortensius, in his ardent desire to be allied to his friend Cato, earnestly pressed to have his daughter Portia in marriage, or to borrow her for a time; but she, happening to be the wife of Bibulus, her father, though having a great regard for Hortensius, declined interference with another man's wife, upon which Hortensius changed his suit, and begged to have Cato's own wife; urging that Cato had already a sufficiently numerous family by Martia, and that she was again pregnant. Cato made no objection, but very politely thought her father should be consulted (Martia herself seems never to have been referred to); and all being amicably arranged, the dowerless Martia was married to Hortensius, who dying early, and leaving her a richly endowed widow, Cato again married her: and Cato "was an honorable man." So was Hortensius—and so Philippus the lady's father—"all honorable men." What then must have been the gross state of general society—what the laxity of domestic relations, the coldness of domestic affections:*

Nor was this all; the Romans were not content with even such facility of divorce. For notwithstanding the censors exacting an oath from men, that they would marry to raise citizens for the state, a concubinage was sanctioned by law, which yet did not acknowledge the issue to be citizens. Such are the contradictions which are forced on society, by direct popular legislation in times of public corruption.†

Whether such licentious customs would, on the whole, increase human fecundity, may be reasonably doubted: but that fecundity exceeded, certainly, the tolerance of a savage selfishness, which sought exemption from parental labors and solitudes by child-murder—or the more euphemistic process of exposure, devised to salve the lacerated feelings, which nature refused to make entirely callous. This more than

brutal practice prevailed from the times of the humane She-Wolf to the acmé of heathen civilization in the age of Augustus, who, in the serenity and security of his latter years, commanded the murder of his granddaughter's infant:—"infantem agnoscere alicui vetuit," is the diluted phrase of Suetonius. (2, 65.)

We have now discussed (however cursorily) the most important topics which our limits will allow us to embrace; and proceed to notice some minor particulars, selecting only those that may interest from some analogy with institutions or customs of our own. But in these, as in much that has gone before, we cannot always avail ourselves of M. Becker's deep research and learned perspicacity, which are more employed in the investigation of curiously minute points of criticism.

In the account of nations celebrated for warlike achievements, their military discipline would form a subject of most important inquiry; but our present concern with it is only in so far as it influenced the private life and character of individuals. That influence, however, in ancient times, extended over the whole mass of free citizens; for every free man, during a large portion of his life, was engaged in warlike operations or preparing himself for them. Hence the military system of rewards and punishments, and the economical administration of armies, had much connexion with the moral character and physical comforts of a very large portion of society: and the phalanx and the legion not being composed entirely of the lowest orders, but comprising all classes, the rewards were less exclusively pecuniary, the punishments less exclusively corporeal, and with more appeal to the sense of shame. Desertion, indeed, after enrolment, and refusal to enlist, seem sometimes (from the arbitrary will of a commander) to have been punished by death, even in Greece, where the discipline (in accordance with the character of the respective nations) was much less harsh than in the Roman armies. Even the savage Spartans did not, by law, inflict death on fugitives or recusants; but their virago matrons sometimes undertook to eke out the short-comings of the laws by assassinating their own sons.* The law, however, did heap indignities on such offenders, that might have satisfied any but such avengers. They were incapable of honors or office; they might be beaten with impunity whenever they came abroad; and were made the public

* Plutarch, *Cato M.*, t. i., 770 F.; and 784, 2.

† *Lex Julia Papia Poppea*, A. U. C., 762.

* *Anthology*, l. i., C. 5, 12.

butt, by being compelled to appear only half-shaven and in a sordid party-colored garment.* In the Athenian colony of Thurium, their legislator, Charondas, devised for such offenders a punishment which might seem to be as deterrent as it was strange:—the culprits were exposed in the public place for three successive days in female attire.† A still stranger punishment was used in the Roman armies, but of which the rationale cannot be so easily discovered—that of phlebotomy. *A. Gellius* (10, 8) confesses he has met with no account of its origin; but conjectures it had become gradually a general punishment from having been first adopted as a cure for lazy overgrown fellows—"non tam pœna quam medicina." The conjecture seems as odd as the custom.

The Romans had divers degrading punishments, left in a great measure to the discretion of the commanders, and of course as various as their tempers and caprices; but, unlike the Greeks, death was their favorite infliction, which they exercised their ingenuity in rendering as cruel as possible for the sufferer, and as brutalizing as possible for his comrades, who were employed as executioners. *Tacitus*, in his wonted pithy style, describes at once the mode of punishment and its effect. The soldiers were assembled round the tribunal with their swords drawn: the leaders of the general sedition were placed on a stage, from which, when convicted, each was thrown headlong:—"Præceps datus trucidabatur: et gaudebat cœdibus miles, tanquam semet absolveret. Castris trucibus adhuc non minus asperitate remedii quam sceleris memoriâ."—(*Annal.* i., 44.) In like manner, deserters and thieves underwent the fustuarium, or death by cudgels, and stoning (*Polyb.* vi., 35), and overwhelming with hurdles (*Liv.* iv., 50), and various torments, "acerbis quæstionibus, crudelibus suppliciis." Hurdles, probably, next to stones, were the most ready weapons, and more effectually impeded escape—

"Sub cratim uti jubeas sese supponi, atque eo Lapides imponi multos, ut sese neces."—(*Pan.*, v. 2.)

Yet amidst these savage cruelties, characteristic of the nation, there is, what *Bacon* calls, "a wild kind of justice," observable in their treatment of deserters at the

close of the second Punic war: "De perfugie gravius quam de fugitivis consultum. Nominis Latini qui erant, securi percussi: Romani in crucem sublatis" (*Liv.* xxx., 43)—anticipating the distinction made long after by *Cicero*: "Neque tam fugitivi illi a dominis quam tu a jure et legibus."—(*6 Ver.*, c. 50.)

This merciful decapitation, this crucifixion, and the decimation of whole armies, were in the arbitrament of the commander, without appeal (*Polyb.* vi., 36). Compared with such dreadful severities, and individual despotism, what are the much vituperated floggings, authorized by Acts of Parliament, and limited, in their application, by courts-martial? Not that we at all wish for the continuance of such a punishment. We trust that the public repugnance to it may lead to its gradual abolition, through a gradual amelioration in the moral character of militants both by sea and land—of which the schools now extensively established in our ships of war and regiments afford a cheering prospect; and, as a step to this, we may hope to see the late merciful limitation of fifty stripes, at one infliction, soon reduced to the Mosaic maximum of forty, or the more cautious Jewish practice of "forty save one."

Another part of the Roman military administration well deserves to be noted. *Vegetius* (ii., 20) designates it as "a divine institution." The soldier having his food, clothing, and arms provided for him, his regulated pay was small; but supplementary gratuities, called donatives, were bestowed occasionally by the commander-in-chief; and, of these, one half of each soldier's share was deposited with the standard-bearer of his company, that it might not be squandered. This was, in fact, forming a compulsory deposit in Savings' Bank, which, in the case of prize money at least, might be advantageously imitated both in our army and navy:—we believe something very like it has been long adopted in a few regiments—the Scots Greys for example—and with the best results. Besides its other manifest benefits, the plan is extolled by *Vegetius* as confirming the fidelity of the troops to their standard, and exalting their courage in its defence. And may we not hope for some repugnance to popular tumult, some loyalty to a constitution, under the protection of which above a million of our inferior classes have deposited their little hoards, exceeding in the aggregate thirty millions sterling?

* *Plutarch*, *Agesilaus*, t. i., 612:—a curious coincidence with the disgraceful infliction recorded in *Samuel*, x., 4.

† *Diodor. Sicul.*

Again: Vegetius states that in every tent of ten men, with their *decanus*, a coffer was provided to receive their portion of the legionary contribution to a fund for defraying the expense of burial, and the rite (so all-important in the heathen estimation) was superintended by the survivors of the contubernium. And herein our "Burial Clubs" may take a lesson. For their managers, instead of themselves conducting the funeral, pay a sum (often a foolishly extravagant sum) to the family, who expend that, and generally much of their own, in absurd parade and indecent junketing. And would this were all! But we have lately had the horrid experience, judicially authenticated, of parents murdering their children in order to have the disposal of the "death-money." We are no advocates for petty legislation, but surely such enormities do call for some control.

Yet another salutary lesson may be derived from the practice of the ancients in disposing of their dead. Both Greeks and Romans, with some rare exceptions, permitted no sculpture within the walls of cities. The XII. Tables specifically prohibited it:—"Hominem mortuum in Urbe ne sepelito neque urito." And in Greece, instead of desecrating their temples, as we our churches, by the inhumation of dead bodies, no sepulture was allowed in sight of the temple of Delos, or, in later times, on the island. But Lycurgus, as usual, opposing himself to all custom and natural feeling, enjoined sepulture within Sparta, in order to familiarize his people with images of death. In Rome, too, there was one singular inconsistency with the general practice, which seemed to imply (as with the Jews and many other nations) a fear of contamination from the dead. Even down to the time of Augustus,* one of the seven hills, the Esquiline (but still on the *outside* of the Esquiline gate) was appropriated to the interment of slaves and other the lowest of the people; and there were left, *unburied*, the bodies of the malefactors—just as now in many of the Oriental cities (Jerusalem for example) the slaughter-houses are in the midst of the place, and dogs and vultures are the only scavengers. The Esquiline was the most unhealthy spot in Rome till Mæcenas, obtaining a grant of the ground, cleared away the nuisances; and, the custom being abolished, the place and gardens which he constructed there be-

came the most salubrious residence in the city; so that Augustus and Tiberius resorted to it for recruiting their health (Sueton., *Aug.* 72; *Tib.* 15). Thus have we both "a pattern to imitate, and an example to deter."

We must here conclude our observations suggested by M. Becker's highly interesting work: some notice, however, of the translation is due to the English reader. He may, we think, rely on its general fidelity. But the hint, in Mr. Metcalfe's preface, of some "little lopping," and of "two volumes being compressed into one," will hardly convey an idea of the degree in which he has abridged Becker. The English page is smaller than the German, and the type not smaller; yet the English pages altogether are only 792, the German 1779.

The style of the translator is clear, vigorous, and fluent. But, as the different appellations appended to his name in the title-pages of 1845 and 1846 seem to indicate his being a young man, we shall presume to offer him a little advice. Let him not mistake occasional vulgarity of expression for ease, or fashionable slang (the cant of "the great vulgar") for elegance. And, above all, let him not interlard his diction with French phrases, for which any master of English would find ample equivalents at hand. He cannot plead the example of his German author, and such "patched and piebald language" can only expose a silly affectation of familiarity with a foreign tongue, or the command of but a scanty vocabulary in his own.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR NAPIER.—We regret to have to record the death of Macvey Napier, Esq., Professor of Conveyancing in the University of this city, which took place at his house about five o'clock on Thursday morning. For some time past, we understand, Mr. Napier had not fully enjoyed his accustomed health, but his indisposition was not so severe as to prevent him from attending to his official duties. He delivered a lecture on Monday, as usual, to his class; and though he had since that day been taken unwell, yet his friends did not anticipate that his dissolution was so near. Besides the distinguished place which he occupied in our University, Mr. Napier was well known to literary circles, on account of his connexion with the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was editor for nearly twenty years, and also with that great literary undertaking, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the whole of the seventh edition of that noble work having been issued under his superintendence, as well as the Supplement to the previous one. Mr. Napier was also one of the principal Clerks of the Court of Session. We believe he had attained his seventieth or seventy-first year.

* Horat. Sat. i., 8, 10; Varro de Ling. Lat., v. 5.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

HELEN WALKER.

THE ORIGINAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JEANIE DEANS.

It is to be regretted that no fuller account has been preserved of the act of high-minded, persevering courage by which Helen Walker, a simple Scotch maiden, saved her sister from a shameful and unmerited death: voluntarily encountering untold difficulties and dangers rather than speak the one word of untruth, by which she might so easily have gained the same end.

An outline, all that could then be learnt of her adventures, came many years after to the knowledge of a lady, who had the penetration at once to perceive how well fitted was such a history for the powers of the greatest novelist of this or any age. She wrote to the author of *Waverley*, at first anonymously, recounting the story, and the circumstance through which she had learnt it. Subsequently her name was made known to him as Mrs. Goldie, of Craigmure, near Dumfries.* He entered as warmly as she expected into the beauty and the merits of her history; and, not long after, the world was at once benefited and delighted by perhaps the most interesting of his romances, "*The Heart of Mid Lothian*," of which this incident forms the groundwork. Helen Walker herself suggested the beautiful character of Jeanie Deans.

Subsequent inquiries have added little that can be depended on to the original account; but we have gratefully to acknowledge the kind and willing exertions of a lady, whose near connexion with Mrs. Goldie best qualifies her for the task, to furnish us with any fresh circumstances which time might have brought to light, correcting, at the same time, the misstatements which others have fallen into from the wish to amplify and enlarge on insufficient data.

Helen Walker was the daughter of a small farmer of Dalwhairn, in the parish of Irongray, in the county of Dumfries, where, after the death of her father, she continued to reside, supporting her widowed mother by her own unremitting labor and privations. On the death of her remaining parent she was left with the charge of her sister Isabella, much younger than herself,

* Wife of Thomas Goldie, Esq., Commissary of Dumfries.

and whom she educated and maintained by her own exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, it is not easy to conceive her feelings when she found this sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child-murder, and that she herself was called upon to give evidence against her. In this moment of shame and anguish she was told by the counsel for the prisoner, that, if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen's answer was: "It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood, whatever may be the consequence; I will give my oath according to my conscience."

The trial came on, and Isabella Walker was found guilty and condemned. In removing her from the bar she was heard to say to her sister: "O Nelly, ye have been the cause of my death;" when Helen replied—"Ye ken I bute speak the truth." In Scotland six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution; and of this precious interval Helen knew how to avail herself. Whether her scheme had been long and carefully considered, or was the inspiration of a bold and vigorous mind in the moment of its greatest anguish at her sister's reproach, we cannot tell; but the very day of the condemnation she found strength for exertion and for thought. Her first step was to get a petition drawn out, stating the peculiar circumstances of her sister's case; she then borrowed a sum of money necessary for her expenses; and that same night set out on her journey, barefooted and alone, and in due time reached London in safety, having performed the whole distance from Dumfries on foot. Arrived in London, she made her way at once to John, Duke of Argyle. Without introduction or recommendation of any kind, wrapped in her tartan plaid, and carrying her petition in her hand, she succeeded in gaining an audience, and presented herself before him. She was heard afterwards to say, that, by the Almighty's strength, she had been enabled to meet the duke at a most critical moment, which, if

lost, would have taken away the only chance for her sister's life. There must have been a most convincing air of truth and sincerity about her, for the duke interested himself at once in her cause, and immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, with which Helen returned to Dumfries on foot just in time to save her sister's life.

Isabella, or Tibby Walker, thus saved from the fate which impended over her, was eventually married by Waugh, the man who had wronged her, and lived happily for a great part of a century, in or near Whitehaven, uniformly acknowledging the extraordinary affection to which she owed her preservation. It may have been previous to her marriage that the following incident happened:—A gentleman who chanced to be travelling in the north of England, on coming to a small inn, was shown into the parlor by a female servant, who after cautiously shutting the door, said, "Sir, I am Nelly Walker's sister;" thus showing her hope that the fame of her sister's heroism had reached further than her own celebrity of a far different nature; or, perhaps, removed as she was from the home and the scenes of her youth, the sight of a face once familiar to her may have impelled her to seek the consolation of naming her sister to one probably acquainted with the circumstances of her history, and of that sister's share in them.

The manner in which Sir Walter Scott became acquainted with Helen Walker's history has been already alluded to. In the notes to the Abbotsford edition of his novels he acknowledges his obligation on this point to Mrs. Goldie, "an amiable and ingenious lady, whose wit and power of remarking and judging character still survive in the memory of her friend." Her communication to him was in these words:

"I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found perhaps homely and poor enough: mine possessed many marks of taste and elegance, unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland, where a cottage is literally what its name declares. From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old abbey before mentioned; some of the highest arches were seen over and some through the trees scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented. The abbey itself, from my door, was almost on a

level with the cottage; but on coming to the end of the lane it was discovered to be situated on a high perpendicular bank, at the foot of which ran the clear waters of the Cluden, when they hasten to join the sweeping Nith,

'Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.'

As my kitchen and parlor were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c. She said that in winter she footed stockings; that is, knit feet to country people's stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-knitting that cobbling does to shoe-making, and is, of course, both less profitable and less dignified; she likewise taught a few children to read; and in summer she 'whiles reared a wheen chickens.'

"I said I would venture to guess from her face she had never married. She laughed heartily at this: 'I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now do tell me, madam, how ye came to think sae?' I told her it was from her cheerful, disengaged countenance. She said: "Mem, have ye na far mair reason to be happy than me, wi' a gude husband, and a fine family o' bairns, and plenty o' everything? For me, I am the puirist of a puir bodies, and can hardly contrive to keep myself alive in a' the wee bit o' ways I hae tell't ye." After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman's conversation, and the *naïveté* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather coloring, 'My name is Helen Walker; but your husband kens weel about me.'

"In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of this poor woman. Mr. ——— said: 'There were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker;' and he gave me the history which has already been related here."

The writer continues.

"I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I immediately determined to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but, as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it till my return home in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker's cottage. She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavored to obtain some account of her from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her journey to London, &c.

'Na,' the old woman said; 'Helen was a wiley body, and whene'er any o' the neighbors asked anything about it, she aye turned the conversation.' In short, every answer I received only tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue."

This account was enclosed in the following letter to the author of Waverley, without date or signature:—

"Sir,—The occurrence just related happened to me twenty-six years ago. Helen Walker lies buried in the churchyard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries. I once purposed that a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character; but I now prefer leaving it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner."

Mrs. Goldie endeavored to collect further particulars of Helen Walker, particularly concerning her journey to London; but this she found impossible, as the natural dignity of her character and a high sense of family respectability; had made her so indissolubly connect her sister's disgrace with her own exertions, that none of her neighbors durst ever question her upon the subject. One old woman, a distant relation of Helen's, and who was living in 1820, says she worked in harvest with her, but that she never ventured to ask her about her sister's trial, or her journey to London. "Helen," she said, "was a lofty body, and used a high style o' language." The same old woman says, "that every year Helen received a cheese from her sister, who lived at Whitehaven, and that she always sent a liberal portion of it to herself or to her father's family." The old person here spoken of must have been a mere child to our heroine, who died in the year 1791, at the age of eighty-one or eighty-two, and this difference of age may well account for any reserve in speaking on such a subject, making it appear natural and proper, and not the result of any undue "loftiness" of character. All recollections of her are connected with her constant and devout reading of the Bible. A small table, with a large open Bible, invariably occupied one corner of her room; and she was constantly observed stealing a glance, reading a text or a chapter, as her avocations permitted her time: and it was her habit, when it thundered, to take her work

and her Bible to the front of the cottage, alleging that the Almighty could smite in the city as well as the field.

An extract from a recent letter says, on the subject of our heroine—"I think I neglected to specify to you that Helen Walker lived in one of those cottages at the Cheddar Mills which you and your sisters so much admired; and the Mr. Walker who, as he said himself, 'laid her head in the grave,' lived in that larger two-storied house standing high on the opposite bank; He is since dead, or I might have got the particulars from him that we wanted: he was a respectable farmer."

The memorial which Mrs. Goldie wished to be raised over her grave has since been erected at the expense of Sir Walter Scott. The inscription is as follows:—

This stone was erected
by the Author of Waverley
to the memory of
HELEN WALKER,
who died in the year of God MDCCXCI.
This humble individual
practised in real life
the virtues
with which fiction has invested
the imaginary character of
JEANIE DEANS:
refusing the slightest departure
from veracity,
even to save the life of her sister,
she nevertheless showed her
kindness and fortitude
in rescuing her
from the severity of the law,
at the expense of personal exertions
which the time rendered as difficult
as the motive was laudable.
Respect the grave of poverty,
when combined with the love of truth
and dear affection.

Jeanie Deans is recompensed by her biographer for the trials through which he leads her, with a full measure of earthly comfort; for few novelists dare venture to make virtue its own reward; yet the following reflection shows him to have felt how little the ordinary course of Providence is in accordance with man's natural wishes, and his expectations of a splendid temporal reward of goodness:—"That a character so distinguished for her undaunted love of virtue lived and died in poverty, if not want, serves only to show us how insignificant in the sight of Heaven are our principal objects of ambition upon earth."

From Howitt's Journal.

PEGASUS AND THE POST-HORSES.—A DIALOGUE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

PEOPLE have written descriptions of journeys in many ways ; yet, I think, never in dialogue.

On the 24th of February, 1841, a travelling carriage with a deal of luggage drove out of Rome, through the *Porta San Giovanni*, drawn by two common post-horses ; to these was, however, harnessed a third, which ran before the others, a creature full of fire and mettle—it was Pegasus himself ; and there was nothing extraordinary in his having allowed himself to be thus harnessed, because inside the carriage there sate two poets and also a singer of great intellect, full of satisfaction and youthful enjoyment, for he was just come out of a monastery, and was on his way to Naples to study thorough-bass. In Albano he had exchanged the dress of the monk for a regular handsomely cut suit of black, and he might have been taken for a poet. Besides these three, there was a lady, who was an enthusiast for poets and poetry, but could not sit with her back to the horses. It was, as anybody may see, a very respectable party for Pegasus to draw. They took the road to Naples : we will now listen to the dialogue.

FIRST DAY'S JOURNEY.

Pegasus.—The road to Albano runs along classic ground ; by the side of aqueducts, miles long, which are decorated like the vestibule of a castle, and by graves overgrown by brushwood. A capuchin monk, with his begging-sack on his back, is the only person whom we have yet met. Now we are approaching the tomb of Ascanius. It towers upward with a gigantic colossus of masonry, overgrown with grass and bushes. Sing of all this, you poets inside there ! sing of the Roman Campagna !

The Post-horses.—Take care, and pull your share, you fellow ! What is the meaning of all those leaps ? Now we are going up hill. In Albano we shall stop two whole hours : they have good oats there, and a roomy stable. Ah ! we have a long way to go before we can rest to-night.

Pegasus.—Now we are in Albano. There is a house which we shall pass close

by, in the street ; it is low, only two stories high, and very small. The door opens at this moment, a man in a hunter's dress comes forth ; he has pale cheeks and intensely black eyes ; it is Don Miguel, the ex-king of Portugal. Anybody could make a poem about that. Listen, you two poets there in the carriage ! But no, they don't hear ! One of them is making himself agreeable to the lady, and the other is busy-ing his thoughts about a tragedy.

The Post-horses.—Now we have been fed ; let us get ready to set out. It is a long stage up hill and down. Don't stop looking at that stone, it is the grave of the Horatii—but it is an old story. Now, go along !

Pegasus.—What splendid trees ! What luxuriant evergreens ! The road lies deep between the rocks ; the water comes splashing down, and high up above on the mountains, between the tops of the trees, stands the magnificent dome of the church, as if in heaven. The bells sound. There stands a cross by the road-side ; handsome girls are walking along, they bend before the cross and repeat their prayers on their rosary. We are approaching Genzano. The two poets alight from the carriage ; they are going to see the Nemi lake, which was once the crater of a volcano. Yes, that is a much older story even than the Horatii. Let us canter whilst the poets get into an enthusiasm ! They can catch us in Velletri. Let us have a gallop.

The Post-horses.—What is come to the first horse ? he is like a mad thing ! He can neither stand nor go ! And yet one would think he was old enough to have learned both.

Pegasus.—Deep below us lie the green marshes overgrown with grass, and the rocky island of Circe in the sea. We are now in Cisterna, the little city where the Apostle Paul was met by his friends at Rome, when he was on his way to that city. Sing about it, you poets ! The evening is beautiful ; the stars twinkle. There is a girl lovely enough for sculpture, in the public house at Cisterna ; look at her, you poets ! And sing about the fire-lily of the marshes !

SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY.

The Post-horses.—Now do go a little cautiously! not galloping in that way! There is a carriage driving before us, which we are not to pass on the road. Did not you yourself hear that there are German ladies in that carriage, who have no gentlemen with them, and they have, therefore, besought us that they may travel in company with us because they are afraid of banditti? It is not safe here! A year and a day ago we heard the balls hissing past us at this spot.

Pegasus.—The rain falls in torrents! Everything around us stands in water. The huts of reeds seem as if they were about to swim away from the green inundated island. Let us tear away! The road is even. There lies a splendid monastery, but the monks are all gone; the fogs of the marshes have driven them; the walls and marble pillars of the monastery are covered with green mould; the grass grows between the stones of the pavement; the bats fly round about the cupola. We dash through the open cloister gates, right into the church, and there pull up! You should see how the lady we are drawing is horrified into a marble statue! You should hear our chapel-master singing here! his voice is beautiful; he sings hymns on account of his preservation, and the two poets will tell the whole world of their life-emperilled adventures in the Pontine Marshes.

The Post-horses.—Take care you don't get a taste of the lash! Do keep the middle of the road! We shall soon be in Terracina, where we shall rest; and on the frontiers we shall rest; and at the Custom-house we shall rest. That is the best thing in the whole journey.

Pegasus.—The sunlight falls on the yellow-red cliffs; the marshes lie behind us. Three tall palm trees stand close by the road; we are in Terracina. What is become of our company? One of them ascends the rocks between tall cactuses; on each side are gardens full of lemon and orange trees, every branch of which bends under the load of yellow, glittering fruit. He climbs the ruins of Theodoricksburg; from there he looks over the marshes to the north; and his heart sings—

My wife,
My lovely, fragrant rose!
And thou, my child, my joy, my life,
My all that makes earth dear to me,
—Thou bud upon my rose!

But the other poet sits down below by the sea: yes, out there by the sea upon a huge mass of rock. He wets his lips with salt water, and says with exultation, "Thou heaving, wind-lulled sea! Thou embracest, like me, the whole world; she is thy bride; she is thy nurse. Thou singest of her in the storm! In thy repose thou dreamest of heaven! Thou bright, transparent sea!"

The Post-horses.—Of a truth those were capital oats we had in Terracina. It was a good road there also; and we stopped such a charming long time in Fondi. See! now again it goes up hill. Of what good are the hills? First up and then down again! A fine pleasure that is!

Pegasus.—The weeping willows tremble in the wind. How like a snake the road winds along the hill-side, by ruinous mounds and olive woods, all illuminated by the red evening sunlight. A picturesque little town lies below us, and the peasants, full of life, are thronging the road. There is poetry in these hills! Come hither, thou who canst sing of it! Place thyself upon my back! My poets in the carriage there sit and are quite lazy. We career onward in this still starlight night, past cyclopean masses of brickwork, where ivy hangs like a garment over caves where lurks a bandit—onwards, past the confused mass of groves where Cicero fell by the dagger of an assassin. Between hedges of laurel and glittering lemon trees we approach his villa: to-night we shall dream in Mola di Gaeta.

The Post-horses.—That has been a bad bit of road! How we will eat, how we will drink, if the oats are but good! We will hope they may have fresh water there, and that we may each find an empty stall!

THIRD DAY'S JOURNEY.

Pegasus.—Beneath the foliage roof of the orange trees sat the beautiful lady, and one of the poets read aloud to her Italian poetry; glorious, melodious poetry! The chapel-master leaned against the tall lemon tree, and looked at the same time between the tall cypresses out upon the sea, where the sunshine caught the white sails of the ships. The other poet ran about in the fields, gathered red anemones, wove garlands, plucked first one and then another glowing orange; and they leaped, like golden apples, into the clear air. There was holiday in his heart; there was song

upon his lips! He felt, "I am once more in Italy!"

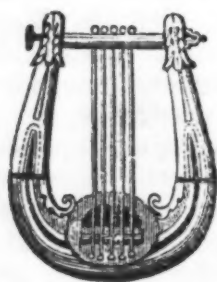
The horses stood in the stable, each with his head in the manger; they also were well off. But where I stood, I, Pegasus, there was a door in the wall, and the door was open. I stretched out my head, and saw above the tops of the lemon trees and the dark cypresses, the white town upon the isthmus in the sea; and I neighed so, that I fancy the poets recognised my voice.

The Post-horses.—Now we are going on again to Santa Agatha! There proven-der is excellent. Then again on to Capua,

where there is the strong fortress and the bad water; but then the journey is soon at an end.

Pegasus.—How blue the mountains are, though! How blue the sea is, and the sky, also, has its beaming blue; it is three shades of one color! It is love expressed in three languages. See, how bright the stars are! See, how the city before us is spangled with lights! It is Naples, the beautiful city, the gay city, Naples! Naples!

And we were in Naples.



THE YOUTH AND FAME.

A Dialogue in Verse.

BY GOODWYN BRAMBY.

WITHIN a study small and dimly lighted,
Like a faint, tapering torch, burnt low and blighted,
Sat a fair youth in ancient lore benighted.

To him a vision, radiant as fresh flame
In a new kindled, burning rose blush came—
She named herself not, but a voice cried FAME!

"Why art thou here? poor sleeping one!" she said,
"Why use the pillow of another's head?
Awake! poor sleeper! slumbering on the dead!"

"I am awake!" to her the youth replied,
"I slumber not—my soul is open-eyed,
Morning is ever, and night's sleep denied.

"I pillow not upon another's head,
I am no sleeper slumbering on the dead;—
Those books are living souls with lustre red."

"If so," said she, "why borrow from another?
The light is given to thee as to thy brother;
Thou sleep'st in day, and dost thy day dreams smother.

"Behold my answer!" said the youth, "behold
Those radiant realms which unto me are gold,
To others dross; can'st thou their leaves unfold?"

"I can," said Fame, "for unto me is given
St. Peter's key when genius seeks for heaven;
But thee I know but with the Sleepers Seven."

"But yet my dream," said he, "hath wings, and
flies
Over the heads of thousands, to whose eyes
The eagle flight hath often auguries."

"How know I that?" said she, "a yellow bill
May be that bird's who gives thee not a quill.
Thou soarest not, but peckest the blind worm still.

"The eagle, launching from its mountain dun,
Spreads its own wings like sails the air upon,
Breasts cloud and storm, and looks in the face the sun.

"Its eyes are dazed not by its fiery beam,
It sees the earth, a speck on which men dream,
It flaps its wings, and shrieks a long shrill scream.

"Then through a flight of clouds it sees in the
breeze

A hillock white—the Alps and Pyrenees—
And a blue lake—the breathless, waveless seas.

"Then swooping downward like a blast of wind,
Or seer from heaven sent unto mankind,
Men stare—all eye, and God restores the blind.

"But thou, poor sleeper! hast no eagle flight,
Thy pinions are the webs of dreams by night,
Than rainbow woof of gossamer more light."

"Said'st thou awake?" the dreaming poet said—
"I will arise, nor slumber with the dead—
The sun is blushing, and the east is red."

"Up! then!" said she, "the Will can ever claim
The birth of Deed. Rise heavenward like flame!"
She said, and all the air resounded FAME.

"Oh, Mighty One!" exclaimed the youth, "I think!
I soar above the world's tenebrious brink;
And of the Eternal ocean's waters drink!

"I feel wings grow! I feel the powers of flight!
I rise! I float! and with a glorious might
Sail over clouds to where there is no night.

"Thy words have blown me breezes swift and
strong;
I mount the spheres, and breathing free and long,
I soar thus to the sunny realms of song."

From the Literary Gazette.

THE LOST.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE lost! oh, what are they, the dead?
 Alas, there is a grave
 To which the many Lost have fled,
 We might, yet would not save!
 Lost time, which never more can be;
 Lost joys, whose sun hath set;
 Lost friends, whose tomb is Memory,
 Whose memory is regret!

How like a churchyard is the heart
 By buried relics crossed;
 The *dead* are but a tithe, a part
 Of what the heart hath lost!
 The dead have an immortal dower
 O'er which the soul may muse;
 But, oh, the Lost! there's not an hour
 We live yet nothing lose!

Ah, me! the mystery of fate,
 The sorrow and the thrall,
 How quick we learn to estimate
 What we can ne'er recall!
 Lost hope, that, like an arkless dove,
 Hath fled this world of care;
 Lost peace, lost happiness, lost love,
 Dispers'd, like things of air!

Yon sphere that shines from earth so far
 Finds yet some earthly trace;
 How many a bright and glorious star
 Hath perished from its face!
 Oh, stars of heaven? and can ye fall?
 Can ye by storms be tossed?
 Alas for hope! alas for all
 We loved, and we have lost!

E'en Nature for her Woods deplores
 Earth for her Cities gone,
 Ocean for empires, and for shores
 O'er which her tides sweep on!
 Nor heaven, nor earth, nor man escapes,
 Nor element, nor clime;
 All bow before that Hand which shapes
 The destinies of time.

TO FANNY ANN.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

As the flower bloweth,
 As the stream floweth,
 Daughter of beauty,
 Do thou thy duty!
 What, though thy morrow
 May darken with sorrow?
 E'en as Light hasteth,
 Darkness, too, wasteth;
 Morn then discloses
 Raindrops on roses!
 Daughter of beauty,
 What, then, is duty?
 Time says, "Death knoweth!"
 Death says, "Time showeth!"

COMING SPRING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

IN all the years which have been,
 The spring hath greened the bough—
 The glad, hopeful spring-time!—
 Keep heart! it comes e'en now.

The winter time departeth;
 The early flowers expand;
 The blackbird and the turtle-dove
 Are heard throughout the land.

The sadness of the winter,
 Which gloomed our hearts, is gone;
 A thousand signs betoken
 That spring-time comes anon!

'Tis spring-time in our bosoms;
 All strife aside we cast;
 The storms were for the winter-days,
 But they are gone and past.

Before us lies the spring-time—
 Thank God! the time of mirth—
 When birds are singing in the trees,
 And flowers gem all the earth;

When a thousand busy hands upturn
 The bounteous, fruitful mould,
 And the heart of every poet feels
 More love than it can hold.

In all the years which have been,
 The spring-time greened the bough—
 The gentle, gracious spring-time!—
 Rejoice!—it comes e'en now!

THE SONG OF FAMINE.

GAUNT stealthy Famine, the brother of Death,
 My night-black wings o'er the nations I spread,
 I burden the air with my blood-chilling breath,
 And the graves are filled with dead.

The fields are deserted, the plough is at rest,
 Echo sleeps on the hushed wind's breast,
 Even the birds are afraid to sing—
 To waken the silence with carolling.
 No infant voices, blithesome and clear,
 With halloo and laughter break on the ear,—
 No more they race round the now ruined cot,
 The games and the merriments all are forgot;
 For spectre-like cold,
 On the bare earth they lie:
 Their minutes are told,
 They are waiting to die.

Pale mothers kiss their children at night—
 The children are orphans ere morning light;
 Sinewy limbs grow weak and sunken,
 Merry eyes grow dim,—deep-sunken,
 Brother in brother's eyes gaze deep,—
 Eyes which have not even tears to weep,—
 And with numbed crushed heart,
 Too dead to smart,
 Reckons when either must fall to sleep.
 All, all is desolate, vacant, and still,—
 All, all is blighted, and withered with woe,—
 All, all is deathly, and pallid, and chill,
 Wherever my wing's low'ring shadow I throw.
 I ripen the corn for my pale brother's scythe
 Long, ere Nature can:
 Man cannot wrest food from the hard giftless
 earth,
 So I fatten the earth with man!

FRED. F. GREENWOOD.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FAIREST and loveliest flow'r of the vale
That peacefully deckest each lonely dale
With thy soft and gentle bloom,
Thou seem'st as some spirit of light and love
From the pure ethereal realms above,
Had made thy fair breast its home;

Had tinted thy leaves with the azure hue
That spreads o'er the boundless robe of blue,
Which the air and the sunbeams weave,
Even as the blushing rose would seem
To borrow the cloud's quick-fading beam
When the sun sinks down at eve.

That the sunbeam then with his brilliant-ray
Unfolding thy breast to the birth of day
That was closed in sable night;
Gazed with such love on thy bosom fair,
That his own bright image was centred there
In a pool of golden light.

Thus, when the bright morning dawns from afar,
When grey twilight flies in her misty car
From Aurora's beams above,
Thy leaflets quiver and wave in the air,
As though the warm pulse of a heart were there,
That beat high with ardent love.

Each crystalline drop of the morning's dew,
That seems like the tear of affection true
Of a heart that knows no guile,
He gently removes in his warm embrace,
As he sports on thy half unveiled face
With a fond endearing smile.

Fresh beauties burst forth as thy leaflets part
To welcome the sov'reign lord of thy heart
In thy bosom's golden throne.
Thus, though all should be false on earth below,
In the morn's bright beams and the noontide's glow
Thou livest for him alone.

And when, as he sinks to his ev'ning rest,
Thou claspest his image within thy breast;
Though absent, he's not forgot.
So, as thou guardest the treasures of light,
Most safe in the darkest dangers of night,
Thou'rt called the Forget-me-Not.

SAPPHO.

From Howitt's Journal.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

BY EDWARD YOULE.

I.

BIRDS find their lodgings in the eaves;
Rats have their homes in sewer and drain;
Torpid, beneath the last year's leaves,
The unmolested snakes remain;
The little dormouse in her cell,
Dug deep in root of forest oak,
Has slept since first the snow-flakes fell,—
Secure,—and has not once awoke.
But Women and Men, i' the frozen street,
Are houseless—houseless every night;
And children, till the cold, grey light,
Trample the town with weary feet.

II.

Deeper than frost, beneath the mould,
Pierces its way the garden worm;
The snail withdraws its horns from the cold;
The ant in her nest keeps winter-term;
Green-backed kettle, and slimy slug,
And speckled eft, have quarters warm;
The woodlouse under the bark is snug;
The earwig takes no wintry harm.
But Women and Men, i' the frozen street,
Are houseless—houseless every night;
And children, till the cold, grey light,
Trample the town with weary feet.

III.

Many-legged creatures, and those with wings,—
Hum-drum hornet, and toiling bee,—
All the rare and beautiful things,
Of insect-life, that on earth we see,—
All the repulsive shapes that creep,—
All the rejoicing things that fly,—
Are laid in warm rest, fast asleep:
None are exposed to the cutting sky.
But Women and Men, i' the frozen street,
Are houseless—houseless every night;
And children, till the cold, grey light,
Trample the town with weary feet.



THE MESSRS. CHAMBERS OF EDINBURGH. (SELECT WRITINGS OF ROBERT CHAMBERS.)—The literary career of the Brothers Chambers is so honorable to them, has had so much influence on popular reading, and has been attended with such extraordinary success, that we trust a few remarks upon this publication may not be deemed amiss from our pen. Few wayfarers on the thorny path of literature and especially of literature in a serial form, have deserved to fare better; and very few indeed have fared so well. Sir Walter Scott, with all his genius; Mr. Charles Knight, with all his talent and irrepressible zeal, sustained by a powerful combination; Mr. Loudon, with indefatigable industry, and a vast amount of useful knowledge, are examples that

“‘Tis not in mortals to command success,”

however highly their merits may deserve the triumph. We allude, of course, to such a degree of success as ought to crown such exertions, were all rewarded by equal fortunes, and without disparagement to our much esteemed Edinburgh friends. They have exercised their abilities judiciously; they have fulfilled their functions prudently and honestly; they have performed their duties to the public not only irreproachably, but most beneficially, pandering to no false appetite, but mingling instruction with entertainment, and information with almost every species of social improvement, till the limits of their enterprise have extended to a truly gigantic sphere. It is marvellous to imagine how much the writer who dissipates himself in constant periodical publication does actually produce. On an estimate it would seem as if his every breath had been a printed sentence; as if his mouth never opened but to deposit types, as the gifted fairy-favorite princess dropped diamonds [and by the way, there are types called both pearl and diamond]. The many years which Robert Chambers, in particular, has devoted to literary production, have accumulated a mass which, we believe, would astonish, were it placed in a *ms.* heap before his eyes, even himself. And when we reflect on the character of the whole,—how good it has been, how free from objection, how well calculated to attract and benefit the popular mind in the very humblest circles where the art of reading is taught; yet often addressing the highest and most cultivated,—we cannot but consider the writer to have been a marked benefactor to his country and kind. He has displayed great judgment in the choice of

his many designs, and great talent in his original contributions to their far and wide acceptance, as guides to the useful and pleasant pastimes to the recreative. His *nullum quod non ornavit teligit* is of a prodigious calibre; and Scotland has reason to be proud of his and his brother's labors. The influence they have had, nationally, is incalculable; and the seed they have sown must bear an inestimable harvest for many a future year, and tens of thousands yet unborn.

One of the circumstances in the career of these writers ought not to be passed over in silence. They have throughout been self-supported. They were never trammelled with other alliances. Whilst yet young and trying their first lowly efforts, they were content to struggle on unaided by extrinsic help. They, by industry and ability, made their position; and then they could, with better effect, gradually carry out their enlarged plans, and seek no assistance. As they rose, their views were extended; till they took, indeed, a very universal publishing survey and occupation of Great Britain. We will venture to surmise that if ever, at any period, they had departed from this course, they would never have been what they are.

It is with feelings of sincere pleasure that we take up the first volume of this collection, and seize the occasion, not merely to commend its varied contents, but to offer this tribute of applause to contemporaries so truly deserving. In productions almost as fertile as M. Alexandre Dumas we can discover no tones of silly vanity, no diffusion of bad principles, no traces of ill-nature. Their sympathies with the million are not mingled with poisons for the million; their addresses are paid to truth, utility, or harmless entertainment, and not to irritate dangerous passions, nor feed like carrion vultures on the sores they create, and the corruption their base appetites lead them to prefer to the fresh and sound in letters and the social system. To them pleasant fields and beauties have appeared more welcome than miry ways, and deformities detected on the right and the left as they passed along. Thus their vehicles have been convenient or handsome carriages, and not mud-carts with offal and offence. Must not the wise and good therefore rejoice in the prosperity which has attended their efforts; feeling that they have been directed to improve and humanize the public mind? We believe that such is the unanimous opinion of the world—an opinion with which upon the best of grounds, on very attentive examination, we most cordially agree.

EXTRAORDINARY LITERARY ENTERPRISE.—In March, 1845, M. Dumas, the celebrated French novelist, contracted literary obligations to the amount of eighty volumes, to be paid in a few months, including "Le Conde de Monte Christo," "Le Fils de Milady," "Le Viconte de Cragelonne," "Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge," "La Fille du Regent," "Histoire de la Peinture," "Siècle de Louis XV.," "La Guerre des Femmes," &c. These works, it is true, bear some analogy to the copyrights enumerated by Swift in Mr. Edward Curll's catalogue, as "several taking title-pages, which only wanted treatises written to them." Yet the payments of M. Dumas must necessarily have been heavy. He owed 225,000 lines. He wrote five *feuilletons* for five different journals, and had "three horses, three servants, and the railway continually waiting for copy."

To conduct the monetary department of this immense establishment, M. Dumas had no cashier—a deficiency the more deplorable, from his own avowed inability to perform any operation in arithmetic. The trial was stopped for some minutes, while he vainly endeavored to ascertain the sum of $12+26+6$, an amount which the President at length kindly informed him was 44. It seems, however, that at this period of his liabilities, the editors of the *Presse* and the *Constitutionnel* determined to buy up, monopolize, and keep in bond the entire produce of his genius for five years to come, so that through the medium of their columns alone could he be put in *rapport* with the civilized world. Two treaties were accordingly signed, on the 28th and 30th of March, by which M. Dumas bound himself to write no more than eighteen volumes of romances *per annum* for the five ensuing years, whereof nine were to go to the *Constitutionnel*, and nine for the *Presse*, and for which he was to receive the respectable consideration of 63,000*fr.* a year. The fate of these greedy speculators may serve as a warning to all forestallers and regraters. The artificial scarcity which they projected affected none but themselves. They got nothing, while M. Dumas still distributed himself over the field of literature and philanthropy in a thousand fertilizing rills.

"Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni
Fudit opes, Latiumque beavit divite lingua.

Inasmuch, however, as M. Dumas took the money, though he withheld the goods, the patience and pockets of the editors began to sink, and they at length summoned him before the Civil Tribunal. M. Dumas attended in person to plead his own cause, in the presence of such an audience as had never been seen. The charge against him was twofold—that he had written where he ought not, and had not written where he ought; and his defence accordingly assumed a similar division. His plea to the first count was rather embarrassed. M. Dumas could hardly tell what he had written, received, or paid. One "poor little thing of 11,000 lines he might have given away—the Tribunal would easily believe he might forget it." In a single point only at this stage of the trial was his refutation triumphant. The plaintiffs had rashly charged him with writing for the *Mode* a romance called "Elizabeth."

"What!" he burst forth, "is it supposed that I could write a romance called 'Elizabeth,' when I hate the name? I ask pardon of any lady here present who may be named 'Elizabeth.' (Varied movement.) But I am forced to avow that the name is one of my antipathies. (Sensation.) I have published 300 volumes—I have written twenty-five

dramas; and I will defy any person to discover in any one of my romances, or in any one of my dramas, the word 'Elizabeth.' (Explosion.)"

Then came the second count. Admitting that the previous mortgages on M. Alexandre's genius necessitated some pacification of these outlying claimants, there remained the question why did he not write for his legitimate owners during the whole of last summer and autumn? Nothing could be more simple than the plaintiffs' case. M. Dumas had contracted to supply their papers with romances; he had taken the money for so doing, and had then done nothing of the sort, but had disported himself in Spain and Africa, hunting wild beasts, and ransoming prisoners. The repose of a French author is really terrific. The active life of a man who rests himself by lion-hunting in Barbary must be incomprehensibly grand. To these pleas, however, that he had taken his money and run away from his work, M. Dumas replied as follows:

"I went to Spain. I accompanied the Duke of Montpensier to Madrid. I alone, of all the Frenchmen, was invited to the marriage. I alone received the Grand Cross of Charles III. I went to Tunis. There I was received still better. There reigns a Prince who, though a Tunisian, is not a savage, and who knows our worth. He gave me the Grand Cross of the Order of Nichan. It was I who went into the interior of Africa to save twelve Frenchmen. It was I who rescued them. It was I who had a steam frigate of 220 horse power placed at my disposal—a vessel which had been never given but to me and to a Prince. It was I who conveyed the prisoners to Djemma-Ghazaouat, where I was received by 3000 persons, who offered me a *bouquet*, the remembrance of which consoles me for the insults I have this day received."

The engagements of M. Dumas required that he should be in Paris; the historical policy of France required that he should be in Spain. It is, of course, needless to inquire which of these considerations should give way. When the trial was proceeding, M. Dumas was "escorted to his carriage by an immense crowd, who returned his salutes with enthusiastic plaudits." It is clear that he carries with him the sentiments of the nation. The niggardly and mean-spirited complainants, who would fetter genius to the terms of a bargain, and set the vulgar consideration of a few thousand francs against the grandeur of their country, meet with no compassion, excepting from the Court. M. Dumas "represented literature" throughout Spain and Africa; six persons in the suite represented painting and the drama; he carried the glory of France to an unexampled height in two quarters of the globe, and he thought he had earned the unquestioned right of pocketing his salary and repudiating his engagements.—*Court Journal*.

HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE PROSCRIBED.—A prohibition has just been issued at Leipsic against the publication for the future of any works whatsoever in the Hungarian language. The reasons assigned are, 1st, that the printing-offices are not furnished with all that is necessary for such undertakings; and, 2dly, that there are no censors acquainted with the language, and consequently, they would be unable to report on their contents; as if this were the author's fault, or as if he ought to suffer on that account. How any government can, in the 19th century, have the—shall we call it courage or hardihood?—to enforce such laws, is to us perfectly incomprehensible.

LORD MORPETH AND CRICKETING.—It may not be known to many, and we had the happiness of being one of the few who had become acquainted with the fact, that during the last three years—indeed ever since the noble viscount returned to his native shores—Lord Morpeth had been constant and unceasing in his efforts to cultivate cricket amongst all classes of society, but especially amongst those who are engaged in agricultural and manufacturing pursuits. It has not been an uncommon thing, in the progress of the period we have alluded to, to see his Lordship scoring throughout a match which has been played by the servants of his noble family against another club or a different parish; and his Lordship has been often heard to say that whenever the opportunity was afforded to him of furthering the practice or the interests of so national and healthful a sport, he would not permit it to escape. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that one of his high and proud birth should carry into office the opinions and intentions which were expressed when holding the simple position of a private gentleman. Lord Morpeth, when merely the son of an earl, patronized, by his pocket and cheering presence and personal assistance, the first of England's pastimes. Lord Morpeth, now a Minister of the Crown, and consequently with increased power, has, in his official character, given instructions, or permission, that nine acres of a park, which is even yet in the course of formation, the Victoria park, situated somewhere below White-chapel, shall be reserved and prepared as a cricket ground for the inhabitants of the district. It is but fair to infer that the results which Lord Morpeth witnessed in Northumberland, from the constant commingling of classes in the practice of the game upon all who were engaged in the matches, or, indeed, in the pastime, has led to this step—one, too, which, in the present rage for building, is the more acceptable, setting aside the peculiar circumstances of this particular case, because even the small number of grounds which have been hitherto applied to the purpose of cricket are, we lament to hear, being considerably diminished. This proceeding of the noble lord comes with increased benefits and claims upon the sympathies of the public. It is a boon of vastly enhanced value, and in proportion is his Lordship entitled to the thanks of the world at large. We earnestly trust we may hear of further grants of land for the recreation of the people. A park is to be laid out in Battersea-fields; could not a portion be set aside for cricket?—*Sheffield Iris*.

EXTRAORDINARY. — Rabbi-Hirsch-Daennemark, whose wonderful memory and sight have produced a great sensation in Russia, France, and Germany, and puzzled the most eminent men of the faculty, made his appearance at the Sussex-hall, on Thursday, the 30th ultimo. At a mere glance he exactly told the number of lines on a page, in manuscript or print. In any Hebrew book, or in any other language interspersed with Hebrew words, the rabbi told, without looking in, the words occurring on the line and page being named. A pin being stuck through ever so many leaves, he tells the exact word to which the point of the pin penetrates. This he accomplished in books which some of the audience brought from home. Being rather an uneducated man, and not able to read any other language than Hebrew, his extraordinary powers cannot be brought to bear upon any other language. He wears a diamond ring, presented to him by the Emperor of Russia, and a gold watch, by Prince Meternich. The Germans call him "Der Wunder Man" (the man of wonder), and no one yet has been able to

explain his remarkable but undeniable ability of telling that which he does not see, and never has seen before. His demeanor is wild and incoherent, and indicates not the usual soundness of mind.

CHARLES LEVER, THE NOVELIST.—A great many writers have already distinguished themselves by narrative of military adventure. Of these, by far the best and most spirited, is Charles Lever. I don't know whether he ever was in the army, or bore the banner of the Enniskillens; but I say deliberately, that he has taken the shine out of all military writers from the days of Julius Cæsar downwards. There is a rollicking buoyancy about his battles which to me is perfectly irresistible. In one chapter you have the lads of the fighting Fifty-first bivouacking under the cork trees of Spain, with no end of spatchcocks and sherry—telling numerous anecdotes of their early loves, none the worse because the gentleman is invariably disappointed in his pursuit of the well jointured widow—or arranging for a speedy duel with that ogre of the army, the saturnine and heavy dragoon. In the next, you have them raging like lions in the very thickest of the fight, pouring withering volleys into the shattered columns of the Frenchmen—engaged in single-handed combats with the most famous marshals of the empire, and not unfrequently leaving marks of their prowess upon the persons of Massena or Murat. Lever, in fact, sticks at nothing. His heroes indiscriminately hob-a-nob with Wellington, or perform somersets at leap-frog over the shoulders of the astonished Bonaparte; and, though somewhat given to miscellaneous flirtation, they all, in the twentieth number, are married to very nice girls,—with lots of money and accommodating papas, who die as soon as they are desired. It may be objected to this delightful writer—and a better never mixed a tumbler—that he is, if anything, too helter-skelter in his narratives; that the officers of the British army do not, as an invariable rule, go into action in a state of delirium tremens; and that O'Shaughnessy, in particular, is rather too fond of furbishing up, for the entertainment of the mess, certain stories which have been current for the last fifty years in Tipperary. These, however, are very minor points of criticism, and such as need not interfere with our admiration of the light lancer of literature, who always writes like a true and high minded gentleman.—*Blackwood*.

FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF SPOHR.—On the 22d of last month, Cassel was witness of a truly characteristic festival. On that day, the celebrated composer, Spohr, had been for twenty-five years a resident in the town, and his fellow-citizens determined it should not pass over unnoticed. His royal highness the co-regent gave evidence of the high estimation in which he held his master of the chapel, by naming him general director of music, a rank which gives him the *entrée* to court. The King of Prussia surprised him also by sending him the Order of the Red Eagle. His house and gardens were thronged during the day by those who were anxious to bring him their congratulations, and to testify their esteem. From the town of Cassel, as well as from Göttingen, he received the rights of citizenship. In the evening a piece written for the occasion was represented at the theatre, which was crowded to excess. Favorite scenes from Spohr's operas were given, which were followed by *tableaux*. In the pretty piece which was afterwards given, a deputation of the members of the theatre fetched the composer from his box, and he presently

appeared on the stage, where a chair was placed for him. His appearance was welcomed by the orchestra, and the shouts and applause of all present. One of the ladies then advanced, and after repeating some complimentary verses, placed a wreath of laurel on his brows. The stage was immediately covered with a shower of flowers, wreaths, and pieces of poetry. On the following day his most intimate friends and his family assembled, and many were the testimonies of regard which he received from all those who have had an opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with him.

MR. DEMPSTER IN ENGLAND.—The United States of America continue to send us over not only cotton and flour, but rich contributions to our means of entertainment. There is something in the character of these contributions that is extremely gratifying;—a native simplicity, a spirit of pure intellect and poetry, which comes like a breeze from a transatlantic forest, like a sudden view of a far-western campaign, or the rolling strength of one of their great rivers. There are those who go to witness the power and passion of Miss Cushman, who complain that she has not softness and finish enough for them; there are those who listened to the Hutchinsons who exclaimed, "Oh, there is no science there!" there will be those who will go to listen to Mr. Dempster, who will make the wonderful discovery that he is not Tamburini, or Lablache. We should be sorry to find that Miss Cushman, or the Hutchinsons, or Mr. Dempster, were anything but what they are. They are representatives of the best portion of American artists. They make no pretensions to the superb accomplishments of Europe; they do not carry coals to Newcastle all the way from the Alleghanies; they do not bring the finest quavers from Alabama, or the most long-drawn or high-soaring flights of song from Buffalo. They know better. They bring us that which we need, and not that which we do not need,—soul, and thought, and simple truth, and a sentiment deep and pure as the springs of their forest hills. We have heard a great deal from our travellers of the conceit, and the 'cute impertinence of Americans; how delightful is it then to find in all the parties just named the very opposite of those qualities; to find, as we do, such true simplicity, such genuine worth, and so natural a possession of the noblest poetic temperament. In them we discover the total absence of that worldly knowingness which so much repels us in actors and singers who have lived too much amongst the crowds and the lamp smoke of London. There is a delightful freshness about them; a love of the beautiful and the noble, which gives a charm to their acting or their singing, which we fail to feel in many others of far higher pretensions. We are becoming fastidious towards art without sentiment; we long for the earnest expression of the true, the beautiful, and the tender.—*Howitt's Journal*.

POETRY OF TENNYSON.—"I forthwith dived to the bottom of my bag, and eviscerated the first volume of 'Tennyson's Poems,' which, strange to confess, I had never read before, having been deterred by a most villanous prejudice, adopted from some 'false, fleeting' criticism which represented them as replete with poetic power, but wild, irregular, and affected; which I translated into meaning something you are bound to admire, and compelled to dislike. I was therefore no less astonished than delighted with the passionate beauty, the intensity of generous pathos, the felicitous expression of a weight of human experience in few words, which, while they

charmed, smote me with remorse for my long neglect of a great, original, deep-hearted poet. And yet it seemed almost impossible to believe that some of the poems were new to me. With so singular a felicity did they touch on some chords of feeling and memory, that they seemed old, but strangely-forgotten things,—strains heard in remote boyhood,—voices breathed with mighty, but homely power, from the depth of years. It seemed to me, as I read, as if I knew what was coming next, as our real life sometimes seems to break on the fragments of a reviving dream;—yet how far beyond all my poor conceptions was the grace and glory with which fragments of my own being seemed invested!"

DANISH SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.—A Danish man-of-war, the *Galathea*, is now on a voyage round the world. We find in our files of China papers, some account of her progress and her visit to China. She is said to have been the first man-of-war that ever visited China from Denmark. The Danes were among the earliest to open a trade with China, but unlike the Portuguese, who led the way to the Celestial Empire with men-of-war and merchantmen together, they went only as merchantmen. Previously to 1745, the Danes had sent to China 32 ships, 22 of which never returned, so difficult and dangerous was the navigation of the Eastern seas in those early times.

The *Galathea* is a corvette, carrying 26 guns. The object of her cruise is both scientific and diplomatic. She is commanded by Captain Steen Bille, the chamberlain to her Royal Highness the Princess Caroline of Denmark; and she has on board a scientific corps, including zoologists, botanists, mineralogists, painters for the department of natural history, &c., with a crew of 230 men.—She left Copenhagen in June, 1845, and touching at Madeira, Tranquebar, and Madras, reached Calcutta early in November. During her stay at Tranquebar and Calcutta, a formal transfer was made to the British authorities of the Danish possessions on the main land. At Calcutta, the expedition was joined by a commercial agent, appointed by the king of Denmark, and who had arrived by way of Suez. A Steamer was purchased on account of the Danish Government, at Calcutta, and sent to Pulo Penang, to carry a company of Chinese laborers to the Nicobar Islands; where some of the officers and the mineralogists designed to remain, for purposes of exploration.

The *Galathea* reached the Nicobars early in January, 1846, and remained there several weeks, during which time great pains were taken to explore those long-neglected islands. The search for coal is said to have been successful. Having stopped at Penang, Singapore, Batavia, and Manilla, the *Galathea* reached Hong Kong in June, just a year from the time of her sailing from Copenhagen. She was at Wampoa in July, and her marines went up to Canton to quell the riot which occurred there on the 25th of that month. She afterwards visited Amoy and Shanghai, and subsequently sailed for the Sandwich Islands, Sydney, and the West coast of America, intending to pass round the Cape to Rio, and thence return to Copenhagen, where she expected to arrive about the present time.

MR. GRENVILLE'S LIBRARY.—The late Mr. T. Grenville's Library, consisting of 20,300 volumes, as bequeathed by him, has been moved into the British Museum. It required five days to complete this transfer; and the estimated value of the legacy is at least 100,000*l*.



PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

